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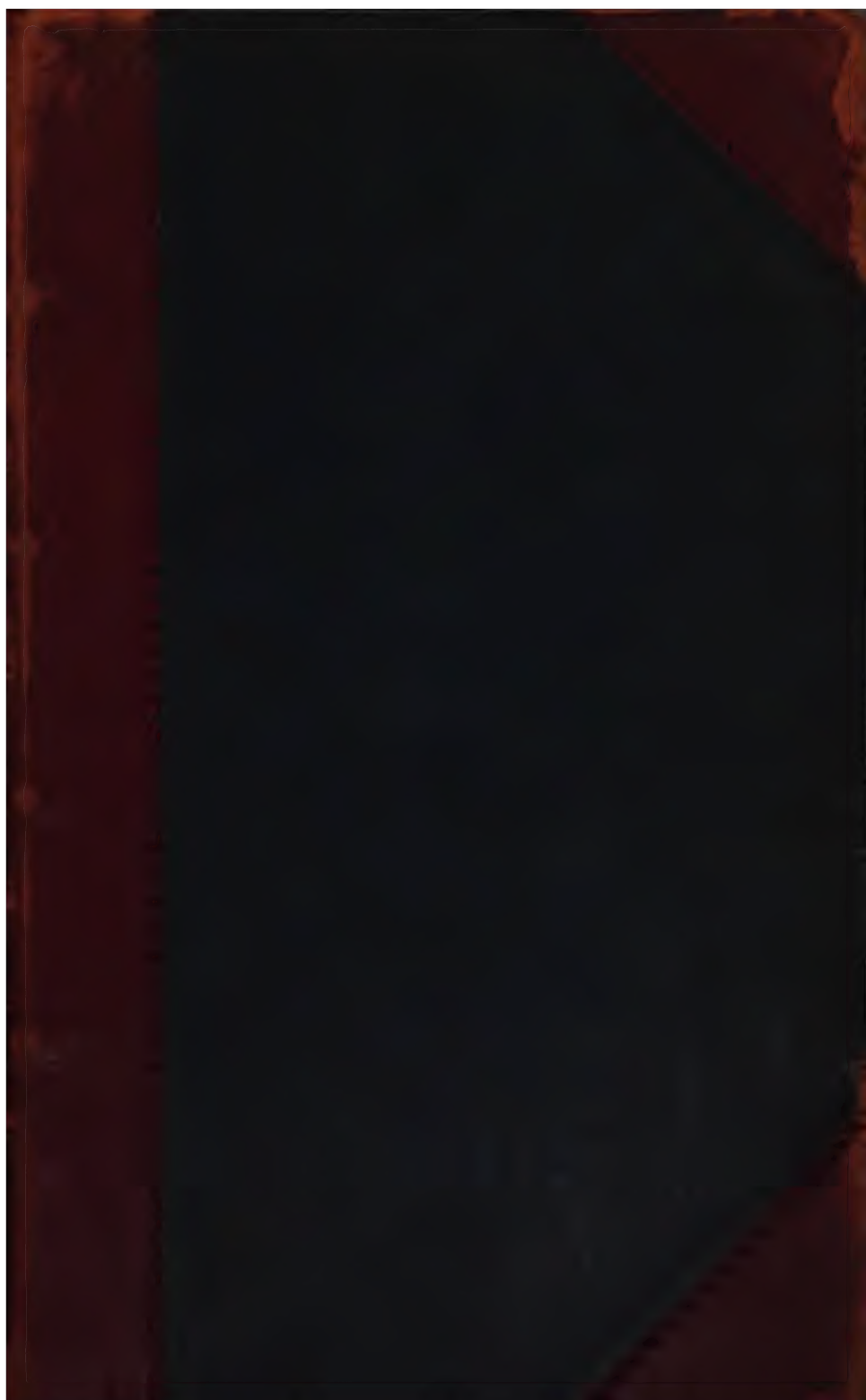
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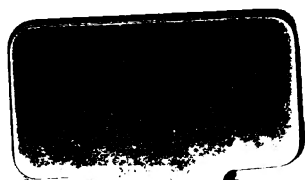
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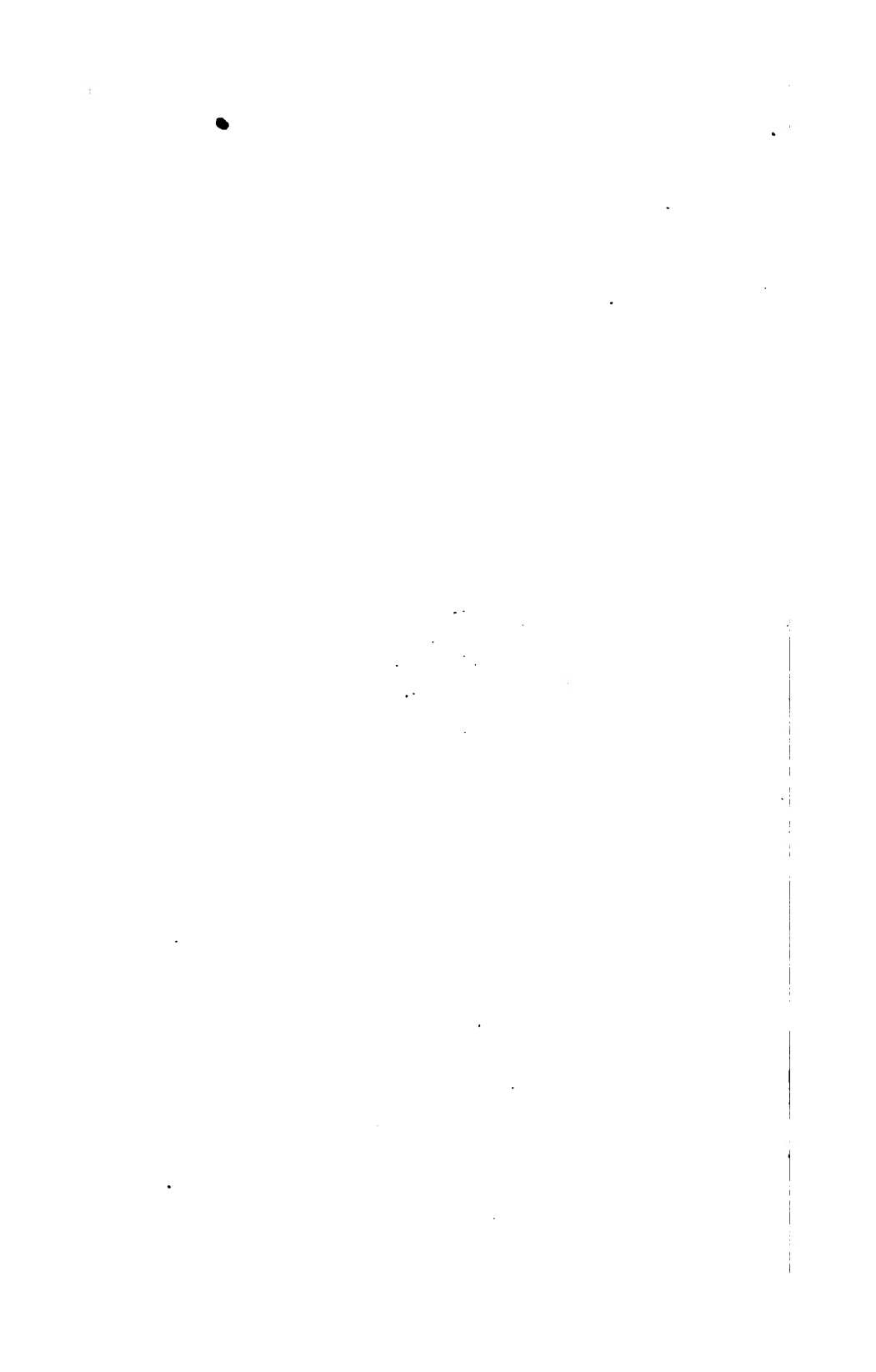
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George Cruikshank

The Assembly of the Gifted.

JOHN MANESTY,

THE LIVERPOOL MERCHANT.

BY

THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

WITH

Illustrations by George Cruikshank.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I



LONDON:

**JOHN MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.**

1844.

TO

J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.

THE OLD AND CONSTANT

FRIEND OF HER LATE HUSBAND,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,

BY

ELLEN R. MAGINN.

LONDON,—16th *August*, 1844.

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JOHN MANESTY.

CHAPTER I.

LIVERPOOL AS IT WAS AND IS—THE HERO INTRODUCED—MERCHANT LIFE EIGHTY YEARS SINCE.

“THE Mersey,” says Camden, “spreading and presently contracting its stream from Warrington, falls into the ocean with a wide channel very convenient for trade, where opens to view Litherpole, (commonly called Lirpool, from the water extending like a pool, according to the common

opinion,) where is the most convenient and most frequented passage to Ireland; a town more famous for its beauty and populousness than for its antiquity."

What Camden's ideas of populousness might have been it is hard to say; but if in his time he considered Litherpole, or Lirpool, famous on that account, his reverence for its fame would be at present increased a hundred fold. We have an engraved view of "the West Prospect of Liverpoole," taken somewhere about a hundred years after the date of his *Britannia*,—in 1680; and in the scanty and scattered collection of insignificant houses, apparently intersected but by one regular street, containing within its enclosure fields and plantations of trees, and bounded by a stream

on which seem to float half-a-dozen vessels, all of the smallest tonnage, most of them mere barks, we could hardly recognise the swelling city adorned with majestic edifices, traversed by magnificent and crowded streets, and on its river side flanked by gigantic docks of almost Titanic masonry.

The flourishing state of Liverpool is not by any means remarkable for antiquity. It dates from about the beginning of the last century ; and however it may shock the fine feelings of the existing race of the men philosophizing by the side of the Mersey, its prosperity had beyond question its origin in the slave-trade, of which Liverpool, having filched that commerce from Bristol, became the great emporium. We shall not fatigue our readers with statistical details,

which, if they seek, they may find in many a bulky volume of parliamentary reports; nor weary them by discussing the merits or demerits of a question now set at rest for ever. The labours of disinterested philanthropists, and of philanthropists whom the most exalted charity can hardly admit to be disinterested, have removed the stain of tolerating slavery from the code of British law. We have at all events got rid of the *word*; whether we have got rid of the *thing*, may be a matter not worth discussing. Be it sufficient to say that the slave-trade crammed Liverpool with wealth; and that wealth, by its natural operation, raised Liverpool into importance.

George Frederick Cooke, in one of those wild and unaccountable sallies into which

nothing but genius, even in drunkenness, can burst, while performing the part of Richard the Third, in the Williamson-square Theatre of Liverpool, amid a hissing and hooting, well earned for having been so overcome by the poetry of Shakspeare, or the punch of the Angel, as to tumble about the stage, obtained attention by crying, with his wondrous voice, " Silence, and hear me!" The call was instantly obeyed. Moulding his features into his most terrific scowl, he looked on the astonished audience, and the indignant representative of the last of the Plantagenets thus shouted forth :—

" It is hard enough to submit to the degradation of such a profession as that in which I appear; but it is the lowest depth of disgrace to be compelled to play the

buffoon for the amusement of a set of wretches, every stone of whose streets, every brick of whose houses, every block of whose docks, is grouted and cemented together by the blood and marrow of the sold and murdered African."

The audience, by their indignation or their silence, gave at least a qualified assent to the truth of this uncereemonious remonstrance; and the attention which was refused by the merchants of Sydney-lane, or Goree Dock, to the tame eloquence of a Wilberforce, or the sober preachings of a Clarkson, was aroused with feelings of shame by the fierce denunciation of a tipsy actor. Men are still alive who actually traded in slavery on the coast of Africa; and many will remember the days when the

watchword, "Liberty and the slave-trade," floated proudly upon the election-banners of General Tarleton. Why should we not remember it? It was only in 1807; and that to young people like us counts not much more than if it were yesterday.

Cooke's savage taunt was of course nothing more, as well may be believed, than a ferocious exaggeration; but it is undeniable that many honourable and upright men were engaged in this man-traffic, the propriety of which they never doubted; and that few of the most unexceptionable merchants in Liverpool, though closing their eyes to what was called "the horrors of the middle passage," refused to accept the profits which it returned. We have now nothing further to add in the way of

introduction to our story, except that this peculiar trade having had its main encouragement in this country by the Assiento contract, and its main discouragement by what John Wesley called the Grand Revival of Religion, our story fixes itself in the middle time between both—viz., in 1760.

Just only is it to remark, that many persons in Liverpool conscientiously protested against this traffic—especially Quakers, and the more austere dissenters. Just, also, is it to add, that a general suspicion prevailed that those same Quakers were deeply engaged in the business. This they declared to be a calumny, and were believed, as people wished to believe. But of the mercantile world, some, without making any noisy professions, conscientiously abstained

from having anything to do with the capture and sale of their fellow-creatures; and among them was the famous house of Hibblethwaite, Manesty, and Co., of Pool-lane, Liverpool. This firm, at the time we write of, was represented by a single individual, Mr. John Manesty.

Mr. Manesty was about three or four and forty years of age when our narrative commences. His countenance was cold and calculating—seldom, if ever, relaxing into a smile, and almost as seldom darkening into a frown. In stature, he, like one of Crabbe's heroes—

“ Grave Jonas' kindred, Sibyl kindred's sire,
Was six feet high, and look'd six inches higher ;”

and his massive head, somewhat (contrary

to custom, he wore no peruke) touched with gray, and rapidly inclining to be bald, was firmly set on a pair of ample shoulders. His dress, which never varied, was of snuff-brown broadcloth, a wide-skirted coat, a deep-flapped waistcoat, and a close-fitting pair of breeches, not reaching much beyond the knee, where they were secured by a pair of small silver buckles. These garments were all of the same colour and material, and for more than twenty years he had not allowed any change in their fashion, which, though an object of scorn in the eyes of the beaux and macaronies of the middle of the last century, was comfortable and commodious. No ruffles graced his wrists; no tie or solitaire decorated his stiff cravat, rolled closely round his mus-

cular throat; no ornament whatever was worn on any part of his person; but all, from his well-brushed, broad-brimmed hat, to his woollen stockings of iron gray—and his shoes, blackened with whatever art, before the appearance of Day and Martin in the world of Japan, could command, and kept tightly close by a pair of the darkest buckles—was scrupulously clean, stainless, and without speck. Such, too, was his repute among his brother merchants; and when, at Exchange hours, he made his way, slowly and steadily pacing among the commercial crowd, with his gold-headed cane, which he carried more as an emblem of his caste, than for any purpose of supporting his brawny hand or strong-set limbs, he seemed, in more senses than one, a pillar of 'Change.

Of his partners, the elder Hibblethwaite had died some years before, and his son, who formed the "Co.," preferred cock-fighting, badger-drawing, bull-baiting, and other refined Lancastrian amusements—most of which we have bequeathed as legacies on the other side of the Atlantic—to the dull routine of the desk and counter. With great pleasure, therefore, he sold his interest in the firm to his graver partner, who, as usual in contracts between such parties, was no loser in the transaction. We by no means intend to insinuate that anything passed which was inconsistent with mercantile honour, for the purchaser was not more eager to get than the seller to get rid of the concern on any terms whatever. If the money passed was less than

what Manesty would have disbursed to a more sagacious or less hasty customer, it was far more than Dick Hibblethwaite required on the moment for the purposes of squandering.

Those who now visit the Liverpool Exchange, in Castle-street, and look upon the spruce and airy second-hand dandies, who dispose of millions of money—at least, of bills—in the jauntiest style possible; or see them, at all hours of the day, sipping claret, swilling grog, or guttling down bitter beer, according as the goddess Laverna is propitious to her votaries; or who meet them in the hundreds of coffee-rooms, bar-parlours, or taps, so profusely planted all over their borough, flirting with pretty Miss Eliza, betting at Jem Ward's, making

their books at Radley's, or "tossing" at Jack Langan's, must needs be reminded that these gentlemen no more resemble their methodical sires of old, than does the *maintenon cutlet* or the *ressole des ragnons de bæuf* represent the haunch of mutton or the lordly sirloin. In one art they certainly far surpass their fathers—what that art is, we leave to Dale-street on one side of the ocean, and to Wall-street upon the other, to disclose. Be that as it may, among the most methodical men, of this most methodical time, none could be more methodical than the burly merchant whom we have just introduced to our readers.

John Manesty was, as we have said, some three or four and forty years of age, twenty of which he had passed in indefati-

gable and unceasing commercial industry in his native town. The Exchange clock itself could not have been more punctual and unvarying in its movements than he. Six o'clock every morning of winter or summer found him seated upon the high stool of his inner office, turning over his books of business with a scrutinizing eye, preparatory to the labours of the day. Eight o'clock every evening saw him as invariably occupied, upon the same stool, over the same books, which had recorded the results of those now finished labours. Few incidents marked the interval between those hours.

Writing letters occupied Manesty's time until eight o'clock, when he sate down to a hearty breakfast of northern cheer, to which his temperate habits and robust frame

enabled him to do ample justice. The multifarious occupations of commerce engaged him until dinner, which, contrary to the general habit of the Liverpool merchants—whose custom it was, then, even more than now, to dine in taverns—was served at home, and he shared a plain but solid repast with a single companion. A tankard of ale, and sometimes a glass of port, was its only accompaniment; and dinner concluded, he went upon 'Change, to transact affairs with his brother merchants.

Great was the deference which John Manesty there met; and for a couple of hours, bills, bonds, obligations, bargains, freights, insurances, speculations, contracts, shipments, ladings, entries, consignments, and a host of other words familiar to mer-

cantile ear in a great emporium of trade and shipping, were despatched by him with the rapidity acquired by long practice, and a decision which is the sure attendant upon a heavy purse. His dealings were upright, his engagements punctually observed; and though in doing business with others who were not so punctual or so solvent as himself, he had no scruple to enforce his claims in such manner as the law allows and the court awards, yet the very greatness of his transactions precluded him from being, in general, mixed up with needy or embarrassed parties, and his wealth often allowed him to display the semblance, and perhaps the reality, of generous and kindly dealing towards the fallen or broken adventurer in trade.

At five, tea, followed by an hour's indulgence in smoking, (his only luxury, and conscientious scruples occasionally reproached him for indulging in this slave-raised weed,) brought the merchant again to his books; a bread and cheese supper, sometimes relieved by a glass of hot rum and water, followed, and ten o'clock consigned him to his bed, thence to rise at six o'clock the next morning and repeat the labours of the bygone day.

Such was the sober and unvarying life of Manesty, and many more besides of his contemporaries.

CHAPTER II.

WHO THE WOLSTERHOLMES WERE, AND WHO WAS
THEIR SUCCESSOR AT WOLSTERHOLME CASTLE.

FROM Manesty's business, as we have already stated, African traffic was wholly excluded; he had taken a very decided part in protesting against the slave trade, then principally opposed by the dissenters, which threw him much into their company; and though not departing from the church of England, in which he was reared, he

seldom attended its services, preferring, instead, to frequent the chapel of the Rev. Mr. Zachariah Hickathrift, called by his admirers Zealous Zachariah, and by all whom they would consider the ungodly, Old Cuff-the-Cushion, both titles being derived from the energy with which he enforced the extreme doctrines of Calvinism. The house had, indeed, formerly been somewhat connected with the West Indies, but that branch of the business had been entrusted to the elder Hibblethwaite. Manesty never liked it; and, on the old man's death, this dislike was still further increased by reports of the proceedings of the younger gentleman, while on a visit to Port Royal, proceedings which, in the opinions of his grave partner, were by no means calculated

to reflect credit on the character of the firm. This was, indeed, one of the principal causes of the dissolution of partnership, after which event Manesty gave up the West Indian and African connexion altogether.

When it was pressed upon the merchant that there were other things besides slaves to be traded in—as palm oil, or gold dust—upon the Gambia, he used sternly to reply—

“No—no, it is best not to touch the thing at all! Have I no consideration for the souls of my sailors, whom I should, by despatching them thither on any mission whatever, expose to the contamination of being the associates of murderers, pirates, and manstealers?”

In all other branches of commerce Ma-

nesty zealously engaged, and so monotonous was his life, that for more than twenty years he was never known to have left Liverpool for a further distance than Manchester, a journey then performed with ease and expedition in six hours, except some twice or thrice on short business expeditions to London, and once a year, when he paid a visit to an estate which, much to the astonishment of his commercial friends, he had purchased in one of the wildest parts of Yorkshire.

Wolsterholme manor was seated amid the rugged and then almost inaccessible moorlands on the Lancastrian border. Before the union of the kingdoms it could boast of a castle, the inmates of which were continually occupied either in border war-

fare against the Scotch, or in the civil contentions of the Plantagenets. The castle gradually made way for a strong castellated house, which had the honour of having kept off Sir Arthur Haslerigge in the war of Charles and his Parliament: that in its turn was in more peaceful times succeeded by a modern mansion, built in the quaint fashion of the days of Anne; and the waste moorland was made to blossom with the rose in a curious garden, ornamented with the innumerable devices, which the perverse ingenuity of the queer gardeners who flourished at the commencement of the last century was fond of puzzling forth.

But that house, at the time of our story, was almost in ruins. The lands, never carefully cultivated, had nearly ceased to

be cultivated altogether, and now afforded but scanty pasturage for a few straggling sheep; the garden alone retained some semblance of its pristine pomp. The house supplied a dwelling-place, such as it was, for a poor old man, who had been undergardener, many years bygone, in the days of the last Wolsterholme, and by his zeal, exerted to the utmost of his power, the winding walks were kept in order; the evergreens clipped and trimmed into their original shapes of heraldic griffins—the armorial bearings of the family; the fruit of bush or tree preserved from totally perishing; the flower-knots still disposed in their whimsical mazes; the green border of the long fish-pond—fish-pond, indeed, no more! for the fish had long vanished—

cleaned and cleared—the rose was reared, the weed uprooted—all with as much care as if the eyes of its former masters rested upon the scene.

But there they rested not. With a fatality common to many of our ancient families, the Wolsterholmes had always adopted the losing side: their manors were confiscated by the Yorkists, and but partially restored by Henry VII. In the days of his successor, their attachment to the Romish faith lost them all their influence in court or county, and many a broad acre beside, in the mad insurrection known in history by the name of the Rising of the North. When the deluded followers of the standard of the Five Wounds of Christ hoped that,

“ If their enterprise had sped,
Change far and wide the land had seen—
A resurrection from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green,”

but were mercilessly taught to see their mistake by Sir George Beaumont, the Wolsterholmes took an active part, and suffered, some in person, all in estate; and lastly, in the Parliamentary war, they as Cavaliers were made to groan heavily under fines and sequestrations, for which, when the days of royalty returned with Charles II., it was but sorry recompence, on their presentation at court, that they were profusely complimented, heartily shaken by the hand, heavily laden with promises, laughed at as country pests by the courtiers, and if

remembered at all, remembered only as bores by the king.

These being the annals of their house, it is no wonder that the Revolution found them in possession of a sadly dwindled estate, which possessed few temptations for the spoiler; but untaught by experience, they still clung with constant fidelity to that White Rose which had been so fatal to their fortunes. The cowardice of James was, however, kinder to his followers than the courage of his father had been; for his precipitate flight afforded his partisans no opportunity for an English insurrection, and the followers of William had no pretext for dealing as liberally in confiscations on the eastern as they did on the western side of St. George's Channel. Wolsterholme

Castle, as it was still called, was thus saved to its owners, who would infallibly have followed the standard of James, if he had raised one; and it became the theatre of many a political intrigue, with which appellation the "honest men" thought proper to dignify their drinking bouts.

In 1715, the Sir Thomas of that day was "out" with the Earl of Mar, and, obliged to fly to France, he died at St. Germain, in sad poverty. The relics of this once great property, now reduced to little more than this barren waste, were finally dissipated by his son, also a Sir Thomas, who, with the hereditary wisdom of the family, threw down the last stake of the Wolsterholmes, and lost it in the cause of Charles Edward. He, like his father, was

obliged to fly to the Continent; and entering the French service, had the good fortune of being shot dead, before absolute penury, which had been long staring him in the face, had actually come down upon him like an armed man. His only sister, either impatient at increasing a burden already too weighty to be borne, or else, as a few persons conjectured, yielding to the solicitations of some unprincipled admirer, had disappeared, none knew whither.

Sir Thomas's younger brother, who, amid the loud remonstrances of his kindred, had adopted the Hanoverian side of the question, obtained a commission in Ligonier's troop, and perished, in some obscure skirmish in the American plantations, a few years before Sir Thomas's death. And the

land knew their place no more. Their honours were attainted, their manor seized by the crown. The memory of the family was still cherished by the peasantry, to whom they had always been kind, but there was, for many reasons, an evident reluctance to speak of the old people, and they were gradually forgotten as years rolled away.

On the flight of the last baronet, some five-and-twenty years before this story begins, the crown agents parcelled the estate—which, though small in value, was spacious in acres—into many petty holdings, principally among the tenants of the late possessors; but as no bidder appeared for the manor-house, it was suffered to fall into decay. Some years afterwards, Manesty

had occasion to proceed towards that part of the country, and, on learning these circumstances, he evinced a most unusual anxiety to become the purchaser of the house. The bargain was easily concluded; he left the poor gardener as he found him, in possession, and afforded him a pittance sufficient for his wants and services.

After this, he gradually purchased the several portions of the estate at prices which made his confidential book-keeper start. He put the miserable dwellings of his tenants into repair, and shewed himself as easy and careless in his new character of a landlord as he was strict and precise in his old one of a merchant; but as for the manor-house itself, he would not permit the slightest alteration or repair, beyond what

was absolutely necessary to keep it from tumbling about the ears of its old occupant.

This ruinous dwelling he visited once a-year,—always alone,—and took possession of the only habitable apartment in the house, one communicating by a glass door with the garden. What was the motive or object of this visit no one could tell. He pretended, indeed, that he went to do business with his tenantry; but this was no more than a pretence, for there was no business to do. The trifling returns of rent which he might bring back were not of the slightest importance to a man of his wealth, and could well have been left to the care of the humblest clerk in his office, without diverting from far weightier transactions the time and attention of the master.

As nobody suspected Solid John—the name which his acquaintances bestowed on him behind his back—of sentiment or romance; as in religion and politics he and his had been always opposed to the Wolsterholmes; as the only link which connected the names of the families was one that could give rise to no other than angry or painful feelings; and most especially as the speculation, as it would be called in Liverpool, did not yield him anything like one per cent. for his money, the curious in these matters, puzzled with guessing, and knowing that Manesty, like the apparition in Macbeth, was one that would not be questioned, were obliged to content themselves with giving to Wolsterholme Castle the nickname of John Manesty's Folly:

Of late, however, it was put to some use, for its garden was made to supply bouquets and love-knots, and other floral tributes, which, to the great astonishment of his grave neighbours, were suddenly seen to bloom in the sills and bowpots of the darksome and dingy windows of Pool Lane, where for many a long year no other leaves had been heard to rustle but those of the cash-book and the ledger.

CHAPTER III.

THE MODERN CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

OUR readers, we suppose, will take it for granted that these roses and lilies, and other triumphs of the flower-bed, bloomed not especially for Mr. John Manesty; on the contrary, they were there very much against his will. They were culled by younger hands for younger eyes; and many a mystery did they contain, intelligible but to two people—for which said mysteries

Mr. John Manesty had very little sympathy.

In our description of the staid and monotonous life of the merchant, it may be remembered, we mentioned that he shared his dinner with a solitary companion, and the flowers were for him. That companion was his nephew, Mr. Hugh Manesty. Mr. Hugh Manesty was between two or three and twenty, a well-grown and a well-knit youth, of whose personal appearance any uncle, who regarded such things, might justly feel proud.

His story may be told in few words. We have said, the only link which could be supposed to connect the Manestys with the Wolsterholmes was a painful one; and that link was the parentage of Mr. Hugh

Manesty. Cornet Wolsterholme, while quartered at Liverpool, had been attracted by the demure beauty of Miss Hannah Manesty, whom he saw by mere accident. How the fair devotee discovered that she was loved by the gay cornet is a question which our readers had better ask their wives and sweethearts; here it is sufficient to say that it was discovered. And when Wilford Wolsterholme shortly afterwards departed with his regiment for America, he was clandestinely accompanied by a lady who was his wife, and no longer Miss Manesty.

Great was the indignation of that serious household! It was supposed that the event hastened her mother's death; it certainly sent John, her brother, across the Atlantic, by his father's command, to seek the fugi-

tive lady, to compel Wolsterholme to marry her,—if that ceremony had not been performed,—and, married or unmarried, to endeavour to bring her back.

John Manesty's absence extended to two years, and he returned, not with his sister, but his sister's infant. Her husband had been killed, and she—to use the pathetic words of Scripture—“had bowed herself down and travailed, for her pains came upon her.” The Ichabod of the house of Wolsterholme was brought safely to Liverpool by John Manesty, and his father's death shortly after put the young merchant in the place of a father to his sister's child.

He carefully fulfilled the duty, according to his own views. The boy went not to Oxford or to Cambridge—seats of dissipa-

tion or Jacobitism, false doctrine, or scientific atheism; he was not taught the absurd vanities of dead languages, which profit nothing in any commerce now known in the world; the follies of the current literature he was taught to despise; but for worldly learning, all that Cocker at least could impart, was duly implanted in the mind of the boy. Araby the blest, Italy the fair, never produced, in the eyes of his uncle, anything so worthy of wonder and of love as the numerals of the one and the double entry of the other.

Hugh's spiritual learning was confined to the expositions of the Bible by Mr. Cuff-the-Cushion, to which he had the good taste—not to use a higher word—as he advanced in years, to prefer the Bible itself.

He possessed none of the lighter accomplishments: dancing, drawing, music, were all abominations in the eyes of his uncle. The cock-fighting and bear-baiting propensities of the then junior partner of the house were by himself looked upon with disgust; and Hibblethwaite, who with those odd fancies which it is so hard to explain, really liked the modest and quiet youth, after in vain endeavouring to initiate him in his favourite pursuits, was obliged finally, with a very hearty oath of regret, to give him up as a milksop.

Hugh, nevertheless, was not destitute of some of the graces that become his age,—for he knew the gallant though sad history of his paternal family,—and to the almost instinctive passion of a north-country man

for horses, he added the not usual elegance of preferring a knowledge of the use of the rapier to that of the more locally fashionable weapon, the single-stick. His uncle grimly smiled at this choice of amusement, but spoke not. Blood, thought he, will out. Hunting was proscribed not more by the rigid principles of the sectarians, with whom he chiefly communed, than by the stronger reluctance of the gentry of the palatinate to permit any trader to follow the hounds with them. For other sports of the field his opportunities had been few, and religion and natural refinement kept him from the alehouse and the cockpit.

In short, after Hugh came towards manhood, deprived by taste and by feeling from the vulgar enjoyments of the ordinary mer-

cantile population, by shyness and prejudice from the pursuits and delights of men of liberal breeding, and by his commercial position and suspected creed from the society of the Lancastrian aristocracy, the young man dwelt almost alone. His uncle's business occupied most of the hours of his week-days; his Sundays were devoted to the tabernacle; and there many a Jemima, a Kesia, and a Kerem-happueh suffered their sweet eyes demurely to stray from the hymn-book, to catch a glance of the handsome countenance of the heir of the wealth of Solid John Manesty.

We should have said, that when the child was brought to England, its grandfather insisted that it should bear his own name, and not that of the hated Wolster

holme. But the soft glances of the godly sisterhood were thrown away in vain. Hugh Manesty heeded them not. Some touch, perhaps, of the old aristocratic blood hardened his heart against the disputatious daughters of dissent, and he shrank from their tea-drinkings as decidedly as from the ale-drinkings of Dick Hibblethwaite.

What once was a matter of taste had of late become a matter of feeling. A change had come over the spirit of his dream; and without further preface, he had met with Mary Stanley. We leave to Burke, or Lodge, or Debrett, the task of assigning her station in the noble house of Derby, to which she belonged. We require no herald or genealogist to decide that she was an eminently beautiful and graceful girl. Hugh

Manesty met her while on a visit of business to Sir Hildebrand, her father's mansion; for Sir Hildebrand being longer in pedigree than in purse, had contrived, in spite of his contempt of mercantile pursuits, to be on the wrong side of the books of the elder Manesty. The baronet was glad to afford all the hospitalities in his power to the representative of the house, and he gilded over the degradation by reflecting that his guest was not in reality a money-lender, but the actual representative of one of the oldest families of the north, and not very distantly connected with himself.

Whether the story of Cymon and Iphigenia be literally true, may be left to the commentators on Boccaccio, Chaucer, and Dryden; but that it is morally true, no one

who has looked upon the progress of youth can doubt—and Mary Stanley was Iphigenia to Hugh Manesty. The loutishness of the countinghouse-clerk, far more disgusting than the hobnailed clown, was dispelled; a feeling that there was something better worth reading than the “Whole Duty of Man,” or the “Ready Reckoner,” soon arose in his mind. A charm was discovered in poetry before unsuspected; and even the books, deeply revered as they were before, assumed a new form of reverence. The Bible was no longer a mine of texts for controversy, but a volume of beauty, poetry, and love; and in the “Pilgrim’s Progress” he could afford to forget, while reading that wondrous allegory, all remembrance of the persecutions of the perverse cobbler.

Hugh, moreover, was now connected with the gentry of the country, and partook of their amusements; but he felt the want of accomplishments and education, and sedulously applied himself to obtain both. Originally endowed with talents of no common order, and urged to perseverance by the unsparing goad of unceasing love, his progress was far beyond what we find in schools and colleges; and a lapse of two years before our narrative begins had sufficed to make Mr. Hugh Manesty what he had always been in heart and soul, a true and finished gentleman.

He clung, however, to the desk; habitual reverence of his uncle, who possessed that which Kent says he saw in the face of Lear—"command,"—made him fear to disclose

a secret to one from whom he knew it would meet neither sympathy nor respect.

No two men could be more different than Sir Hildebrand and his uncle. The baronet hated the merchant, because he was a merchant, because he was of humble origin in the county, because he was a Whig, because he was a dissenter, and, worse than all, because he was rich, and his creditor. The merchant, as far as his time allowed him, hated the baronet, because he was an aristocrat, because he was a Tory, because he was a high-churchman, because he was an embarrassed man, and his debtor. A marriage would have been spurned by both sides as totally disproportioned, if it had been suspected ; but on the part of Sir Hildebrand, he no more dreamt that his

daughter would bestow a thought upon a man engaged in trade, than she would upon the groom that rubbed down her horse; and John Manesty never having entered Eagle-mont, Sir Hildebrand's seat, had no opportunity of observing the conduct of the young people to each other.

He therefore contented himself with remonstrating against the visits of his nephew to Sir Hildebrand, and the striking and visible alteration in that youth's bearing. At first, he was inclined rigidly to forbid the connexion altogether; but when he observed the pain that it gave, and reflected on the constant attention, kindly manners, and willing obedience of the handsome youth before him, he gave a gruff consent. Perhaps at heart he felt no real objection

that the heir of his fortunes should be taken up as a companion by the aristocracy of his native county.

Thus the matter remained; and young Manesty and Mary Stanley continued to hope on in secret, scarce knowing whether they loved or not.

CHAPTER IV.

A POINT OF CONSCIENCE—MAY AN ANTI-SLAVERY
ADVOCATE HOLD SLAVES?—THE ASSEMBLY OF
THE GIFTED—THE POINT DECIDED.

THIS affair gave John Manesty no small trouble; but a greater was in store for him. The carelessness of young Hibblethwaite so managed—or rather mismanaged—the West Indian business, to which we have alluded, that it fell into great disorder; one of the consequences of which was, that the only

means of liquidation for a very considerable sum of money, was the foreclosing of a mortgage, and the taking possession of a large plantation by the firm of Manesty. But this was a most puzzling predicament: on the one part, the sum was too large to be conveniently dispensed with; on the other, the conscientious scruples of the anti-slavery advocate opposed his employment of slave-labour, or enjoyment of its produce.

“ Even humanly speaking,” thought he, “ how can I remonstrate with my brother merchants, if I myself deal in slavery as well as they?”

But that thought he soon rejected. “ Pooh—pooh!” he said, “ what matters it what other men think, if I can reconcile my conduct to myself! The real question

is, Can I conscientiously take possession of Brooklyn Royal? I own that I feel doubts and scruples; self-interest is a pleader hard to resist, and I can hardly afford to do without it. I shall consult others competent to decide in this case of conscience. I know that if I went upon 'Change, I should be universally laughed at, and told, with many an oath, that I was a fool. If I advise with the zealous abolitionists, why, they are so much pledged to their side of the question, that I can already anticipate their answer; and as none of them have West India estates to sacrifice, they would the more liberally counsel the sacrifice of mine. I doubt whether many of them would, in like circumstances, put their theories into practice. Consult the vicar—

pish! If it were a matter of fox-hunting, or a pipe of Port, I might then indeed consult Dr. Molyneux; besides, did not he preach a sermon the other day (Heaven knows who wrote it!) to prove that the blacks were the descendants of Ham, the son of Canaan; and that any attempt to emancipate them was flying in the face of Scripture, by taking off the curse pronounced by Noah upon his irreverent son—for which sermon the corporation voted him a service of plate. No; I will leave it to the ministers of the independent churches. If they say Yes, I will take this unfortunate Bahama property; if No—I will not!"

A solemn invitation to a great tea-drinking of the most gifted men for twenty

miles round was the result of these reflections. Thither came godly Mr. Goggleton, of the Sandemanians, of Shawsbrow; sainted Mr. Muggins, of the Swedenborgians, of Sawny Pope's Alley; the pious Zachariah Hickathrift, or Cuff-the-Cushion, already mentioned; the discreet Sanders Mac Nab, of the Scottish congregation by Gores Dock; Ebenezer Rowbotham, of Hale, called by his enemies Roaring Row, from the energy of his declamation, of no particular church; Samuel Broad, by the same class denoted Sleek Sammy, of the society of Friends, perversely called Quakers, testifying in Bolton; Jehosaphat Jobson, (his real name was Roger, but for euphony he had altered it to Jehosaphat,) of the Ranters of Oldham; the great Quintin Quantock, the Boanerges

of the Baptists of Bullock Smithy, and many others equally revered.

“Great,” as the Psalmist says, “was the company of preachers:” vast the demolition of muffins, crumpets, and sandwiches; illimitable the kilderkins of tea that were swallowed; and if the grace before the meal was short, its brevity was amply recompensed by the length of that which followed.

Besides these reverend men, there were none present but John Manesty himself, and his nephew. Hugh’s visits to the Stanleys had not increased his veneration for the holy assemblage by which he was surrounded; and as the business of the evening was about to commence, he rose to go away.

“I am of no use here,” said he, addressing his uncle; “you know my opinion already

—I am too young and too inexperienced to presume to offer a dogmatic judgment upon that which divides many just and honourable men, and my mercantile education teaches me to appreciate the value of the property which is coming under discussion. I shall only say now, sir, what I have said to you before, that if the case were mine, and that I had any doubt about it, I should have nothing to do with what might make it appear that I was not acting like a gentleman. I am not saying—far from it indeed—that your holding Brooklyn Royal is inconsistent with that character, but I think it might be safely left to your own judgment to decide whether it is or not.” He left the room, and a groan burst from the congregation.

Manesty was evidently displeased. "A gentleman!—he has had that word in his mouth too much of late; I know where he picked it up, and must look to it. And yet"—some thought here appeared to be passing through the mind of Manesty to which he did not choose to give utterance, but he broke off by saying—"no matter."

"I do not like the word," said godly Mr. Goggleton, of Shawsbrow. "I never thought much of gentlemen,"—a class of persons with which, it must be admitted, the respectable divine, who had picked up his theological attainments while travelling as a tinman, held very little association.

"Of a verity," said Samuel Broad, who was a miller of Farnworth, "of a verity, it savours not of Christian humility to use

these words of pride. It shews that the bran of the old Adam hath not been blotted out, and the heaven of carnal self-seeking still keeps rising."

"For my part," said an Irish divine, who had been upon a visit to Mr. Muggins, at Liverpool, on a mission of a twofold spiritual nature, partly partaking of theology, but still more concerning the establishment of a trade in whisky, about that time beginning to be profitable,—“for my part,” said he, “I don’t like one bit o’ the word, and I niver did, and I wondher how them as pride thimsilves upon their birth and quality, should give thimsilves sich a name as gintlemin, as I have raison for knowing the biggest blackguards in the world (I mane the attorneys) call thimsilves

gentlemin, &c. &c., and cause had I to know it at the time when I lived at the back of the Poddle, when I used to be pestered with impertinent letters from them."

Many other observations to the same effect would no doubt have followed, but that Manesty cut the discussion respecting gentlemen short, from a wish perhaps not to speak ill of the absent. In few words he formally propounded his conscientious scruples, and for some minutes there was silence in the assembly, each waiting for the other to begin.

It was first broken by Roaring Row.

"As I said," bawled he, "in my sermon to the few believers in the benighted town of Hale, witnessing before the door of that Vanity Fair, which is called the Child of

Hale, the inmates whereof are delivered over to perdition for their wicked laws and abandoned customs, I said unto them who steal the carcasses of men"—(we pause to remark, that Roaring Row was by trade a butcher)—"and vend them in the shambles as if they were babes,—are they not all brethren? are they not all flesh and blood? It is true they are black; but I have yet to learn that the colour makes any difference in the cattle. Is there not a murrain in the land, by reason of this trade? Is there not a rot in the sheep-fold of England? Touch not it, John Manesty,—touch it not, pious John—touch not the accursed thing! It will be a canker in thy substance. The gain that thou wilt make of it will be loss unto thy soul's estate; nay, I have known

it to be ruin unto the body's estate. Do we not know that the prosperous slaveholder, Simon Shackleford, has been reduced to bankruptcy, almost beggary, by the wrath of heaven,"—and by accepting accommodation bills upon New York, thought Manesty; but he did not interrupt the sonorous eloquence of Roaring Row.

We, however, must interrupt it, lest by continuing in this strain we should be suspected of attempting to cast ridicule upon a righteous cause. It was advocated, no doubt, very often in a similar strain and style with that which we have here attributed to the bawling butcher, and supported also by men who may not uncharitably be suspected of hypocrisy; but we must not forget that the abolition of this truly in-

human traffic was urged by men of the most commanding talent and eloquence, the most undoubted sincerity, and the most untiring zeal.

In substance the debate took this turn—all condemned the system, in general, but justified it in this particular case; but none, except Mac Nab, who spoke of the expediency of not refusing the gifts of Providence, and the Irishman who, in a whisper, was rash enough to venture upon so dangerous a word as "humbug," for which he was duly rebuked by the assembly, offered any distinct arguments to justify the anomaly of a saint being a slave-holder.

At last, after a debate which lasted more than an hour, during which he had been wholly silent, up rose Quintin Quantock—

the Boanerges of Bullock Smithy. He spoke in a slow, solemn, sonorous voice, with clasped hands, and eyes continually uplifted to heaven, and the strong patois of his native Lancashire rung musically in the ears of his auditory as these words issued from his goodly frame:—

“ This brethren, is a grave question; on one side are the earthly good, on the other the heavenly hopes of a brother dear unto us all. I shall divide my observations upon it into seventeen heads. First—Is making slaves a sin? Secondly—Is trading in slaves a sin? Thirdly—Is buying slaves a sin? Fourthly—Is holding slaves a sin? I shall take these four together. First, as to making slaves: that clearly is a sin; for as godly Zachariah Hickathrift, whom I

rejoice to see here present, well remarked in his sermon, which he hath since printed and distributed among the churches——”

Here old Cuff-the-cushion, who had been asleep for the last quarter of an hour, woke up, and said, “I have six copies of it in my pocket, and the price is only sixpence the single copy; but any quantity may be had for distribution at the Richard Baxter’s Head, in Whitechapel, at two guineas the hundred.”

“Let him send two hundred to-morrow,” said John Manesty.—“Proceed, Quintin.”

“As the godly Zachariah said,” continued Quintin, evidently piqued at the unexpected slice of luck he had procured for his rival divine——“in his sermon, which does not appear to have had the sale which it

merited,—to prove making slaves a sin is wasting words, and upon that head, therefore, I shall dilate no further. Secondly, if making slaves be a sin, assuredly trading in them must be a sin also; for slaves would not be made unless they were intended to be traded in. For what does a man make anything for, but to trade in it?"

"That's a very judicious observation," said Mac Nab, taking a pinch of snuff.

"Very much so," agreed the Rev. Phelim O'Fogarty.

"In the third place," went on the orator of Bullock Smithy, "if trading in slaves be a sin, buying them must certainly be so; for who would trade if there was nobody to buy? If, then, making, trading

in, and buying slaves be sinful, the question we have next to discuss is, whether holding them be sinful; and this can be conveniently divided into about fifteen heads—all of which I shall proceed to discuss. Before, however, going into a minute consideration of the subject, I shall pay a short attention to the matter immediately before us. Slaves are—the sin be on the head of those that made them so,—but as they are, they must live—how live? By being fed on the fruits of the earth, or in the manner of all mankind. Whence comes the food? From their own labour: true; but if no field for that labour be supplied them, starvation ensues. Set them free to work, and there is no field. What, then, shall we say? Are they to be made free, to

starve? God forbid! The law is bad, but it is the law; change the law, and things will be otherwise. Meanwhile the African is indeed injured, not having food to eat."

Here broke a sigh of sympathy from the bowels of mercy of sleek Samuel Broad. This last stroke of the pathetic deeply affected him and many other of the preachers, who were reminded, by a savoury smell that permeated the apartment, that they were, in probability, kept from something more substantial by this the first of the fifteen divisions of the question of which Quintin Quantock was now hot in pursuit.

"As I heard Mr. Clarkson say," continued Quintin, "the injured African cries to us, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' so, I say, would not the African slave, in

the unfed situation which I have endeavoured to describe, say, ‘Am not I a man with an appetite?’” (Here followed what, in the French newspaper reports, is called a sensation.) “Retain, therefore, thy slaves, John Manesty!—John Manesty, thy slaves retain!” (and he smote the table as he said it.) “Take them, as Philemon was told to take Onesimus. John Manesty, take thy slaves! not as servants, but above servants—as brethren beloved! The only part which is to be discussed is that which has been urged with so much ability by that gifted man, the righteous Rowbotham, which is, ‘Touch not the accursed thing!’ and to this I shall devote a few preliminary observations, previous to entering on the first of the fifteen divisions of my fourth great

head. Nobody knows better than that great pillar of light, that it was Achan, the son of Carmi, the son of Zabdi, the son of Zerah, of the tribe of Judah, who took of the accursed thing,—and what was it? a goodly Babylonish garment, two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels. And, you will ask, is not the taking of a man worse than the taking of a man's garment? Is not the life of a man worth more than those shekels of silver and gold, which, at the present time, would be about——”

“A hundred and twenty-five pounds,” said Manesty, somewhat impatiently. “Proceed!”

“I have seen six men, and good weight, too, sould for just that money!” murmured the Rev. Phelim O’Fogarty.

“ I say,” continued Quintin, raising his voice, “ that man is worth more than man’s garment—man’s life more than shekels of the tested silver and gold. But it was not for the taking the garment that Achan, the son of Carmi, perished,—a garment for which, perhaps, our friend, Muggins, here would not give three and sixpence, at his shop in Whitechapel”—[this playful allusion to the profession of the reverend divine, who kept an old-clothes shop, in his temporal moments, excited, as it was intended to do, a general smile]—“ but for the silver and the gold; for it was said (Joshua, chap. vi., v. 19,) ‘ All the silver and gold and vessels of brass and iron are consecrated to the Lord; they shall come into the treasury of the Lord.’ By the sin of Achan,

part of them were prevented from coming there—*that* is the accursed thing, and such is the doctrine of all the churches. Now, righteous Rowbotham,” (and here the words of the Rev. speaker fell from his lips like oil and honey, his voice was subdued, and his half-shut eyes resting with holy fervour and friendship on the glowing nose of the righteous Rowbotham,) “are the slaves in the hands of John Manesty, in this sense—in the true sense of the text, taken with the context—are they the accursed thing?—are they kept away from the treasury of the Lord? No. Is the gold and the silver procured by their labours to be deducted from that treasury? No. Is there no difference between Tom Tobin, who, like the railing Rabshakeh, abused me, even me! in

the market-place of Stockport, last Tuesday, when with vile tongue, he called me an ancient hypocrite——”

“ Yes,” whispered Muggins, who had not enjoyed the joke at his shop, “ he called him an old humbug.”

“ Tom Tobin, who would waste his ill-gotten wealth in ways of evil, and John Manesty, who will devote it to good purposes—who will found chapels, of various denominations—who will send out zealous missionaries, clothed and fed and paid, for the promotion of religion, and will sweeten the churches from the sugar-cane of his bounty. Shall not, then, John Manesty hold these slaves, and hold them for the church and its chosen vessels? Yea, I say

unto thee, righteous Rowbotham—even unto thee—he shall!”

The eloquence of this appeal, especially of its latter part, seemed to produce entire conviction in the minds of his auditory, and even the disapproving voice of Roaring Row was lulled to the gentle cooing of a sucking dove. The Reverend Phelim O’Fogarty drew closer to the host, and was heard to whisper that he had been in the islands, and found the climate to agree with him. Though the reverend man did not deem it necessary at that particular moment to mention that his experience of the West Indies was derived from a smuggling visit, he having run a cargo of returns for Connell, Driscoll, Sullivan, and Co., of Glengariffe, which, in due course of time,

was safely stranded on the hospitable beach of Dingle-I-Couch.

"Is that," said Manesty, interrupting the preacher, "is that your sincere opinion?"

"It is," said Quintin Quantock, with solemn emphasis, "mine in all sincerity and good faith."

"May I, then," asked Manesty, again turning to the assembled preachers, and speaking slowly and solemnly, "may I retain the plantation of Brooklyn Royal, and the slaves thereon, holding them as slaves, and using their labour for my profit, without hurt to my conscience, and sin to my soul?"

A loud and unanimous consent, in which the voice of the righteous rang forth pre-

eminently sonorous, was the instantaneous reply. Manesty gave one grim smile. What passed in his mind we shall not say, but after a moment's pause, he said in a firm and decided tone, "In God's name, then; do I accept the charge." And the preachers devoutly responded Amen!

"I will now," resumed Quantock, "proceed to the second part of the fifteenth section of my fourth head. In the first place; then——"

At this moment the hall clock struck eight, and Rebecca, punctual to the moment; according to the custom of the household; announced that supper was ready.

"In the first place," continued Quantock; heedless of the interruption——

"I think," said Manesty, rising, "my

reverend friend, you may defer the conclusion of this discourse until after supper."

"I only wish," said Quintin, "to press one point. In the first place, then——"

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said Manesty, laying his hand weightily on the preacher's shoulders, "supper may be spoiled by waiting, but no delay can injure the force of your arguments, or the eloquence with which they are enforced."

This remark was received with hearty approbation by the auditory, particularly by Broad, who, in spite of his professional quietude, had for the last half hour exhibited unequivocal marks of impatience. The preacher yielded to the compliment, or to the savoury flavour which was making its way into the room, and the supper

passed off in the way of all suppers; but of the remainder of the discourse of Quintin Quantock no man hath heard up to the present hour.

Manesty had obtained his point; the fiercest of the abolitionists had declared in favour of his holding the estate. He sent them away rejoicing, each with a sum to be distributed in charity amongst their several congregations; and if it be surmised, according to an ancient proverb, that charity began at home, let not the reader imagine that there was anything peculiar in this case, such being the custom long practised in many a church, of many an age, in many a country. As for Quintin Quantock, the faithful of Bullock Smithy! —alas! for the march of refinement, we

seek for that honoured name in modern maps to no purpose! It has vanished; the good old designation, combined of the beef that supported the hearts of the men of England in battle, and of her forges whence came the never-conquered arms which they wielded, has been blotted out, and in its place, with sorrowing heart, we find the mincing title of Rosedale—fit but for albums, where the only forgery is of autographs, or suburban cottages, into which the smell of beef rarely penetrates. Justice requires us to state, that despite the effeminacy of the name, no change has taken place in the manners of the inhabitants, which are still worthy of Bullock Smithy.

When the congregation, we say, of the Reverend Quintin Quantock, beheld their

beloved Boanerges clad in a new and goodly suit of glossy black, and mounted on a stout gelding of undeniable action, well capable of bearing its capacious rider, they would, if they had known whence came the raiment and the steed, have learnt that it is not always imprudent or unprofitable to give advice in conformity with the predetermined resolution of a wealthy patron.

CHAPTER V.

THE LETTER AND THE MYSTERY—JOHN MANESTY
DEPARTS FOR THE WEST INDIES—A CONFERENCE
BETWEEN THE NEPHEW AND THE CLERK.

As usual, quietness reigned in the apparently immovable household of Pool-lane. The uncle pursued the unvarying tenour of his way. The nephew's suit with Mary Stanley appeared to have made no other progress than that of a more frequent dispatch of bouquets from Wolsterholme. I am sorry that I cannot afford my fair

readers a more earnest love tale; but I beg them to consider that it is ruled in all the books that the course of true love never doth run smooth, and that the most matter-of-fact writers of anything pretending to romance will not be able to find material for their trade, unless there be something to ruffle the waters on which the bark of the story is wafted. In this case there was nothing. "I loved her and I was beloved," might have been the motto of their ring; but having said that, all is said. What they hoped, it would be hard to tell; but there is always in such case an angel in prospect, who, down swooping from the sky, is at some time, not fixed by the authorities, to set everything to rights.

It seemed, in fact, as if nothing could

have disturbed the repose of that tranquil establishment. Fortune had decreed otherwise. One morning, when the London letters were delivered, amongst them came a missive, uncouth of form, and all but hieroglyphical of superscription. Manesty hastily opened it; and after the most hurried glance at its contents, flung it down again upon the table.

“Dead!” said he—“dead!—what a fool!”

“Of whom are you speaking, uncle?” asked Hugh, astonished at such unusual emotion. “Who is dead?”

“Dead!” said the uncle. “Yes, he is dead”—as he read the letter again, dwelling upon every character as if it deserved the perusal of a life. “It is no——, it is nobody,

nephew, of whom you know anything. We all must die. Let us hope that he died in the Lord. He was an old friend of mine."

He left his unfinished breakfast, and remained shut up in his private closet for more than three hours alone. When he emerged upon 'Change, nobody could have discerned any alteration in his manner, or conjectured that anything had occurred to derange him. The eye of his nephew had, however, perceived that something had broken in upon the calm current of his usual equanimity, and he referred in the first place to the books, to find if they contained the name of any correspondent whose death might affect the firm or grieve his uncle. He found none.

Foiled in this quest, he went to consult

Robin Shuckleborough, who, for more than thirty years, had been head clerk of the house, and who knew all the secrets of the establishment, and most of those of them who belonged to it.

“ Master Hugh,” said Robin, “ I knew your uncle before you were born, and he is not a man who likes his affairs to be pried into. But I do think that there is something in that estate of Wolsterholme that I could never fathom the bottom of. However, it is no business of mine; and mark you, Master Hugh, let it be no business of yours. I suppose somebody is dead of the Wolsterholmes, and that is the news he heard. He hated them mortally, and was raging enough about it, quiet as he looks now; but that was all before your time,

Mr. Hugh. I recollect your grandfather, in whose mouth you would not think butter would melt—he was so mild and easy—mad as a baited bull at Preston Cross, when Miss Hannah—don't be angry, Mr. Hugh—went over to Wolsterholme House. She was a pretty girl, then, and, indeed, she was not much more than a girl to the end of her life, poor lady; and your uncle was sent after her, and farther beyond than Yorkshire, for your grandfather sent him to follow her to the plantations, to bring her back—but what was the use? The young people were determined on the match, and they had it. A troubled man was your uncle when he brought you back, and nobody beside—and he took to business. Hard and stern has he stuck to it ever

since. We know, Mr. Hugh, who was that pet sister, and there is no use of saying who is that pet sister's son."

"My mother's life and death," said Hugh, hastily, "were, I believe, unfortunate—but of that I do not wish to speak. Whose death do you think has thus so visibly disturbed my uncle?"

"In plain truth, then," said Robin, "I know not. No name is in the books, the instant hanging of the owner of which could for a moment disconcert us. But passing from the dead, is no one alive who plays some discomposing part over the mind of some younger person connected with the firm?"

Hugh was two-and-twenty, and at two-and-twenty people will blush. So Hugh did.

“ Never mind,” said the old man, “ it is all safe with me; but I could guess something when Dick-o’Joe’s-o’Sammy’s-o’Jock’s was sent special upon Spanker, down to Runcorn, with a large bundle of the latest fiddlededees of ladies’ rattletaps hot from London ; and when Jem o’Jenny’s was packed off at a rate to break his neck on the governor’s own white-legged nag to Wolsterholme, to ride fifty miles, and bring back some rubbishing roses, better than which could have been bought in St. John’s market for half-a-dozen pence; and when——”

“ Nonsense !” said Hugh, half angry, half smiling—“ nonsense, Robin—you are an old fool !”

“ At all events,” said Robin, “ I am not

a young one. And when," continued he, taking up the thread of his interrupted discourse—"and when the plum-coloured satin suit, which came down from Joseph Fletchings and Co., of Lombard-street, London, consigned, not to our house, but to that of a common carrier in Lime-street, Joe Buggins, and a notorious rogue he is, to say nothing of the one-and-two-pence extra it cost, which would have been saved if sent in the regular way to Pool-lane, besides the risk of the goods; and I thought——"

"And I thought," said Hugh, laughing, "that you need not have made any inquiries about it. But what can have so manifestly annoyed my uncle?" muttered he, as he returned to his desk.

A few hours sufficed to explain. On the next morning, contrary to the established custom, he was summoned before breakfast into his uncle's presence. Some vague and indefinite thoughts that this summons might be in some hostile way connected with Mary Stanley, filled him with dread, which was most agreeably dispelled when he found that his uncle's business related to Brooklyn Royal.

"This West India property," said Manesty, "thrown upon me by chance, and accepted sorely against my will, has involved me, every hour since I was connected with it, in fresh and fresh annoyance. Here, I find, that my unlucky partner has so managed matters, that nothing but utter ruin is to follow, unless I

go in person to remedy the fruits of his absurd and unbusinesslike arrangements. Speaking to him, even if he would give himself the trouble of attending to me, is useless, as he is scarcely ever sober. Every one with whom he has dealt appears to be a bankrupt or a swindler. You know how his accounts stand in our books; and things are even worse with him than, for his worthy father's sake, I have let you know: what they are, then, in the islands, you may guess. There is, in short, no chance but my personal appearance and exertions to set this crooked matter straight. It is more annoying than you may conjecture. Here am I, Hugh, for one-and-twenty years living in Liverpool, and never during that time one-and-twenty days at a stretch absent

from it, and I confess that the idea of a West Indian voyage is anything but comfortable. I must do it, however, or look upon this unfortunate estate as lost. I start to-morrow evening for London."

"To-morrow, uncle!" said Hugh—"so soon?"

"Yes," replied Manesty, "to-morrow. I am afraid it may interfere with a certain fishing excursion; but that may wait. Now," added he, with great seriousness of manner, which an attempt at a smile had for a moment interrupted—"now, Hugh, my dear nephew, I can confide everything to your zeal, talent, and integrity. You will find full instructions in my letter-book, and you may implicitly rely on Robert Shuckleborough, who knows intimately all

the mechanical parts of our business. There are some private papers of mine, should anything unforeseen occur"—(he dwelt upon these words with peculiar emphasis, and, after a short pause, repeated them)—“should anything unforeseen occur, which will be found in my old oak cabinet in the garden-room at Wolsterholme. I shall go over there before I depart for London, arrange the papers in order, and leave with you the key.”

“Is not this, uncle, a sudden call?”

“A call, my nephew,” replied Manesty, “for a longer journey may be made upon us more suddenly. Would that I could as readily and easily prepare for that journey as for this!”

A silence followed on the part of both—it was broken by the uncle.

“Hugh,” said he, “on your personal honour and mercantile abilities I can surely depend. From one besetting sin of our north country youth I know you will wholly refrain, and I hope that disgrace of any kind will never be mixed up with your name. I am not at heart as harsh as I seem to the world. I shall not, I trust, be unreasonable in your eyes. Let me, then, only say this—I am sure that every lady with whom you are acquainted is worthy of honour and respect, but there is no need of haste in selecting any among them as a partner for life. I shall be some months absent; you will give me your word as—what you called yourself a few days ago—a gentleman, that nothing of that kind is decided in my absence.”

The young man gave the expected assent with a tear in his eye, but with more softness in his heart towards his rugged kinsman than he had ever felt before. The preparations for departure were made in the same business like style as everything else, and when, in about ten days afterwards, the bonny Jane bent her bows from Gravesend, on her way towards Kingston, she bore upon her deck the unexpected freight of the portly form of Solid John Manesty.

“ So he *has* gone!” said Robin Shuckleborough. “ Manesty and Co. has sailed for Antigua—Manesty and Co. walking no more about Liverpool with his broadbrimmed hat, and snuff-coloured breeches! I was at 'Change to-day, and it looked

quite lonesome without Manesty and Co. At the stand, by the corner of the old window, where Manesty and Co. stood, nobody went up. I should not wonder if somebody went down. I mention no names, but many a bill is displaced when John Manesty's desk is shut. God grant that he has got safe to London—it is a dangerous journey—and got safely out of it, too—for it is a perilous place! It was the spoiling of Dick Hibblethwaite. Mr. Hugh, ten years ago, he was as good and as mild as yourself, and now what is he? Broken down to nothing. You would not take his bill at seven and a half;—to think of that, of a bill with the name of Richard Hibblethwaite written across it coming to that!"

"I don't think," said Hugh, "that my uncle is under any danger, from the temptations of London or the perils of the way."

"Nor I," said the clerk; "but this I do know, that when the cat's away, the mice will play—and that, as I see your plum-coloured coat on your back, and your bay mare at the door, the sooner you are off the better, and I'll make up the books."

The youthful merchant bit his lip, and, with a slight chagrin, seemed determined to convince Robin that he was mistaken in his suspicions, by returning to the desk and resuming his occupations. But the impatience of his stamping horse, the brightness of the sun—the—the something else beside, altered his determination; and to prevent the interposition of another change of mind,

he bounded hastily upon his steed, and in a few minutes lost sight of Liverpool, on his galloping journey towards the Dee.

“ Well,” said the head clerk, “ I think I may shut up shop, too. The old bird is flown after merchandise, which is one species of roguery—the young bird is hawking after love, which is another species of roguery. There is no roguery in my going to smoke a pipe with old Will Hicklethorp: he and I have smoked together for more than five-and-thirty years, and neither of us can recollect that either he or I was in love. I wish, after all, that Solid John was back again. I am too old for young masters, though Hugh is a good and kind lad indeed. But,” continued he, “ he will never be able to handle the firm like our present com-

mander. He's the man, Will, for doing business; and sorely will Liverpool miss him the day he goes."

These last sentences were addressed to his old friend Hicklethorp, who, having a great talent for silence, made no reply or observation in return. Robin Shuckleborough having duly hummed the following lines—

"Tobacco is an Indian weed,

Springs up at morn, cut down at eve—

Think of this when you smoke tobacco,"—

toddled off from his strong-smelling room of revelry in Juvenal-street, to dream over the events, the whiffs, and the glasses of the day in his residence, located in one of those queer quarters which have since been metamorphosed into the name of Toxteth Park.

CHAPTER VI.

A DISSERTATION ON COCKING—WITH A COCK-FIGHT
UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES—LANCASHIRE
GENTLEMEN AT FEAST AND TOURNEY.

“ The mains are fought and past,
And the pit is empty now;
Some cocks have crow'd their last,
And some more proudly crow !
In the shock
Of the world, the same we see,
Where'er our wand'rings be—
So here's a health to thee,
Jolly cock !”

SUCH were the sounds that rang from the
Bird and Baby of Preston, at about noon
of a fine July day, some eighty years ago.

Loud was the chorus, and boisterous the laughing which attended this somewhat quaint expression of cocking morality. The company to whom it was sung, filled bar, parlour, tap, outhouse, gallery, porch,—all the house in fact,—for it was a meeting assembled to determine the last great Preston match of North Lancashire against South. All the cockers of the north were there; at six in the morning the cocks were in the pit; and by eleven, all was decided. Undoubted pluck had been shewn in byes and mains on the part of the cocks, and much money had changed hands on the part of their backers.

We might easily occupy the time of our readers by detailing the conversation during the eventful moment of the contest, but it

would afford very little variety beyond the usual growling of losers and exultation of winners, whatever the game may be, both expressed in the most intelligible and emphatic language, blended with admiration of the gameness or contempt of the dunghillhood displayed by the various black lackles and ginger piles "engaged in feathery fight," and mixed up with comments on the ability, dexterity, and honesty, or the want of those qualifications, displayed by feeders and setters, delivered in a style which was more distinguished for candour than politeness.

Milton declines entering on the details of the wars of the Heptarchy, on the ground that they are no better worth describing than the skirmishes of kites and crows.

Fortified by so great an authority, we too decline chronicling the skirmishes of other pugnacious fowl, trained to war by the sturdy and unsaxonized descendants of the Offas and Pendas in their ancient realm under the dynasty of Hanover. Be it observed, that we are not pronouncing a magisterial opinion in disparagement of this venerable diversion.

“ If the rust of time can hallow any sport, that which we are now entering on (cocking) is in full possession of this precious bedeckment. It is indeed so old, that we hardly know from whence to derive its origin. Asia has, however, the credit of first fostering it; and it seems to have been cultivated by the natives among their earliest games. The first records of China

note it: in Persia it was early encouraged, in conjunction with hawking and quail-fighting; nor was it to be wondered, that as man became belligerent, he would, in order to extend his conquests, commence his education by observing the offensive and the defensive operations of animals, thereby the better to regulate his own.

“ When Themistocles was engaged in warfare with the Persians, he was struck with admiration at the bravery and perseverance displayed in the battle between the cocks of that people, which was such as to occasion him to exclaim to his admiring army: ‘ Behold, these do not fight for their household gods—for the monuments of their ancestors—not for glory—not for liberty, nor for the safety of their children, but

only because the one will not give way unto the other.' This so encouraged the Grecians, that they fought *gallantly*," [Johnson did not suspect how etymologically precise was the word on which he stumbled,] "and obtained the victory over the Persians, upon which cock-fighting was by a particular law ordained to be annually practised by the Athenians. The inhabitants of Delos were great lovers of the sport; and Tanagra, a city of Bœotia, the island of Rhodes, Chalcis in Eubœa, and the country of Media, were famous for their generous and magnanimous race of chickens, and it does appear that they had some peculiar method of preparing the birds for battle. Cock-fighting was an institution partly political in Athens, and was continued there for the

purpose of improving the seeds of valour in the minds of their youths; but it was afterwards perverted and abused, both there and in other parts of Greece, to a common pastime and amusement, without any moral, political, or religious intention, as it is now followed and practised amongst us."

We must not pass off all this learning upon our readers as our own; we have taken it from Johnson's *Sporting Dictionary*—a grand repertory of everything that a sportsman can desire—or rather, if we must deal upon the square, at second-hand from Delabarre Blaine's *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*, one of the most beautiful, exact, copious, and interesting books in the language. Let, then, the admirers of cocking shelter themselves under the authority of

Themistocles, whose panegyric on the wars of cocks might, with much propriety, be transferred to the wars of nations, who seldom engage in them for any real advantage to themselves, "but only because one will not give way to the other,"—of the Medes and the Persians, the Delians and Tanagrians, and the various dwellers in the several isles and cities, empires and continents, above recounted. They may console themselves, also, with the countenance of Henry the Eighth and James the First, of good Queen Bess (against whom "no true sportsman at least will let a dog bark") and Roger Ascham, and others enumerated in the *Encyclopædia*; and we can, moreover, relieve them from the apprehension entertained by Mr. Blaine, that their "moral,

political, and religious" order has fallen under the grave displeasure of the author of "Don Juan." "It has been supposed," says Mr. Blaine, "from the often quoted words of Lord Byron—

‘It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking——’

that he disapproved of this sport, and that, with his accustomed causticity, he therefore disparaged it." The cocking here mentioned is of a very different kind: it is a cocking where an unfeathered biped is principal, not backer; and where the leaden bullet, not the silver spur, is set to work. To acquire a taste for this amusement, Lord Byron informs us that the ear must become "more Irish and less nice;" and, if

all tales be true, his lordship's organs of hearing never acquired such a portion of Hibernianism or nicety, as not to feel a most particular reluctance to be brought within earshot of that "strange quick jar."

Returning from our digression, we have only to record that, the battle being over, the genial spirit of Lancashire prevailed, and winners and losers sat down together, the one, to enjoy their triumph; the others, to console their defeat, over a most substantial dinner served at eleven o'clock. Start not, good reader, in the reign of the fair Victoria; for as the regular dinner-time in the country was, in those days, twelve o'clock, an hour's anticipation was nothing more serious than the necessity of an early visit to the opera, which compels

you to dine at six instead of seven. The company was mixed—groom sate with noble, squire with knight—for gaming of all kinds speedily levels distinctions; but it contained a large proportion of the aristocratic.

Preceding governments had looked upon meetings, under any pretence, of the northern gentry, with dislike and apprehension; but when fear of the Pretender had vanished, this feeling began to pass away. Still, however, if anything of a political kind was suspected, their assemblages were discountenanced; and the only *réunions* on which they ventured were those connected with the sports of the field; and even these were considered by the more zealous partisans of the house of Hanover, to be well worthy of vigilant attention, as being nothing more

than pretexts for bringing together the yet unshaken traitors, waiting their time for the triumph of Jacobitism.

Such was not the case in the cocking-match with which we are now engaged; if any Jacobites were present, they confined their manifestation of feeling amid their own select sets to the mysterious toast-drinking, and the significant nods, shrugs, and winks, which formed the main support accorded to the "cause" by its partisans from the day that Charles Edward fled from Culloden, to its final extinction by a natural death, symptoms of the rapid approach of which were strongly visible about the time of our story.

The singer of the song, whom we have unceremoniously interrupted, was Sir Theo-

bald Chillingworth, of Chillingworth in the Wold, a baronet of an ancient Catholic family, who, like many of his creed, had recently taken the oaths to George III.; a step which deeply grieved and much scandalized his former friends, but was excused by Sir Theobald on the ground of expediency. He took the oaths, he said, to put his estates out of jeopardy; and in order, we presume, to shew how prudent was his regard for the preservation of his property, he instantly went upon the turf.

The time had passed when his manors ran any danger from the state or the law; it is needless to say that the reverse was the case among his new associates. In short, he got rid of some fifty thousand pounds in the first three years; but he still

kept up his stud, maintaining, with many a round oath, that as his grandfather had left him so many slow old aunts to provide for, he thought it only fair to keep some fast young horses for himself. By pursuing this course, he quickly reduced a property of fifteen thousand a-year to something like fifteen hundred; but as the annuitant old ladies died off faster than he expected, he was now, in the tenth year of his turfism, still able to keep afloat.

He had that morning lost, what was called a cool hundred, upon cocks which he had declared to be invincible, especially as he had been let into the secret. If he could have heard the laughing conversation of the breeders on whom he depended, and who were then drinking in the porch, which

proved, amid many knowing winks, that the birds had been sold to him for the express purpose of losing this match, by trainers, who had indeed let himself and his friends into the secret, but unfortunately—on the wrong side!

“It is to be regretted,” says Mr. Blaine, “that even in this sport, as it was formerly in race-horse training, all was conducted under a veil of mystery, so it yet remains with the feeding and training of cocks to fight. . . . Each feeder, trainer, and setter, has his secrets, but whether they be ‘secrets worth knowing’ is not quite so clear.”

The makers of cock-matches have their mystery, indeed; it, however, does not lie in the feeding and training department,

being only a branch of that great mystical science, which long rendered the pit and the ring arenas of theft and swindling, and has at last marked them down as nuisances to be abated, and which is at present at work to produce the same catastrophe for the turf.

Perhaps this cool hundred, to say nothing of the half-gallon of beer he had swallowed in the course of the morning, may account for the sentimentality of his song, which, however, in spite of its "pale cast of thought," was delivered by Sir Theobald in a voice that drowned the Babel-like clamour of dissertation upon handling, feeding, physicking, sweating, sparring, weighing, cutting out, training, trimming, bagging, spurring, setting, and so forth, ringing noisily through the parlour.

“ The mains are fought and past,
And the pit is empty now;
Some cocks have crow'd their last,
And some more proudly crow!
In the shock
Of the world, the same we see,
Where'er our wanderings be—
So here's a health to thee,
Jolly cock!

“ When once we're stricken down,
And the spur is in the throat,
We're surely overcrown
By the world's insulting note,
Fierce in mock!
However game we be,
In our days of strength and glee—
So here's a health to thee,
Jolly cock!

“ Then, when eyes and feathers right,
And spurs are sharp and prime,

In condition for the fight,
And sure to come to time
As a clock,
Let us crow out fresh and free,
And not think of what may be—
So here's a health to thee,
Jolly cock!"

"I'll be shot," said he, as he concluded, "if I don't give up cocking! It's no fun to be done as I have been this morning."

"Give up cocking!" said a tall, thin, pale-faced young fellow, with somewhat of a small, soft voice, sounding more of London than of Lancashire—"never, Toby my boy! Once booked, booked for life! Didn't you know the last Earl of Bardolph? he is now about seventeen years dead——"

“That was in the year when I fought Broughton,” interrupted a gentleman, whose name, we regret to say, we cannot collect from any tradition or record of the time, but who was known among his companions by the cognomen of “Broken-nosed Bob.” The accident which gave him claim to the appellation occurred in a pugilistic turn-up with the celebrated Broughton, the bruiser—so were gentlemen of his profession then called—for which he gave Broughton the sum of five guineas, a ruffled shirt, and a gold-laced hat—receiving, in exchange, a dislocation of the shoulder, a sorely damaged nose, and what was, perhaps, a full recompence for all, an opportunity of telling, or attempting to tell, the story for the remainder of his life.

“ Well,” continued Lord Randy, not heeding the interruption—“ the old buck was my grand-uncle, and the family were duly stricken in grief at his departure. We all took leave of him in due form; for my part, I went through the ceremony with great pleasure, having no more pleasing reminiscence of my grim-looking relation, than his occasional bamboozing me with a long cane, with which he used to walk, if I ever crossed his path in the garden.”

“ I say, my lord,” said a gentleman, whose leading propensities may be guessed, by his being known in his own set as Swipey Sam—“ I say, my lord,” said he, stirring a bowl of punch which he had just brewed—“ I say, my lord, didn’t he leave you the Oxendale property?”

“ He did, Sam,” replied Lord Randy; “ the Lord rest his soul for it! as Sir Toby would say; and it has gone the gentlemanly road of all property—over the table at White’s! I mortgaged it to my father, and I call that a right good hedge!”

There followed a roar of laughter, at the expense of the Earl of Silverstick, the stiff father of the loose Lord Randy, who, wishing to keep the family estates together, saw no better method than purchasing, through an agent, all the maternal property inherited by his son, as fast as Randy got rid of it. It is perfectly unnecessary to say that as the earl took care to entail each estate as he purchased it, the agent and the young lord perfectly understood each other.

“ However,” continued Lord Randy, “ the

old fellow was heartily liked by all his servants and dependents."

"Here's his health!" said Sam.

"And Joe, the groom—who, by the bye, is the very man that keeps this house, and was then a youngster—asked and obtained permission to see the old earl, as he lay upon his dying bed. The scene was, no doubt, pathetic in the extreme. Joe considered my uncle, in the language of the stable, as the way of getting on the road he was about to go. My uncle, who, of course, had reared Joe from his childhood, gave him the best advice to continue in the career in which he had been trained—the results of which you may see in Joe's nose, at this minute."

"He is not a bad fellow, though he has

done me out of a dozen pieces this morning,
—here's his health!" said Sam.

"Isn't this all true, Joe," said Lord Randy to the landlord, who had just entered with a fresh cargo of fluids.

"Ay, my lord," said Joe; "I think I see the old earl now, lying upon the damask bed, with the rich green curtains hanging over him, and your lordship's mother's family arms worked in gold over the bed-head, and a table by his side, with a prayer-book, a posset-cup, the Racing Calendar, and a tankard of ale, though, poor old fellow, (saving your lordship's presence,)" —and here Joe snivelled, and wiped away a tear,—“he couldn't drink it.”

“A bad case,” remarked Sam; “I could

almost cry myself. *Non fuit qualis*"—and he took a glass of punch.

"And his poor old face, God bless it! worn down like the edge of a hatchet, and his eye half-awake, half-asleep, and his long grey hair tossed over the pillow, for he was too much of a man to wear a nightcap; and says he—

" 'Who's there?'

" I says, 'I, my lord—it is I,' says I.

" 'And who the devil are you?' said he; for he had always a pleasant way of speaking.

" 'It is Joe, the groom,' said I, 'my lord.'

" So he woke up a bit, and he said, 'Joe,' says he, 'I am booked; bet any odds against me, and you are sure. Every race must have an end, Joe.'

“ And he strove to drink out of the tankard, but could not lift it. My heart bleeds to think of it this moment. So there were three or four nurse-tenders, and valy-di-shams, and other such low raggabrash about the room, for he had taken leave, as you know, my lord, of his relations, and would let none of them come any more near him; he turned these cattle out at once with a word, and away the lazy vermin went.

“ ‘ Now, Joe,’ says he, ‘ this is a dead beat, and there’s an end: I’m past the post.’

“ So I looked astonished like, and did not know what to say. ‘ But,’ says I, ‘ don’t give up, my lord; there’s a great deal in second wind. You may be in for the cup yet. I wish I could do aught for your lordship.’

“ So the old lord he once more brightened up, and says he to me, ‘ Joe,’ says he, ‘ could you smuggle a few cocks into this room, without the knowledge of Lady Silverstick?’—that’s your lordship’s mother, his niece.

“ ‘ Couldn’t I,’ says I.

“ So I slipped down, and brought ’em up in a couple of bags, by the backstairs—your lordship knows them well—they were the beautifulest cocks you ever seed, Sir Toby;—and I brought ’em into the room, as dark as night—nobody twigged me.

“ So his lordship strove to rise in his bed. ‘ It is no go, Joe,’ says he; ‘ but prop me up with the pillows, and parade the poultry.’

“ Well, it would warm the heart of a

Christian, to see the poor old lord how glad he was when he saw the cocks—Wasn't they prime! I believe you, they were, for I had picked the best out for his lordship.

“ ‘ Joe,’ says he, ‘ cooking is nothing without betting. Put your hand under my pillow, and you will find the twenty-five guineas that is meant for the doctor—have you any money, Joe?’

“ ‘ I have fivepence-ha'penny, in ha'pence, my lord,’ says I.

“ ‘ Quite enough,’ says his lordship. ‘ Now, Joe, I back the ginger-pill’ (and a good judge of a cock he was, almost as good as yourself, Sir Theobald) ‘ against any cock in the bag; my guinea always against your halfpenny.’

“ So to it we went; one match he won,

one match I won—one match I lost, one match he lost; and what with one bet and another, his lordship got my fivepence—ha'penny out of me.”

“That was a cross, Joe,” said Lord Randy.

“Honour bright, my lord, it was not,” replied Joe, quickly; “for I was reared by my lord, himself, and I could not, when I once was in it, and the cocks did their work. So, when his last cock was crowing over mine, says he, ‘Joe, you’re done—cleared out!’ and he took a fit of laughing—poor old master! it was the last laugh he had in this world! His jaw began to drop, and I got frightened, and I called in the valy-di-shams. Lord love you! how they stared when they saw the cocks dead,

and the old lord dying. They ran up to him, but he took no notice of them, but beckoned as well as he could for me; he took my coppers with his left hand, and scraped them into his bed from the table—as why shouldn't he? for they was fairly won—and shoved over the green silk purse, with his five-and-twenty guineas in it, to me. The guineas, my lord, are long since gone; but the purse hangs on the wall opposite my bed-head, that I may see it when I wake every morning. I would not give that old purse for the best breed of cocks in Lancashire, and that's the best breed in the world."

"You are a trump, Joe," said Sam, visibly affected;—"here's your health!"

"And then he cast his eye upon the

cocks, and the bird he had last backed gave one great, loud crow, and the old man's head sunk on the pillow, and he died."

"A noble end for your ancestor, Lord Randy," said Sir Theobald, half sneeringly. "How does your lordship intend to die—dice-box in hand, I suppose?"

"The less we talk of people's ends in this company, Toby, the better," replied Lord Randy; "an accident happened to a friend of yours in Carlisle, some sixteen years ago."

"I thought, my lord," said Sir Toby, angrily, "that subject was forbidden amongst us. My father suffered but the fate of many gallant men, in a cause which I would call wrong, or, at least, misguided."

"I know well what your father would call you," said Lord Randy, "and that is, 'a Hanover Rat.'"

"What my father would call me," said Sir Theobald, "I know not, but I do know there is no man here that would dare call me so."

"Pooh, pooh!" interrupted Sam—

"*'Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis,
Pugnare thracum est.'*"

Which some thirty years after the date of this quarrel was thus translated by Professor Porson:—

"*'Pistols and balls for six!—What sport!
How different from, 'Fresh lights and port!'*"

"Toss off your glasses," continued Sam:

" Here, I give you a toast. Here's ' the King!' "

" By all means," said Randy; " I was at his coronation. Here's ' the King!' but not your King, Toby!"

" If you say that again, Lord Randy," said Sir Theobald, in high dudgeon, " I'll knock you down!"

" That puts me in mind," said Broken-nosed Bob, " of the day I fought Broughton, when——"

" Do you say so?" said Lord Randy.
" Are you quite in earnest?"

" Quite!" returned Sir Theobald.

" Then," said Lord Randy, rising, glass in hand, but still in an attitude of defence, " just for the sake of seeing how you will set about doing that, Toby, my friend, I

give 'the King, and not your King,' Sir Theobald Chillingworth!"

Down went the contents of the glass, and, in a moment after, down went the viscount. Sir Theobald was as good as his word.

Though his lordship's appearance, compared with that of the heavy Lancashire squires about him, was what, if they had known the word, they would call effeminate, he was up in an instant, and ready for the contest. The delight of the polished company was intense.

"A ring, a ring!" shouted Sam; "and here's the health of the best man!"

"On the day that I fought Broughton," said Broken-nosed Bob, pushing into the circle; but the rest of his remark was

lost, for hits were rapidly interchanged, and in the rally, Sir Theobald went down.

"Come," said he, on getting up again, "as we are in for it, let us settle how we are to fight. In the good old manner of Lancashire, or the new-fangled fashion which has come from London?"

"Any way you like," replied Lord Randy.

"Up and down," said Sir Theobald, "rough and tumble, in-lock and out-lock, cross-buttock and——"

"Any way you like, I say, and do your damn'dest, I am ready for you."

Such were the manners of the sporting classes of Lancashire, of all ranks, within the memory of man. The viscount or the baronet, in London or in Paris, would, without reluctance, have drawn the small-

sword, or cocked the pistol to avenge a blow; in their own native shire, they considered it more manly to clench the dispute by the arms which nature gave them; and the public opinion of the circle by which they were surrounded, infinitely awarded the preference to the direct personal conflict, as the surest test of proving which was the better *man*. It is no part of our province to decide whether the pistol or the fist is the more rational instrument to assert a claim to the title of *gentleman*.

The combatants went to work in earnest. We confess ourselves incompetent to describe, in proper scientific phraseology, this pugilistic encounter throughout its further progress, or detail the incidents which gave such unfeigned delight to the spectators;

still more do we regret that we cannot express that delight in the ancient dialect used by the gentlemen themselves. But we know enough of the *lingua Lancastriensis* to render us scrupulous of attempting an imitation, which we are conscious would be a failure. It is a good, solid, dialective variation of the Anglo-Saxon, which should not be spoiled by the mimicry of an intruder. Hear it in Oldham or Ashton-under-Lyne, the chief and yet uncivilized capitals of this fast-shrinking tongue; or read it in the works of honest Joe Collier, who has, under the name of Tim Bobbin, imperishably recorded the adventures of Tummas and the kindness of Meary. In not more, but less vernacular English, we shall proceed to tell our tale.

"Goodness me!" said Joe, the landlord, rushing in—"here's a to-do. My lord! my lord!—Sir Toby! Sir Toby!—Mr. Robert!—Sam!—everybody! Is this a thing—no, no!"

"No interruption, Joe," said Broken-nosed Bob, who was holding the bottle for Sir Theobald; "on the day I fought Broughton, I would not have——"

"Good God! My lord! Sir Theobald!—Sir Theobald! my lord! Will nobody part? I wish I could see the face of Gallows Dick!"

"Wished in good time, Joe!" said a smart young fellow, in top-boots, round frock, and laced cocked-hat, who came riding into the yard upon a bright chesnut mare, small in her proportions, but evi-

dently of first-rate blood, bone, and sinew. "Wished in good time, Joe! for here's the man whom you invoke by that complimentary title. What's the row? What! Tickletohy, my baronet—what! my long viscount, is this the way you settle your bets with one another at the Bird and Baby? Will you, lout, take the mare?—softly, there—softly, Jessy! Now then, gentlemen!" and he jumped into the ring.

Both combatants, on seeing the well-known slight and agile figure of this half-jockey, half-gentleman, made a pause, taking advantage of which, he proceeded to rattle out—

"A bowl of punch and a couple of buckets of water! Work has been done I see—let it be enough for the day. What's the fight

about—a wench, a horse, or a main of cocks?”

“ They are fighting about their grand-fathers,” said Sam; “ *genus et proavos et quod non fecimus ipsi*. Had not we better, Dick, adjourn to the tap, and look after *quod facere possumus?*”

“ Randy, Randy!—Toby, Toby! stuff—stuff! My good fellows, mere nonsense; listen to me. My lord, your father is on the road; I spanked by the old gentleman about twelve miles off, at ———, an hour ago; and as he was tooling it at the rate of five miles an hour, it will not be long before he is up. So wash the filthy witness from thy face, as I heard Garrick say last week in some play or other. And, Sir Toby, the high sheriff told me that Grab,

the bum-bailiff, would be after you at this cocking match to-day, which was one of the reasons why Sir Launcelot himself did not wish to come; and you know if you are once pinned now, it's all up with the bets on the Leger."

Something in the eloquence of this lightweight orator seemed to touch the parties. After a few sulky seconds,—for neither had hit sparingly,—the bowl having made its appearance, the mist cleared away, and the conversation resumed its usual hearty and clamorous tone.

"A song, Dick Hibblethwaite;" said Sam, who had by tacit consent assumed the presidency of the board. "Here's your health, Dick; I've known you now for many a day, and I never heard of your refusing

a glass, or being backward in a stave. Sing anything you like—*indoctum sed dulce bibenti*."

"May I die of thirst," said the gentleman thus called upon, "if I sing a song or answer a health unless I am properly proposed in a speech"—a resolution highly approved of by the company, and, with unanimous vociferation, Sam was instantly proclaimed public orator.

Samuel Orton was second son of Sir Samuel Orton, of Ortonfells, who, after the preliminary passages of education, had entered a gentleman commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, and there proceeding through those mysterious avenues that lead to the seven sciences, emerged, in due course of time, a master of arts. He had

taken some honours in his progress, and had imbibed a considerable quantity of learning, and a still more considerable quantity of punch. His collegiate date was about the time that Gibbon says the monks of Maudlin were immersed in Tory politics and ale, and when Gray gives somewhat the same account of their Whig rivals of Peterhouse. In both these exciting stimulants, as dealt forth on the banks of the Isis, did Sam deeply dip; and if he never wrote the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," nor the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," yet many a decline and fall had it been his lot to experience in his proper person, and many a maudlin tear had he shed over departed flagons in a country pothouse.

Sam, in short, had been destined for the fat living of Everton-cum-Toffy; but as the incumbent, whose succession had been purchased when he was seventy, had most unreasonably persisted in living on beyond ninety, Sam, though somewhat past thirty, had not as yet taken orders. He had, therefore, nothing to do but to cool his everlasting thirst with whatever fluid (except water) was at hand; and being of one of the best families in the palatinate, with sufficient money in his pockets to pay his way, endowed with perfect good nature, and gifted with the faculty of decided compliance with the frailties and foibles of every individual whom he chanced to meet, it was no wonder that he became a general favourite among the careless and the gay. He once

had been a tolerably good scholar, and "the scent of the roses would hang round him still;" for, even in the midst of his tipsiness, bits and scraps of classicality tumbling forth would still denote the *artium magister*.

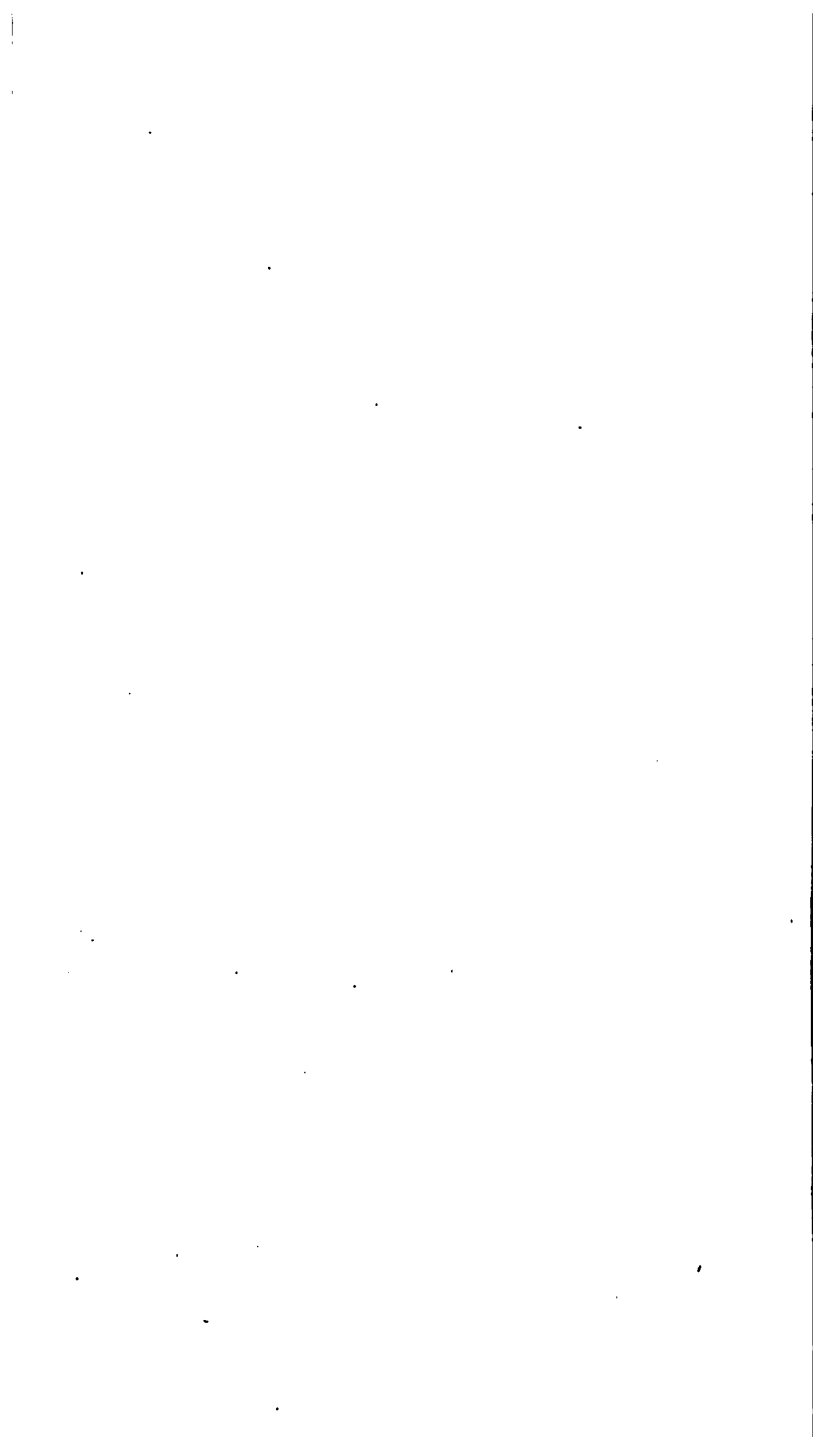
"Men of Athens," said he, rising, with punch-ladle in hand, which he waved like a sceptre over the Lancashire squirearchy, "first, I invoke the gods and goddesses all and sundry; next, do I pray you to hear me patiently concerning this Hibblethwait-ides, a native of the island of Liverpool. Born was he of parents who bestowed not upon him the gifts of the Muses, but those of Plutus, a nobler deity."

"Far nobler!" said Lord Randy.

"I drink your health, my lord," said Sam, suiting the action to the word.



Dick Hibblethwaite interrupting the fight between Lord Randy
and Sir Theobald Chillingworth.



“Forests and woods and chases they had none to give — battlements of stone none were his — tracts of moorland to him fell not any — and he therefore,” said Sam, taking another glass, and looking round silyly on the company — “he therefore never lost them. Member of an ancient commercial firm, Hibblethwaite Richard, as they put it in the directory first, and then, partner of the house of Hibblethwaite, Manesty, and Co., cut the concern, leaving to the middle member the disgust and disgrace of inquiring into the price of corn and cotton! from which time, he, no longer Hibblethwaite Richard, but Dick Hibblethwaite, or Gallows Dick, hath joined us, and become a gentleman. One blemish, however, not to laud him as a faultless character, which the

world never saw, my lords and gentlemen, he retained; the habit of paying bills, and looking generally in vain for payment in others—I therefore have great pleasure in announcing to him that he has lost this morning fifty-four pounds to my friend, Broken-nosed Bob, and of drinking his very good health. Richard Hibblethwaite, Sir, this respectable company drinks your very good health—*Potaturi te salutant!*”

CHAPTER VII.

A DISSERTATION ON SLAVERY—THE END OF
THE REVEL.

“YES, Sam,” said young Hibblethwaite, for he it was, the junior partner of the house, whom we have mentioned in a prior chapter, “I am very much obliged to you for the compliment—I don’t think that betting is worse thievery than merchandise. I have lost fifty-four guineas, have I? rather a bad morning’s speculation. How-

ever, that's all right. Well, it may be very pleasant, but I am sorry I did not stick to old Manesty, after all. You, my bucks, have here, in the course of the last couple of years, done me out of perhaps five or six thousand pounds. Much good may it do you! But that cool, calculating, canting, slate-faced fellow, did me out of fifteen thousand pounds in a single morning. He gave me twenty-four thousand for a business that was well worth sixty thousand; and that twenty-four thousand pounds——”

“Has,” said Sir Theobald, “in due proportion been properly laid out in taking care of us.”

“Well,” said Dick, “I grudge it not; have it among you, boys; but I do grudge

a sixpence to Manesty. I am told he is going to the West Indies, and I wish to God, Dick Hoskins may have him by the back of the neck; he'll shake the money and the methodist out of him."

"Dick Hoskins?" said Sir Theobald, "and who is Dick Hoskins?"

"Not to know him," replied Hibblethwaite, "'argues yourself unknown,' as the 'Paradise Lost' man used to say, when old Soap-the-Suds taught me that rubbish, in what he used to call his academy in Seacombe—not know Dick Hoskins?"

"I plead guilty," said Lord Randy, "to the same ignorance. Who is your friend?"

"My friend!" said Dick. "He is no particular friend of mine; he is the friend of all mankind. He is a slave-snapper on

the coast of Guinea, and some people in the West Indies—where the weather is warm, and they use hot language—call him a pirate. Am I to make a speech?"

"No, no!" said Sam. "You make a bad speech, but sing a good song. Here's your health!"

"Well, then, here goes!" said Dick Hibblethwaite. Throwing his eyes up to the ceiling, and tapping the time on his boot with his riding-whip, he sang one of the old songs of the day.

"Well sung, Dick," said Broken-nosed Bob, "and a right good tune. The day I fought Broughton——"

"You mean the day, Bob," said the songster, "on which you paid Broughton five pounds for bestowing on you a well-

deserved thrashing; but if anybody wants to know what sort of fellow Dick Hoskins is, I can tell, for I met him to the leeward of the Keys of the Bahamas, six years ago, and a jolly day we had of it. Not to talk nonsense, boys, we all knew what he was. He was, and he is, a pirate—a robber on the sea—Lord Randy, just as you gentlemen of the Chocolate House, are on land.”

“Pass the personality,” whispered Randy, “and go on, Dick.”

“I think,” continued Hibblethwaite, “he is a first-rate manufacturer in his way. He doesn’t snap slaves, not he; my old partner could not at all accuse him of that. No; he waits lying quiet about Cape, in order to avenge the injured Africans, by seizing the vessels in which their captors have confined them.”

"He is a gentleman," said Sam. "Here's his health!"

"And having clutched the inhuman villains, he treats them with the tender mercies of making them walk the plank."

"I say, Dick," said Sir Roger Saddleworth, a huge squire, with thick eyebrows, red ears, and a mouth always open, "what do you mean by walking the plank?"

"A pleasant operation," replied Dick, "something between murder and suicide. They run out a plank, about eight feet long, from the ship's side, taking the larboard for luck, and a man is made to walk up to the end of it, standing over the sea. Then he is left to his freedom of will, for just one minute, at the end of which, if he choose, he may drop and take his chance of

the sharks; or, if not, two men-at-arms, standing at the other end of the plank, fire at him, and bring him down, and no mistake."

"And which," inquired Sir Robert, "is the choice usually made?"

"In nine cases out of ten, I understand," replied Dick, "the man drops in the sea. He hopes for escape, however remote the chances, and clings to the hope, until the shark snaps him asunder, or the gurgling waves keep him down. The pirates always prefer their customers dropping in the sea, as they think thereby the sin of murder is taken off their tender consciences."

"A sneaking end, after all," said Lord Randy. "For my part, I'd stand at the

end of the plank, and let them fire, if for no other reason but that of bidding them go to hell!"

"Taking the message there yourself, my lord," said Sir Theobald. "But what sort of fellow is this Dick Hoskins?"

"Why, nothing particular; not much taller than myself—a good-humoured, dare-devil, hard-drinking sort of fellow, with a foxy head, and an eye that would see from here to York Castle."

"*Di omen avertant,*" muttered Sam, half asleep. "Hadn't we better call for another bowl of punch; and pray, Gallows Dick, don't talk of York Castle, for our debts will bring us there soon enough, if nothing else does."

"When Dick Hoskins," continued Hibble-

thwaite, "gathers a sufficient quantity of blacks, or, as they call them in the business, the 'cattle,' he makes for the Mississippi, where he is sure of a market."

"Why not at the plantations, and sell them openly in Virginia at once?" said Sir Toby. "An uncle of mine has an estate on the banks of the Potowmac, on which he holds twelve hundred slaves of his own, and he buys and sells them without reservation."

"Because," said Dick, "there are persons in the colonies called judges and juries, who make a nice distinction between piracy and slaving; and as they would bring Dick's profession under the former character, it is probable they would suspend his labours, by suspending himself! But the

Georgia and the Carolina people are not so particular. As for hunting a vessel there, you may as well hunt a mouse upon Salisbury plain; the Bayons, as they call them, are scattered through the sea in hundreds, and it would take the British navy to follow a vessel. So Dick brings his goods there, and sells them to the planters on both sides of the river; and as the colonies are new, and hands wanted, he need never look long for a market."

"It must be a queer sight," said Sir Roger Saddleworth, "to see men sold at a market. How do they go?"

"By weight," said Dick; "I have weighed a good many of them."

"How do you sell?" asked Sir Roger.

"Just as you sell a beast in York Mar-

ket. The fair way is to say at once,
'Round and sound, a dollar a pound.'

"How much is that, Dick?" said Lord Randy.

"About three guineas a stone," was the reply. "Thirty to thirty-five pounds an average man."

"A capital price," said Sir Theobald. "Let us sell Sam, he is asleep; or as Dick is growing prosy in his stories, let us enliven the day by putting up our relations. Here goes for Lord Silverstick!"

"You wont get much for him, if bought by the pound," said Lord Randy, smiling; "he's too thin. I know his weight well, for I've pinched him tight pretty often; but, by the bye, if you could catch him just now, and sell him with his coach and

six, and his little attorney, and the bag of guineas he has got under the cushion, you would not make such a bad bargain."

"You don't mean that," said Hibblethwaite, with some vivacity.

"I do mean it," said Lord Randy. "I know that he has at least a couple of thousand guineas with him, divided into those nice little bags, labelled with the charming inscription of—'£200' peeping out of their corners."

"I certainly," said Sir Theobald, "would like to settle a few accounts I owe Master Shark."

"And I," said Sam, "would like to settle some accounts I owe many other people. Here's bad luck to them—the dunning villains!"

The inferior portion of the company had, by this time—it had now reached three o'clock—thinned gradually away, overcome by beef, beer, and tobacco; and the parlour guests were almost alone. They too had, under the same influences, decreased to a small number, consisting principally of the gentlemen already introduced to the reader. Broken-nosed Bob was smoking his pipe in silence, ruminating, in all probability, on the day he had fought Broughton;—Sam had fallen asleep with his glass in hand, empty, however;—Lord Randy, all life and spirits, seemed as if he was just beginning to spend the evening;—Sir Roger Saddleworth, on the contrary, considerably muddled with all he had swallowed and smoked, looked, from having turned his peruke the

wrong way, as if he were about to close it;—Sir Theobald, upon whom no potation could by any possibility take effect, ready for anything;—and Dick Hibblethwaite, who appeared to have had a long ride, and was rather jaded; but he revived at the last words of Lord Randy, and with something like vivacity said—

“What is he going to do with all that money, and that lawyer, Randy? I hope it is for you, as that will pay me part of the eight hundred that are over due.”

“I don’t think it will come to me,” returned Lord Randy. “Dick, you have not yet forgotten the vulgarity of your commercial education. The money is for use; it is to complete the purchase of Park Holme, which I have directed to be put up, ten days

hence. He thinks I don't know who is to be purchaser, as if I and old Lanty Latitat, as we call him, had no communication on such subjects. This week's work, one with another, including this morning, has cost me more than half a thousand guineas, and that, you know, must be met."

"It is a pity," said Dick, "that so much money as that should be rolling along the road, with so very little care taken of it."

"That's the opinion of your friend, Dick Hoskins," said Sir Theobald. "Faith! your ancestors or my own, Sir Roger, would have had very little scruple in easing our friend's father of the responsibility of such a charge, and taking it into their own keeping in a strong castle."

"Ah, the good old times!" said Dick.

"But they rob nowhere now, except further up towards London, on the road, and in the ways of business; in these parts, at the Exchange of Liverpool, and all other exchanges that ever I was upon. But, seriously, I should like some of that money, Lord Randy, as I am very short, and I have lost fifty-four yellow-boys, to pay here,—pay one of the hundreds to-morrow?"

"Pay it yourself, to-night, out of the money that is in the coach, before it comes to me," said Lord Randy; "for that's your only chance of getting any of it. How far off did you leave the earl?"

"I should say, by his style of travelling—five miles an hour, and stopping at every inn—he must now be about three-quarters of an hour off."

"Horse and away, then, my boys!" said Lord Randy; "you can't do any harm by frightening an old fellow. I'll ride the other way, for I can't be in it myself, as he was my mother's husband, whatever relation he may be to me."

His lordship then went to the window, and throwing it up, said—

"Armstrong, my horse!" then turning round to Sir Robert Saddleworth and Sir Theobald, added, with a laugh—"Gentlemen, don't disgrace your ancestors! and Dick, as a matter of business, I shall expect one of the bills back to-morrow, cancelled. Broken-nosed Bob, for due value of myself, Samuel the Thirsty, and other persecuted Christians, to your care I entrust little Snap, the attorney; give him what you

bought of Broughton, and remember the glorious day you fought the Bruiser!"

"On that day——" said Bob.

"No matter now," cried Lord Randy; "my horse is at the door. Dick, pay the bill." And thus saying, the volatile nobleman emerged from the apartment, and in a moment afterwards, the clattering of his horse's hoofs were heard upon the Northern Road.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DISCIPLE OF CHESTERFIELD—A HIGHWAY
ROBBERY IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

THE stately horses of the stately carriage of the stately Lord Silverstick were moving at a stately pace towards the good town of Preston. Preston itself, proud as it is called, could not have been prouder than the equipage that was moving towards it. The coach was heavy, square-cornered at the top, and conical at the bottom, hung upon

some indescribable frame for tormenting horses, harnessed heavily, and driven by a coachman, of whom a three-cornered hat, and a red nose, were the chief characteristics. The party inside consisted of a small, dapper, elegantly thin, and carefully-dressed elderly gentleman, Lord Silverstick, and his lordship's companion, a still smaller man, with a very weasel-expression of face, whose name was Snap, and whose business that of an attorney; he was his lordship's man of all work. There was a strong perfume of musk in the coach, and his lordship held in his hand a volume bound in blue paper, which, we believe, was Dodale's last miscellany.

"As my Lord Bishop of Gloucester says," remarked Lord Silverstick, "in his truly sagacious and erudite notes upon Shaks-

peare, 'The art of a critic, in some sort, transcends the genius of a poet.' So I, Mr. Snap, in my last conversation with my elegant friend Lord Chesterfield, remarked that *gout*, or as you, unacquainted with the language of the refined world, might call it, taste, shews itself at present far superior to the false and barbarous notions of a Homer, or a Shakspeare. The best judges——"

Snap, who, for the last fifteen miles, not understanding a word of the subject, had thought it better to be silent, now saw at last a chance, and chimed in,—"Lord Mansfield, my lord, and——"

"Ah, I know what you are going to observe," said the earl, smiling, "as Mr. Pope has it—

" 'How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost.' "

But it was not of those judges I was speaking, Mr. Snap, but of critical judges, whose opinion it is that the *Henriade* of Monsieur De Voltaire, which commences with—

“ ‘Je chant ce heros qui règne sur la France ;’

but it is needless to go on quoting a poem which must be engraven on the memory of every man of taste. I have just come from Leasowes, where I left the amiable Mr. Shenstone. He has put many beautiful things on his grounds——”

“ Three mortgages, to my knowledge,” said Snap.

“ I did not mean,” said the earl, smiling benignly, “ to allude to those temporary incumbrances, which are the fate of all men of genius ; but how beautiful are his inscrip-

tions! Dr. Hurd—he is the author of an Essay on Mutation, and between you and me—but do not mention it, Snap—is marked for a speedy bishopric, as a small recompence for his talents in orthodoxy—had some connexion in ornamenting these vistas with their characteristic inscriptions. Do you remember the epitaph on Miss Dolman?”

“I do,” said Snap, “perfectly well; but forget it at this present moment.”

“It is beautiful,” said his lordship; “Lord Chesterfield pronounced it sublime. I wrote it—Mr. Shenstone he had it printed—and I assure you it is much admired.

“‘Heu quanto minus est cum aliis versari quam tui meminisse.’”

“Yes,” said Snap, “it is fine Latin. I

am pretty sure the passage is quoted in Coke upon Lyttleton."

His lordship looked with compassion upon his man of business. "It is not," said he, "in that celebrated legal work. As I was saying, the Earl of Chesterfield, who is the most elegant man in London, much admires Leasowes. Taste, my dear sir—taste is everything."

"Of course, my lord," said Snap, "I have not the honour of knowing the distinguished nobleman of whom your lordship is speaking; but I have heard that he is, in some respects, a dissipated character."

"My dear sir," said the earl, throwing a compassionate look on his companion, "you must make allowances for the different ranks

of life; as the bard of Avon ruggedly expresses it—

“ ‘ That in the captain’s but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy ;’

so refined gallantry must not be confounded with low intrigue, or the amour of a nobleman with the debauchery of a cobbler. A degree of refinement is now spreading itself through all ranks of life; and the fopperies of what is called religion, seem to be pretty well understood among those ranks that have a right to think. ‘ If,’ as my friend Lord Chesterfield observes, ‘ a gentleman brings superior skill or experience to bear upon basset or whist, such methods, whatever the vulgar may think of appropriating to himself the purses of the less

skilful in the less venturous, will not, by any man trained in the proper seminaries of elegance and refinement, be confounded with the vulgar——’ ”

“ Stand and deliver ! ” said a sharp voice, accompanied by the music of a muzzle of a pistol, dashing through the pane of the window glass ; and a smart and active figure galloping up on a light sorrel nag was visible to the startled gaze of the elegant earl and his companion, now quite awakened.

The dull fall of a postillion knocked off the leaders ; the sudden jerk of the horses quickly pulled up ; the rush of four or five horses to the door ; the instantaneous flight of the attendants, sufficiently indicated that the Earl of Silverstick was now in the hands of the Philistines. Snap curled himself up

in an agony of terror; but to do his lordship justice, he did not lose his politeness, and scarcely his elegant self-possession, even for a moment. The door was now thrust open by a tall, stout fellow, who, without another word, seized Snap by the back of the neck, and dragged him out of the carriage, shaking him by the neck and throwing him on the ground, as you may see a Newfoundland dog serve a cat.

“You cursed lawyer,” said he, “I only wish the twelve judges, chancellor and all, were here with you;” with which indignant speech he flung Snap out into the centre of the road.

Lord Silverstick, somewhat alarmed at the fate of his companion, but still with perfect self-possession, drew his sword, but

an effectual pass was parried, or rather put by, by the riding whip of another brawny ruffian, and the light weapon taken instantly out of his hand. His lordship looked very pale, but still smiled; and endeavoured, though somewhat bunglingly, to turn off a fine sentence on the surprising company by which he was so suddenly surrounded.

“Gentlemen, your peculiarity of profession precludes the precision of etiquette. You want my money—it is under this cushion; but for rudeness there is no excuse. Use your victory with moderation. Lord Chesterfield, on the day I met him——”

“That puts me in mind,” said the man who had torn his sword from him, “of the day on which I fought——”

The door on the other side opened quickly—

“My lord, I must trouble you to step out,” said the dashing wight that had first come up, and this invitation was enforced by the click of a pistol-lock. The old earl stepped down rapidly. The money was taken from the cushion in a moment, postillions and coachmen tied together neck and heels on the coach-box, the earl replaced in the carriage with much politeness, and the principal thieves retired to consult, leaving the prisoners under the guard of one of their brotherhood, who had taken scarcely any share in these proceedings, apparently from a peculiar tendency to an oscillatory motion, which displayed itself on his advancing.

Some five or six minutes elapsed before they returned, during which period, in his

most Chesterfieldian phrases, the earl expressed his sense of the extreme unpoliteness of the whole proceeding; adding, however, epigrammatically, that the rudeness of the principle, so far as he was concerned, was alleviated by the politeness of the performers. This remark appeared to touch the mind of the worthy who had been left on guard.

"Have you anything to drink in this coach, old gentleman?" he said.

"I suppose my servants have not neglected to place something of the kind under the seats; but, to my own knowledge, I must confess I am ignorant."

"What an affected old jackass," thought the guard; "I never could have been ignorant of anything of the kind; but I may as

well try, and as the servants are tied, I may as well do butler myself." Fumbling about the coach, he soon found what he wanted. "Here's your health, old Silverstick," said he; "don't be down-hearted. Toss off this yourself."

"Permit me to request you will be so kind as to excuse me," said the earl, politely declining the offered draught; "I never touch anything of the kind."

"'Tis that that makes you so white and so thin," said the other. "Drinking's the only cure——"

"Touch not the accursed thing," said a beautifully loud voice at the coach window; "wine is a mocker—strong drink is raging."

And here a violent hiccup broke short the quotation.

Not a word more passed ; but Lord Silverstick's guardian discharged the contents of a pistol at the voice with an aim, which, luckily for the quoter of King Solomon, was very remarkably unsteady. It served, however, to change the interruption from a sermon to a cry for mercy, which, with the effects of the shot, brought the others of the party immediately round the coach. The *custos* of the party jumped out with the discharged pistol in one hand, and the bottle in the other. A single crack of the whip from the more active of the party sent the already frightened interloper flying at the best of his speed.

CHAPTER IX.

VULGAR ROBBERY OBJECTIONABLE—THE AMATEUR
HIGHWAYMAN TRACED—THE PEER DISCOVERS
HIS PLUNDERER.

OUR gentlemen of the road, having decided upon leaving nothing in Lord Silverstick's carriage that was worth carrying away, now hastened off to the "Bird and Baby," to meet Lord Randy, leaving their trusty ally, Dick Hibblethwaite, to watch over the fallen earl and his attendants, and in due season

to liberate them—gratitude to the son prompting this gentlemanly tenderness for the father.

A virtuous deed is rarely unrewarded; and accordingly Dick was duly recompensed, after the lapse of a few minutes, during which he was arranging in his mind the mode and order of emancipation consistent with his own safety, by an elegant dissertation in his lordship's best manner, on the necessity of observing the rules of Chesterfield in every pursuit and relation of life. He lamented the extremely un-Chesterfieldian nature of the *fracas*. The loss of the money, &c.—this he was too polite to express concern for; he only felt pained by the reflection that there had been so gross a deviation from those established rules of

etiquette which even that class of persons vulgarly known as highwaymen could never be pardoned for forgetting.

“Such a redeeming grace is there in the principles of that great master, whom I flatter myself I have the honour to follow,” pursued the earl, “that I am not certain but that a robber sedulously observing them, might so far exalt himself in the estimation of all cultivated minds——”

But here, insensible to the exhortation, Dick, who had liberated the postboys, unceremoniously interrupted Lord Silverstick, by announcing that his lordship was at that instant free to depart, and lecture on politeness in any county in Christendom. With one touch of the spur he was out of sight, leaving the earl to the contemplation of

another breach of etiquette,—which was, the deep sleep which had fallen upon Mr. Snap,—that gentleman having taken advantage of the discovery of a stray half-bottle of brandy, to drink, in one overwhelming draught, confusion to the robbers.

Roused by an intimation from his patron, that to the “Bird and Baby,” as the nearest respectable inn, it had become desirable to proceed, Snap in his turn delivered an harangue, anticipatory, in a very small voice, of the coming thunders of the law, which presently brought the party to the inn-door. Here, a sensation was instantly produced; the landlord’s profound respect for his distinguished guest being succeeded by a shock of horror at hearing the news of the robbery; of which event the ostlers

spread the exciting intelligence so rapidly through the house, that it penetrated like air into the very apartment wherein the *chevaliers d'industrie*, who had just before been joined by the gallant Dick, were festively assembled.

Consternation was the feeling, and departure was the word; but unhappily, Dick (such is the fate of good-nature) was recognised by his voice, while ordering his horse, by one of the ungrateful postillions whom he had stayed behind to liberate. To denounce him as one of the robbers was easy, but to obtain credence in this case difficult. The landlord was ready to swear to the honour of his guest; and Dick was not without many friends just then, ready to render him a similar service. The postboy

was therefore laughed at, and the gay party of horsemen took their departure.

But there was one person left behind—besides the postboy—who silently believed the tale, and admitted the identity. This was no other than that zealous person, whose exhortation to Sam Orton, touching strong drink, had startled the party on the highway, while the latter gentleman was acting as guardian to Lord Silverstick. It was Ebenezer—Ebenezer Rowbotham. The strong suspicion, once lodged in the mind of that moralist, was as good as gold to him—and like gold, not to be lightly flung away. First ascertaining the office held by Snap, and the connexion between him and the plundered nobleman, Ebenezer cautiously intimated the existence of a secret; but as

to the nature of it, indeed, the impatient and manifold questions of the lawyer elicited no explanation.

“ Verily,” said the good man, “ it is not for a minister of peace to create confusion and anarchy between the brethren on earth.”

A bribe, however, after a little decent delay, did its work, and the information given led to the landlord being summoned into the presence of the earl, his attorney, and his witness. From mine host, the inquirers learnt the character of the company and the events of the morning—involving a mention of Hibblethwaite, and eliciting an inquiry from Rowbotham as to his claim to the appellation of “ Gallows Dick.” The reply in the affirmative to this query, was the signal for one of those vehement and

fiery harangues by which the distinguishing designation of the orator, "Ranting Row," had been so deservedly obtained.

Dick's enormities since he impiously quitted the fold of Seal-street and the firm of Manesty being duly celebrated, the host completed his narrative of the movements of his guests; and at its conclusion, he having intimated that the party of roysterers were even then at a neighbouring inn, (a fact which they had confided to him, that he might send Lord Randy after them on his lordship's arrival,) Rowbotham and Snap repaired to the hostelry in question, where by simply secreting themselves near the open window of a room in which a lively conversation was being carried on, they, after a due exercise of patience, in the

easiest and most natural manner in the world, became perfectly convinced that the gentlemen-revellers were the robbers of the earl, and that Lord Randy himself was not wholly unimplicated in an act of plunder, more daring, if not more direct, than earls usually experience at the hands of their affectionate and duteous heirs.

With this news, the respectable pair of listeners returned to the astonished and bewildered Lord Silverstick. That noble earl, however, hearkened to the unpleasant tidings with as much composure, and as conformably to the strict rules of etiquette, as the great Chesterfield himself could possibly have done; and then, by severe admonitions, and much more effective appeals to that sense of interest which was particularly strong in

both his hearers, he prevailed upon them to promise to observe silence touching this discovery, and to suppress all mention of the name of his son, then and for ever, in relation to so rude and vulgar a proceeding as a highway robbery.

Handing a gratuity to the good Ebenezer, he occupied his lawyer in drawing up a deed, which, when completed, gave to Lord Randy the formal and perfectly legal possession (if he should happen to get it) of that said sum of two thousand pounds, which it was pretty clear, would never find its way back into his own.

CHAPTER X.

AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN FATHER AND SON — DE-
BATE ON THE DIVISION OF THE BOOTY—FATAL
DUEL, AND FLIGHT.

By this time, Lord Randy, according to agreement made some hours previous, arrived at the "Bird and Baby;" but instead of the message which his flashy friends, who had flown so judiciously, had left for him in the landlord's keeping, that functionary, obedient to a command of the

earl's, apprised the new comer that a great nobleman was anxious for an interview with his lordship, and the next instant, a valet, not unfamiliar to his eyes, intimated that his father the earl desired his presence up-stairs.

As soon as the young lord recovered his breath, which fairly left him as this announcement entered his ears, he signified, with all the grace he could muster, his prompt compliance; and, ushered into the presence of the dignified author of his being, who received him with a stately coolness, he formally tendered his condolence to the earl on the unfortunate and disgraceful event of which he professed to have just cursorily heard below-stairs, adding a fervent wish that his lordship

would instantly suffer him to depart, that he might endeavour to trace the villains, and bring them to condign punishment.

“The only way,” returned Lord Silverstick, with amiable composure, and a bland smile—“the only way in which you can effectually trace the villains to the bar of justice, without incurring the degradation of a midnight pursuit, to the utter sacrifice of all personal dignity, would be by taking upon yourself the honourable duty of playing ‘king’s evidence’ on the occasion.”

Lord Randy, all things considered, put on a very creditable air of astonishment, touched with a pretty expression of anger at the unheard-of insinuation. He proceeded to descant on the topic of the wrong thus done to him by his revered parent, in

a manner so energetic, and with such a disorderly rapidity of utterance, that his noble father was truly shocked.

“Lord Chesterfield,” said he, quietly, “whose law is the true code of all politeness, never advocated force of expression or hastiness of language. I must beg you, therefore, to desist. I do not mind the denial of your guilt, but your gesticulations and rapid utterance offend me in the last degree.”

Lord Silverstick then explained how the tale of plunder had been overheard, and by whom—and the consequent necessity of the assignment (already effected) of the stolen sum to Lord Randy, to stop the loquacity of the lawyer and the saint.

“I would not,” said the excellent Lord

Silverstick, "have this affair transpire for the world. Apart from the robbery, and the immoral character of the parties, I should be shocked that my Lord Chesterfield should ever hear that you had selected for your companions such ill-mannered persons, the greatest boors in Lancashire."

Poor Randy, clearly convicted, could deny nothing; but listened quietly while the earl went on to explain that the two thousand pounds thus stolen, was a sum intended as the purchase-money of the estate which Lord Randy intended to sell—that he had designed originally, having bought the property, to return it as a present to his son—but that this parental pleasure he must now forego, as his agent was unprepared to meet another demand. His lord-

ship suggested, however, but in much politer phraseology, that Lord Randy should instantly set to work to secure to himself as large a share of the plunder as he possibly could; and then taking leave of his son, as Lord Chesterfield would have parted from his, announced his intention of departing in the morning on a visit which he designed to do himself the pleasure of paying to his cousin Sir Hildebrand Stanley, in Cheshire.

This meeting and parting were agreeable neither to Snap nor Ebenezer. The former, however, was comforted with the promise of a large fee from Lord Randy, on condition of prevailing upon the earl to complete the purchase of the estate according to the first arrangement; and the latter was soothed with the reflection that he was

pretty sure of obtaining a larger reward from Manesty, for his secret affecting Dick Hibblethwaite and his associates, than Lord Silverstick had given him for his silence. He determined, therefore, to sound Manesty on the subject, and with that laudable purpose in view, he started for Liverpool.

Before we can yet escape with the reader into other company, which is awaiting us elsewhere, we are constrained to follow Lord Randy on his prudent mission to secure a share of the booty:—a share all the more necessary to console him now that he had discovered the melancholy fact, of which Morality, not yet in full possession of its estate, would do well to take especial notice, that, in assenting to the robbery of his father, he had been in reality the in-

stigator of a robbery committed upon himself.

On repairing to the appointed place of meeting, which he readily found the next morning, he discovered the party reviving after their revel of the night, and was received with a roar of welcome. They described the glorious exploit, and dwelt upon the golden gains with a feeling little below rapture. He applauded their spirit, their courage, their cleverness—vowed that if instead of coming of gentle blood they had all been born to be hanged, the affair could not have been managed better; and concluded by handsomely promising every hero in company the sum of fifty pounds, in token of admiration and esteem. But generous feeling like this is not understood

in all companies, and a scene of extraordinary confusion immediately ensued.

Let it be understood that this disorder arose not in any degree from surprise at his lordship's liberality, or reluctance to share the money which they had received as his agents; but from indignation at the insignificance of the per centage. Many mouths were open, but only one voice came forth. All in a breath asked him what he meant. Sam Orton, moved in an extreme degree by the audacity of the case, felt compelled to call for a tumbler of punch, and drink a speedy downfall to all monopolists. Sir Toby swore, Sir Roger stared, and Dick was quite positive that his friend was merely jesting—or had gone stark mad. In vain did all together represent that his

lordship had been perfectly safe, while they ran all the risk, and that whether they gave him a farthing, or a guinea, or nothing, depended upon their friendship and generosity—although they *had* arranged previously to present him with a round five hundred. This was in vain. Lord Randy reminded them in reply, that if he chose to give evidence, their necks were in jeopardy—informed them of the intended appropriation of the money, produced the deed of assignment, and argued at such length, that the day had drawn to an end ere the quarrel rose to its height. This came in the form of a challenge from Sir Toby.

Sam Orton, seconded by an extra tumbler of punch, acted as the second of the chal-

lenger, and Dick Hibblethwaite as the friend of Lord Randy. Swords were the weapons. They met next morning in an adjoining field, and the combat was long and skilfully sustained, until, at length, Lord Randy, pressed hard himself, but not desirous of such success, terminated all Sir Toby's follies, vices, and vexations, by running him through the heart. The poor baronet's death was instantaneous, but not more quick in coming than the consternation that sprang up among the surviving group.

In those days, duelling did not attract quite so large a share of public attention and anxiety, as in these later times it is apt to do ; and a fatal rencounter would often happen without creating any particular sensation beyond the limits of the neighbour-

hood witnessing it, or the family suffering by its sad end. Yet all, nevertheless, agreed that Lord Randy's only safe course consisted in flight, and he himself was of the same opinion. Dick Hibblethwaite slipped his share of the now blood-stained booty into his hand, to meet present emergencies, and hurried him off to Liverpool, there to lie secreted until an opportunity for escape should offer. With the other second he remained upon the spot, to hear the coroner issue his warrant for the apprehension of the guilty absentee, and to put in bail to answer for his own part in the sudden and lamentable tragedy.

CHAPTER XI.

SIR HILDEBRAND'S GUESTS—PROGRESS OF A SILENT
PASSION—A RIVAL STARTS UP—TRUE LOVE'S
GREATEST DIFFICULTY TO HOLD ITS TONGUE—
SOLID JOHN'S RETURN.

YOUNG MANESTY continued, during the absence of his uncle, to be a frequent, indeed a constant guest, of the good old master of Eaglemont; Sir Hildebrand's attachment to him being strengthened by experience of his conduct and observation of his character.

But by one dweller in that noble mansion—so gossips, at least, would say—Hugh was invariably met with a still warmer welcome, though it never was trusted perhaps to words; and all might notice far more accurately that the beautiful Mary Stanley appeared to have no disrelish for the gentle but manly discourse of the youthful visitor. The baronet, little suspecting what other eyes were seeing, or fancying they saw, cultivated the young man's acquaintance; not dreaming, even, that any one connected with trade could ever conceive the idea of an alliance with his lofty house, but feeling pleasure in opportunities of patronising the nephew of one to whom he was under pecuniary obligations.

On one occasion, when he had joined, as

he frequently did in Sir Hildebrand's field sports, Hugh's horse stumbled and threw him. His hurt appeared serious, and he was carried to the hall with sorrow depicted on every countenance. As they bore him in, there was an arrival at the hall-door—a guest of some distinction of presence, who was warmly greeted by the sorrowing master of the mansion, and much less warmly—with marked coldness rather—even amidst the agitation and distress which the accident to Hugh had occasioned—by its youthful mistress.

The new comer, the first ceremonials of greeting over, inquired relative to the invalid; and on learning his name, an expression of anything but pleasure passed over his face. Having ascertained that the young

guest was related to "Solid John," the questions rather pointedly addressed were,—how long they had been acquainted with him, how often he visited, how long he stayed—and the closing remark, conveyed in a quiet and subdued voice, was, an intimation of his surprise that such a person should for a moment have been allowed to remain an inmate at Eaglemont!

The person thus arriving, and exhibiting with so little disguise his unfavourable opinion of Hugh, was Colonel Stanley, a nephew of Sir Hildebrand. Whatever sense of family importance might attach to the race of the Stanleys, was to the very full participated in by the colonel, who inherited besides, an aptitude for not under-rating in any degree his own personal merits. He

had but a slender stock of that suavity which throws such a grace on aristocracy; nor was his character or bearing rendered more amiable by his professional associations, or his pursuits in the gay world, which were of a somewhat bold and dissipated turn even in the first flush of youth—a flush that might now be said to have partially faded.

Colonel Stanley took up his residence at the hall; and if those people who always *will* be talking, imagined symptoms of attachment on the part of Hugh to Mary Stanley, they might have spoken freely, without any influence of the imagination, of the passion with which it was evident she had, in a very short time indeed, inspired the colonel. His attentions to her became marked and constant; and the military

lover had, it was quite clear, the favouring wishes, or at least the quiet approval of Sir Hildebrand himself.

But this was all. The decided coolness with which he had at first been received by the beautiful object of his adoration and his hopes, never warmed upon any occasion into cordiality; and formal politeness was, and promised to be, the only return accorded to his passion.

Hugh Manesty, in the meantime, operated upon, perhaps, as beneficially by the constant inquiries vouchsafed by Mary, as by the measures taken by the surgeon, recovered rapidly, and again made his appearance in the family circle. The necessary introduction to Colonel Stanley took place, and was characterized by extreme restraint and

hauteur on the part of the high-born officer—a manner which Hugh was not slow to observe, though cautious in interpreting.

The cause of the evident dislike with which he was regarded, soon flashed upon his understanding, when Hugh discerned the apparent object of the colonel's visit, and the designs which he cherished with respect to Miss Stanley. Something in Hugh's heart—a feeling not tinctured by vanity or presumption in the least—told him that he himself, though he could hardly dare hope to be a dangerous rival, might nevertheless be looked upon as one by the restless and suspicious eyes of Mary's relative and admirer.

It was this discovery, and the surmise which followed it, that determined him to

be totally blind if possible to the cold indifference, or even the marked rudeness, of Colonel Stanley; and without forfeiting his own self-respect, to win the regard of others rather by the exercise of a superior sense, than an impatient and resentful spirit, in his unavoidable intercourse with his friend's guest.

Thus matters stood when Lord Silverstick arrived at Eaglemont, to gild the refined gold of the polite circle assembled there. The incident afforded a diversion for a moment to the antipathy which Colonel Stanley continued to display, and which soon settled with almost equal earnestness upon the earl himself, whose exquisite notions of politeness clashed fatally with his own, and threw into awkward relief his uncourteous and intolerant demeanour.

Lord Silverstick was too sensitive on all such points not to notice this peculiarity in the military member of the Stanley family; and was, for the same reason perhaps, struck with the true politeness and sensible spirit of Hugh Manesty, towards whom he soon evinced a partiality. This, on the other hand, had its influence upon the slighted son of trade, who, seeing the earl's good-breeding and complaisance to all, while they were particularly manifested towards himself, observed at the same time the peculiar foible of the old nobleman, and rather than hurt his feelings by needless contradiction, bent to the humour which he found amusing as well as amiable.

The good understanding between these two opposite persons, to say nothing of the progress which both had very palpably

made in the good graces of the fair creature to whom he was assiduously paying court, stung Colonel Stanley as often as he witnessed proofs of it. It inflamed his feeling of jealousy and aversion to Hugh, and gave to his jeers and taunts, when these could be quite safely hazarded, a sharper point and a more inveterate aim. He affected, where he could, to laugh at the "toadyism" of the young trader, and pityingly remarked that it was natural such a person should pay his court to a Lord Silverstick, with the view of obtaining a securer footing in respectable society.

The object of these insults was quite unable all this time to guess at their extent. What he knew of them he seemed totally indifferent to, choosing, in consistency with

his resolution, to avoid the colonel, and address him but upon compulsion, rather than by an open rupture hasten his departure, and doom himself to take a final farewell of the Stanley family--in other words, of kind, gracious, and enchanting Mary.

While he thus steadily persevered, it was plain that Colonel Stanley was, by his unscrupulous, yet often insidious, attacks on the young man, destroying every hope of improving his suit with Miss Stanley, while her sympathy for Hugh as naturally increased. Yielding to her father's wishes, and caught in the nets which the colonel was incessantly spreading, she was obliged too frequently to have her disagreeable cousin for her companion in her daily rides, Sir Hildebrand insisting upon retaining the

genial company of Hugh, who was rarely permitted to be alone with her for a moment.

Sometimes, however, to escape the colonel, she would propose to accompany the earl in his daily drive; and then it was that she never failed to experience a throb of inward delight, in listening to an elaborate contrast drawn between the un-Chesterfield-like rudeness of her cousin, and the polite manners of her father's young visitor, of whose striking resemblance to somebody or other—(the name, influenced possibly by some instinct or maxim of politeness, the earl never mentioned)—whom he had the honour of knowing in his youth.

More than once he cautioned her, in a grave but delicate manner, against thinking

of a union with Colonel Stanley, assuring her that Sir Hildebrand would never promote such an alliance if he knew it to be contrary to her wishes; and more than once, in trembling but yet earnest maidenly tones, did Miss Stanley assure him that her feelings towards her cousin had singularly little resemblance to those of love. It was for this reason, perhaps, that Lord Silverstick continued to suspect that she secretly favoured the inclinations of the colonel.

The good baronet, in the meantime, grew more in love with the design he had formed—the union of Mary with his nephew; and in one of his morning rambles, brooding upon the thought, with Hugh Manesty for his companion, he suddenly opened up his whole mind upon the subject to that agi-

tated young gentleman himself. Hugh, true to the promise he had made to his uncle at their separation, was silent—though his heart swelled almost to bursting with its precious secret—regarding his own attachment; yet, with parched lips, and in uneasy tones, he ventured to suggest that Miss Stanley, if undesirous of such an alliance, should never be coerced; and with an intimation that her earthly happiness might possibly be destroyed merely to secure her cousin's, excused himself from further converse on so delicate a subject.

Breaking from the baronet, to spare himself a further trial of his resolution, Hugh encountered Lord Silverstick. Strange to say, that nobleman was in search of him, intent on gratifying his particular dislike

of the brusque manners of the colonel, by engaging his young friend in some fair plot for preventing the match, unless, indeed, which he feared was the case, the lady was already entangled to some extent by her wily cousin. This fear disconcerted poor Manesty more than the hopes of Sir Hildebrand had done; and with less outward observance of the earl's maxims of etiquette than usual, he started off suddenly, determined to seek some early opportunity of touching tenderly on a subject now so openly spoken upon—of introducing it even in Mary's own presence, and to her ear only.

Nor—for true love runs very smoothly sometimes—was such an opportunity long wanting. The light air and tone which he

assumed, when the moment came and the subject was glanced at, could not for a single moment conceal the earnestness of the feeling with which he spoke, and which redeemed every word he uttered from indelicacy or presumption. By Miss Stanley, at least an equal earnestness was openly expressed, without the pretence of concealment—a bright flush upon her brow proclaimed her indignation that any idea of her contemplating such an alliance should have arisen; and the decision of her tone—most musical, but now not most melancholy to the ear of Hugh—sealed, beyond all question, the destiny of her gallant cousin and wooer.

The feeling of delight in Hugh's heart could not but lighten up his face. It flashed

at once into his eyes—and as those of Miss Stanley turned and met their expressive gaze, he felt that he had almost violated a sacred promise; while, so well did she understand that look that she almost fancied his voice had accompanied it, making the same confession.

Yet not a word was spoken; not a hint, not a whisper of what was doubtless throbbing in the hearts of both, passed between them; and Hugh departed for Liverpool, satisfied with the glory and pain of his silence, and caring less than ever for the contempt of the colonel.

His visits to Eaglemont were too welcome to Sir Hildebrand, and of course too delightful to himself, not to be continued at short intervals. At each repetition, he

found the same tokens of untiring passion displayed, the same advantages enjoyed, by the colonel; and, of course, although pretty confident that the enemy was unsuccessful still, he was not wholly free from those fits of superfluous trembling and alarm, those spasms of jealous apprehension, which age after age have formed a portion of the private property of every lover placed in an embarrassing position. One device he gladly availed himself of—one little means of conveying to Mary some explanation of his strange conduct, without breaking a particle of his promise to John Manesty. The grand county ball was just approaching.

“Mind, Hugh,” observed the old baronet, in a bantering vein, to his young friend, Miss Stanley being then and there present,

“there are to be many beauties at this ball, and I advise you to look with both eyes in all directions. Depend on it, with that gallant air and winning speech of yours, a partner may be made prize of, to last you longer than the night.”

If the face of the young lady, who was just then leaning, with the most natural grace in the world, over the back of her father's chair, betrayed, by smile, or blush, or downcast look, any sign of her having heard the remark, Hugh Manesty beheld it not. His eyes were bent in an opposite direction, as, with admirable readiness, he said, after a pause---

“I should not, believe me, have been so long apparently insensible to the charms of the Cheshire damsels, had not my uncle

been cruel enough to make me promise not to be tempted into the solicitation of any lady's hand in marriage for the space of three years. One, only one year of this probationary term has expired. I must even submit for the remainder of the time to be deemed heartless, and insensible to the dazzling beauty of the Lancashire witches—to the exquisite feminine softness of the lovely dames of Cheshire."

This was uttered rather happily, with a seemingly easy air, which was, nevertheless, extremely hard for the young speaker to assume. He then ventured to add, in a tone rather deepened, and with a glance at Mary, momentary, but not unobservant—

"Although, if my heart could but be read, it might perhaps tell a different—a far different tale."

There were, on that occasion, no more words, and no more looks; but from the hour, thenceforward, a different, a more assured and consistent idea, took possession of Miss Stanley's mind, and her demeanour to her father's visitor was ever alike—cordial, friendly, but disengaged. A quiet and intelligent confidence, approaching to happiness, took possession of both; and so they continued to meet and to part, until one day when on a visit at the abode wherein his soul always dwelt though he were absent in person, Hugh's parting was a sudden one;—he was summoned to Liverpool to meet his uncle, John Manesty, on his return from Jamaica.

CHAPTER XII.

A SECOND DEPARTURE FOR THE WEST INDIES.

WHEN Manesty, after nearly a year's absence, returned, there was no alteration in his conduct. He arrived on the first of October, as it might be, and on the second, was at desk and 'Change as usual. He had not been as successful as he had wished, in winding up the affairs of Brooklyn Royal, but they were a better aspect than when he had left Liverpool. He sincerely

wished that he was out of the concern altogether, but he did not see his way clearly as yet. During his absence, the industry and energy of his nephew had done everything that he could desire, and the affairs of the firm were more prosperous than ever. His own expedition, too, had made an amendment in its sorest quarter, and what had been for some years a matter of rare occurrence, or rather of no occurrence, it had yielded some return. He took his place without ceremony among the merchants of Liverpool; and the vacancy occasioned by the absence of "Manesty and Co." upon 'Change, was, to the great delight of Robin Shuckleborough, filled up by the substantial apparition of its representative.

So things waxed and waned; but again a

cloud came over the spirit of Manesty. "This West Indian estate," said he to his nephew, "will make me mad. Here is another troublesome thing, which can be managed by me alone."

"Cannot I go?" asked Hugh, inquiringly.

The uncle paused for a moment, and looked sadly in his face.

"No, dear Hugh, you cannot. The associations which our family, or at least my family, has with the Antilles, are anything but agreeable; and you would there learn much that would grieve you. And without wishing to confound you with that scapegrace Richard Hibblethwaite, I cannot forget that he was sent out there a youth of much promise, and you see what he is. He learned it all in the West Indies. I do not say, my

dear nephew, you would follow so pernicious an example; but I do not wish that the same risk should be run again. I'll go myself, but this shall be the last time. I'll now wash my hands of it altogether."

Hugh was well aware that remonstrance was vain; and perhaps the young merchant was not very seriously disinclined to take upon himself the dignity of so wealthy a house, or to be disencumbered of the watchful eye of his uncle. Again, then, Manesty went, and was again absent for the same space of time. Things had been more prosperous during the last year, in point of money matters; but what seemed to please him most was, that he had now certainly arranged to free himself on fair and conscientious terms of the plantation.

"I thought," said he, "my last visit was to conclude; there must be one more, and then I am free from the nuisance altogether."

Another year, and the parting visit to Brooklyn was to be paid.

"There are footpads and mounted highwaymen on the road, dear uncle," said Hugh, as they were discussing the contingencies of the journey. "A man was robbed close by Grantham, three weeks ago. Had not you better wait until you can get company to travel on this dreary road from Liverpool to London? Mr. Buckleborough and his brother are about to start with two servants, in three days from this, could not you wait to join them? or, though Aylward's coach is tedious enough in all con-

science, yet in these dark nights, I think anything is better than riding alone such a wearisome way."

"Are not the parts of Mentor and Tele-machus somewhat reversed in this case?" said the elder Manesty, smiling as much as his features could be persuaded to do. "Fear not for me. I am no longer young; but he would be a highwayman of some enterprise, who would come within reach of this hand, and if he employed other weapons than those which nature gives,—there, too," he continued, opening a pistol-case, "I am not unprepared to match with the lawless."

"But it is said that there are gangs on the road, and——"

"And I must use care and precaution to avoid them. That leave to me. If I fall

in their way, I fear me, I should be much more embarrassed by the presence than by the absence of worthy Mr. Buckleborough and his companions of the road."

He mused for awhile. "It is the last time, Hugh—positively the last time—that I make this voyage, which, except that it has been, in a certain sense, advantageous in money matters, was always hateful to me. You have kept—honourably kept, the promise you made to me almost three years ago. Do not speak, Hugh! Perhaps many months will not elapse, when, if I find that what is now floating through your fancy is in reality fixed in your heart, you will find that though I cannot fill up your dreams of romance, I may assist you in turning your just desires and wishes into reality. But you do not

know what is the bar between you and the lady of your regard, of whom it would be mere affectation on my part if I pretended to remain ignorant."

"A bar, uncle!" said Hugh. "A bar! —what bar? There can be no bar!"

"Rest quiet for a few months," replied the uncle; "and if you then wish to marry her on whom your heart is now fixed—— But I am very sleepy, and must start early in the morning. Good night, Hugh; you will find everything ready for your daily business. May God bless you!" he continued, pressing his hands upon the glossy head of his nephew, "and now retire. I write from London."

Hugh imagined that the hands of his uncle, as he gave him the parting benedic-

tion, were hot and feverish, and that something like an approximation to a tear trembled in his stony eye; he made the usual valedictions, and left the room. Something in his uncle's manner told him that the abandonment of this worrying West Indian property, was to be the precursor of his giving up business altogether; that the heir of the baronetage of Wolsterholme might reclaim under Whig auspices the honours that Tory politics had lost; that the riches of Pool-lane might resuscitate the former glories of the manor-house and estate so unaccountably purchased and retained by his uncle; that let but a few months pass, everything would be as his heart could wish; that Mary Stanley——. In thinking of all which, he fell fast asleep, to dream of

what Robin would have called its last item.

His uncle did not go to sleep. "I have much to do," muttered he to himself, "and much to think of. Never again——" He rang a bell, and a servant instantly appeared.

"Bring hot water, and tumblers, Seth," he said, "and pipes, with tobacco from the canisters marked, B.B. 2-1. I believe the rum is in the cupboard—see if it is; and the sugar, and the lemons. They are so. Has the old man come?"

"Near an hour ago," said Seth, fervently, "he hath been testifying to us in the counting-house."

"He is aged," said Manesty, "and requires these comforts; I want them not. Tell him I am alone."

Seth zealously complied, and in a few minutes Aminadab the Ancient sate by the board of John Manesty. The old man—he was near ninety—remained not long; but long did his host muse on what he had said. In the morning, day-dawn saw him on his route for London.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETURN—AND THE ACCUSATION.

THREE or four months after his return, Manesty was one Sunday after service seated on the top of the steps leading to his house, and enjoying as much of sun as the structure and atmosphere of Pool-lane permitted to enter into its gloomy recesses, while he calmly smoked his pipe. His solid features rarely permitted any expression of what was passing within to escape; but he seemed to

be in a mood of peculiar calmness. He was completely alone, and few passengers disturbed the silence of the way.

He was drawn from the abstraction of thoughts, whatever they might have been, by the noisy voice of a drunken man. He looked in the direction whence it proceeded, and saw a very tipsy sailor, scarcely able to stand, staggering towards his house, uttering senseless oaths and idle imprecations, as he pursued his unsteady course. This was no more a strange sight in Liverpool, in the opening days of the reign of George the Third, than it is in these of his granddaughter—and Manesty paid it small attention. The sailor, however, made his way up to the steps on which the merchant was sitting, and after looking upon him for a

moment with the lack-lustre and wandering glance of drunkenness, steadied himself by grasping the rails, and exclaimed, with a profusion of oaths, which we decline repeating—

“It is he! I can’t be mistaken; no—not in a hundred years. I say, old chap, tip us your fist.”

“I think,” said Manesty, gravely, “friend, that you might have been employing your Sabbath more graciously.”

“More graciously!” hiccuped forth the drunken sailor; “why, I have employed it as graciously as yourself. I saw you cruising into the preaching shop in Seal-street, and I said, it is he. But I was not sure, so I went in among the humbugs, and there were you with a psalm-singing phiz, rated

high among the ship's company of the crazy craft."

"I think you had better get to bed, friend," said Manesty. "I certainly was in Seal-street, listening to the prayers and sermon of Mr. ——. If you were there, they appear to have had but little effect upon you. At all events, pass quietly on your way; I am not a person easily to be trifled with, and I know you not."

"But I know you," said the drunken sailor; "and——"

"It is very possible," said Manesty. "And if you do, you know me as a man of some authority and command in Liverpool; and if further annoyed, I may find the means of keeping you quiet, until your sense, if you have any, returns. Pass on."

The sailor looked up the lane and down, with all the caution of tipsy cunning. It was perfectly clear. No person was to be seen but themselves.

"Pass on!" said he, "but I will not pass on, until you and I have had a glass together. Command in Liverpool, have you? Ay! devil doubt! You have command wherever you go."

"You are becoming unbearable," said Manesty. "I shall call my servant to fetch a constable."

"Fetch a constable!" said the sailor, bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Fetch him, by all means, my old boy. I know the ground where you would not be in such a hurry to send for constables. Zounds! to think that Bob Blazes should be sent to quod by——"

Here again he looked up and down the street, and still they were alone as before.

"Sent to quod," continued he, in an undertone, "by Dick Hoskins."

"I find," said Manesty, quietly, "that I must rid myself of this nuisance. Friend, the only excuse, such as it is, for your gross impertinence, is your drunkenness. Hezekiah," said he, speaking through the window, "go over to the castle, and tell Steels, the head constable, or any of his people who may be in attendance there, to come to me at once. I want their assistance."

Hezekiah was soon seen issuing forth upon the errand, and the rage of the sailor seemed to be aroused.

"So Hezekiah is the name of the master-

at-arms now. I remember when it was Bloody Bill—many a long league off. You'll get rid of me, you say; I don't doubt it a bit, commodore. I am not the first who stood in your way you got rid of. But this an't no way to hail a hand as has stuck by you in thick and thin. What, d'ye think I'd peach? I comed in all love and friendship; and you might have walked the quarter-deck among them snuffle-snouted land-pirates, without a word from Bob Blazes. But as you are a-calling for beaks and law-sharks, there's an end. I shake my feet off the dust, as I heard the lubber say to-day, in the hencoop where he was boxed. It an't quite convenient for me this blessed minute to be grabbed for anything nohow, so I'll be off from your plant

in time; but you may be sure that it wont be long before all the Mersey knows that Mr. John Muddlesty the saint, is Mr. Dick Hoskins the pirate."

He made a convulsive rush from the lane, which Manesty shewed no inclination to stop, just in time to escape the return of a couple of constables, with Hezekiah. His master despatched the party to the cellar, simply observing, "that as the annoyance was over, it was of no consequence to pursue its cause." He sate down at dinner at his usual hour, and the incident seemed to have no effect in ruffling his ordinary course of Sunday arrangements.

It had, however, and that a most material one. He was told before his dinner was well concluded, that a brother in the faith,

Ozias Rheinenberger, one of the leading Moravians, wished to speak with him. Robin Shuckleborough, who usually shared his patron's Sunday dinners, rose at the announcement to depart. Hugh was absent elsewhere.

"It is needless, Robin," said Manesty; "he cannot have anything to say in the way of business on the Sabbath; and in aught else I have no secrets whatever. Bid Mr. Rheinenberger walk up stairs."

The features of the Moravian were plain, and inexpressive. There was a look of meekness, native or acquired, that won those who believed it honest, and repelled those who were inclined to consider it hypocritical. His lank hair was plastered over his pale brows, and his dress and

general appearance was such as to denote him one careless of the fopperies of the world. He was in a branch of trade which threw him much in the way of Manesty, who had on many occasions been to him of considerable service in promoting or extending his commerce. On the occasion of his present visit he seemed to be sadly depressed in mind.

“Sit down, Ozias,” said the host; “have you dined? There is enough left after the knife and fork of Robin and me to make your dinner.”

“I have dined,” said Ozias, with a sad tone.

“Will you have a glass of wine, then?” asked Manesty. “Something appears to have put you out of spirits. Shuckle-

borough and I were contenting ourselves with ale; but, Robin, take the keys and open that *garde-de-vin*, and——”

“I had rather not take any wine,” said Ozias, in the same melancholy voice; “in short, I have something to say to thee, John, which concerns thy private ear. If our friend——”

“No,” said Manesty, to the departing Robin; “do not stir. On trade I speak not on Sundays;—speak as you will about all else beside.”

Ozias paused, and shuffled upon his chair; but he recovered in a short time.

“The straightforward road is ever the best; those who travel by devious ways are apt to lose the true track. Here is a strange story spreading all through Liverpool——”

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861.

2. The second part is a report from the Secretary of the Treasury, dated January 1, 1861.

3. The third part is a report from the Secretary of the Interior, dated January 1, 1861.

4. The fourth part is a report from the Secretary of the Navy, dated January 1, 1861.

5. The fifth part is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 1, 1861.

6. The sixth part is a report from the Secretary of the State, dated January 1, 1861.

7. The seventh part is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 1, 1861.

8. The eighth part is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 1, 1861.

9. The ninth part is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 1, 1861.

10. The tenth part is a report from the Secretary of the War, dated January 1, 1861.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUSPICIONS CREEPING AMONG THE SAINTLY—THE
GREAT MERCHANT CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

“I WISH I came across him,” quoth Robin Shuckleborough, “and I’d lodge such a fellow as that in the stocks. The old punishment of slitting the tongue of vagabonds like that was the best.”

“No, Robin,” said Manesty, “the best way is to let them speak on. But where has he told this story?”

“In general,” replied Ozias Rheinen-

berger, "among the shipping along the quays; but he made his way to Seal-street, where, having contrived to get into the committee-room, he told eight or ten of the membership there met, that he had sailed with thee for four months during the past and current year; that he was close by thee when that scar on thy forehead was given; that he has known thee on and off upon the seas for twenty years; and that, in the African bark, 'Juno,' now for sale or charter, lying at Gravesend, there are fifty people that could say the same."

"And this tale was believed?" said Manesty, with a contemptuous sneer.

"If it was," broke in Robin Shuckleborough, "the elders of Seal-street—begging your pardons, Mr. Manesty and Mr. Rhein-

enberger, I was born and reared church of England, and church of England, if God gives me grace, will I die, so I do not think much of talking my mind out about the dissenters,—I say, if they believe any such a cock-and-bull trumpery as this, they are asses fitter to bray over a thistle in a field, than to preach over a Bible in the pulpit. This is now Sunday, October the 16th, 1764—new style—and it is certainly true, that my honoured master, young Mr. John, as I shall always call him, if he and I live on together till he is threescore and ten, left Gravesend on the 15th of June, 1760, bound for Kingston, on board the ‘Bonny Jane,’ 120 tons register, Moses Mugg, master; arrived in Liverpool, on the 19th of February, 1761, per the ‘Lightning’ coach,

after a three days' rapid journey ; sailed from Ilfracombe, by Bristol, on the 2nd of January, 1762, by the American sloop, 'Clipper,' bound for Barbadoes, 95 tons register, Jonadab Sackbag, mate, acting as commander; that——"

"Pr'ythee, Robin," said Manesty, smiling, "spare this minute chronology of my voyages."

"Pardon me, sir," exclaimed the zealous book-keeper, "but I can prove from our books, that you have been absent just eight months in '60, '61, nine months in '62, ten months in '63, '64; and does not our letter-book minutely state to a day, or almost, what you were doing during the time? Dick Hoskins, indeed! I'd have Dick Hoskinsed him, if he dropped across my path."

“Nay, Robin,” said his master, “do not be so warm. I believe a better answer to this piece of absurd nonsense, will be found in the fact, from the year ’39, when I returned from an unhappy errand to the plantations, with poor little Hugh, then about two years old, until the date in 1762, which you remember with an accuracy I cannot rival——”

“It was the 16th of October, between six and seven in the morning——”

“So be it; from the middle of ’39, to the close of ’62—three-and-twenty years. I was, let me see, absent from Liverpool, once in ’43, when I had to go to London, about the bankruptcy of ‘Ing, Tring, and Co.,’ where I remained precisely a fortnight; in ’46, when the Wolsterholme affairs were going

to perdition; and I went with a vain hope of saving something for my poor sister's boy, and I stayed there then——"

"Eight days and six hours," supplied Robin, "from the moment we alighted at the 'Bull,' in Holborn, to the moment we started from the same. I was with you, sir, if you recollect."

"I had forgotten it," replied his master; "again, in '52, with a deputation from the corporation, on some nonsense now not worth remembering; and, in '57, on that troublesome business with which you, Ozias, were somewhat connected, you recollect——"

Ozias did not blush—for it would have been impossible that his body could have mustered a sufficiency of blood for such a

phenomenon—but he looked somewhat confused. This visit of '57 was, in fact, connected with some serious embarrassments of his own, and Manesty had rescued him from bankruptcy.

“ Manchester, or Bolton, or Rochdale, or some other of our neighbouring marts,” continued Manesty, “ are the ordinary limits of my travels; except my visit of a week, for some few years past, to breathe the fresh air at Wolsterholme Place, or whatever else you may have been pleased to call it——”

“ Amounting, on a rough calculation, which will, however, be found pretty near the truth,” said Robin, pencil in hand, “ to two-and-thirty days in London; say six visits per ann. to the towns about, setting them down at three days each, which is

over the mark—eighteen days a-year, for one-and-twenty years—three hundred and seventy-eight days; fresh air excursions to the Yorkshire border for twelve summers, a week a-piece, seventy-two days; the sum, Mr. Rheinenberger, is four hundred and eighty-four days in all (errors excepted), during twenty-one years, being on an average, twenty-three days per ann., with a slight fraction over; and——”

“Thou needst not continue in thy calculations, friend Robin,” replied Ozias, “all Liverpool will be witness that every hour of John Manesty could be accounted for during the years you mention. And as for the voyages of the last three years——”

“Cannot they be accounted for, too?” said Manesty. “They can as surely be told

hour by hour, as those which have given employment to the arithmetic of Robin. But the thing is too ridiculous. Hoskins has been a pest upon the waters since the year '38—the year before I left America—perhaps longer; not a year has elapsed without our hearing of his depredations; and here have I—to say nothing of my character, or standing—here have I, during all the time, been as it were chained to my desk in Pool-lane, and because business of a kind, in which, as Robin there well knows, I was most reluctant to engage——”

“I can vouch for it well, sir,” interposed Robin. “I remember your saying to me, as well as if it was yesterday——”

“Never mind; because I am miserably against my will dragged across the Atlantic,

there are found men with whom I 'ate of the same bread, and drank of the same cup,' ready to give ear, if not credence, to the hiccuping of a drunken sailor, confounding me, perhaps, from some fancied personal resemblance, with an atrocious pirate, who was committing murders and robberies upon the ocean, while I was sleeping quietly on my pillow, or toiling peacefully over my ledger."

This was a burst of unusual length and earnestness from such a speaker, and Ozias made no reply. He had never heard of the French proverb, "*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*," but its principle flashed strongly upon his mind. The silence was broken by Manesty,

"And who in Seal-street gave heed to this drunken mariner?"

"None," said Ozias, "that I know of, gave heed; but none, also, could refuse to give ear. To avoid scandal to us and trouble to you, we got the man away with much difficulty, and placed him in safety at the 'Blackamoor's Arms,' in ———, where he has been staying since last night. He is now in a drunken slumber, from which he will not arouse himself for several hours, and then Habakkuk Habergam——"

"Habakkuk Habergam!" cried Manesty, with evident displeasure, looking significantly at Robin, "what did he say?"

"Nothing more," said Ozias, "than that in the morning it would be well to visit him while he was sober, and so put an end to the noise, or bring the man to condign punishment."

"Habergam," said Robin, in deep indignation, "is as black-mouthed a bankrupt hound——"

"Do not indulge in invectives, Robin," remarked Manesty, mildly, but still looking at his clerk, in a manner not to be misunderstood; "to-morrow morning, turn to his account as early as maybe, and have it adjusted as speedily as possible. A man who is so anxious to institute investigation into the business of other people, where he has no concern, cannot object to inquiries being made into the state of his own, where he has."

"I can pretty well guess," said Robin, "how the matter stands, and I'll cut out work enough for Humbug Habakkuk to occupy him to-morrow, without pimping

after what is saying or doing by the blackguards of the 'Blackamoor's Arms.' Such a thief as that——"

Ozias looked hard at Manesty, who understood the look to signify that he wished them to be alone. It was no great difficulty to get rid of Robin, who left the room in deep dudgeon against the brotherhood of Seal-street, whom he consigned to the spiritual bondage of Satan, and against Habakkuk Habergam in particular, whom he doomed in thought to the temporal bondage of Lancaster Castle. His prayers were more efficacious—at least, more immediately so, in the latter than in the former case—for though we may charitably hope that the congregated independents escaped the fiery fate anticipated by Robin, it is

certain that two days did not elapse before, through his exertions, and those of his attorney, the stronghold of the Dukes of Lancaster contained the corpus of the hapless Habakkuk.

CHAPTER XV.

RELIGIOUS DOUBTS—MANESTY'S CONSCIENTIOUS PER-
PLEXITIES—HE VISITS AMINADAB THE ANCIENT.

OZIAS waited until the noisy slamming of the hall door announced the angry exit of Shuckleborough.

"I have heard," he then commenced at once, "all that thy zealous clerk, and all that thyself hath said; and I am well aware that this tale of the man calling himself Blazes must be wholly untrue; but it is not to be

put down by violence and anger, such as that which Robert threatened and manifested. But I should be unworthy of the friendship which thou hast ever shewn—of the religious union in which we have so long lived—if I did not tell thee that, since thine acceptance of the plantation of Brooklyn Royal, thy brethren in the Lord have been anxious for thy soul's estate."

"I accepted it, as you well know, Ozias, much against my will; and after consulting the most famous lights of religion burning around."

"Thou didst not consult thine own conscience, John, which is a light more precious than that of the seven golden candlesticks burning before the altar."

"Of that," replied Manesty, solemnly,

“you nor any other man can be a judge. You know not, nor will any one know, until the great day of the unveiling of secrets, how my conscience balanced its account.”

“Be it so, then; but this, I know, and all Liverpool knows it, too, that though it has suited thee to describe this West Indian estate as all but bankrupt, thy prosperity hath been of late yearly on the increase, far beyond the bounds of what thine ordinary business could afford any ground for warranting—and that during the last three or four years we know that the transactions in which thou hast engaged must be supported by funds far more ample and extended than any which thy regular trade could have supplied.”

“If those persons,” said Manesty, “who

take the trouble of calculating what ought to be the gains of a man who understands his business, would expend a portion of their time on learning what business really is, we should have fewer entries in the Gazette. I am yet to learn that men who lose money in trade, are qualified to judge of the courses pursued by men who make it."

"It is not exactly by such that the observation was made—but be it so," said the meek Moravian.

"Say it out, then, at once!" was the answer of Manesty to the implied charge. "You think, then, that I am, what this fellow, Blazes, as you call him, has told you, the pirate Hoskins?"

"I think nothing of the kind!" said Ozias; "and I know it to be impossible, but

many of thy friends fear that thou hast, in some underhand manner, which they are loth to trace, lent thyself to traffic with men as wild and as wicked as he, and shared in their ungodly gains. This may not have come to thine ears before, but it hath been long talked of in Liverpool, and especially since thy recent voyages. And here comes this man who swears he saw thee on the West coast of Africa—there known by the name of a bloodthirsty pirate.”

“I can scarcely keep patience,” said Manesty, “to hear this flagrant nonsense. Have you not known this man upon the sea for more than twenty years?”

“I have !” replied Ozias ; “ and therefore I believe nothing of this part of the story, which I set down as the mere ravings of an

intoxicated fool; but the other suspicion hath been much heightened by his production of a scrap of paper, addressed, as he says, to himself, ordering a long boat to be ready with early tide, and the live stock to be discharged as soon as possible. The paper is very greasy and dirty, smelling strongly of tobacco and spirits; but if the hand-writing be not thine, John Manesty, never did two persons write characters more resembling each other than the writer of that paper and thou."

"It is very possibly mine," said Manesty. "Some order to bring Irish cattle here on shore, which this fellow has picked up."

"It is hardly that," answered the Moravian—"but be it so. The paper is not like that which thou wouldst have used

here. Perhaps its begrimed state may account for that, and be it so; but he says that he has many others—and particularly some dozens of letters and communications which were found on the person of a desperate pirate, named Tristram Fiennes, killed in a drunken fray on the coast of Florida, about four years ago, which are of the same handwriting; and it is the purpose of the select committee of elders to have before them this man, Blazes, to-morrow, and procure from him all that he knows or possesses. It was this that brought me here, for I would not have thee taken at advantage. The idle story of this sailor I cast to the winds. May God have strengthened thee to resist methods of piling up wealth scarcely less contaminating of sin to the

soul than the open violences of those whom the world calls outcast. If thou hast fallen into the pit, may God be a light to thy feet to see thy way out of it—and under all circumstances, whether to support thee, O my brother, under the injury of falsehood and calumny, or the deeper sadness of thine own consciousness of having done what thy soul cannot justify unto thyself, if my aid can be anything of value, remember how strong is thy claim on the gratitude of Ozias Rheinberger.”

He ceased. The tear, mantling in his small grey eye, kindled it into dignity—and a strong emotion lit up all his plain features, inexpressive now no longer. The habitual meekness of his face was exalted into a hallowed look of devout compassion which no

hypocrite could assume. He fixed it for an instant on Manesty—who for some moments had remained profoundly silent, not attending to what was said, as if stricken with a sudden blow—and then rushed from the presence of his unheeding companion, heavy of heart.

Manesty remained in the same position for nearly half-an-hour after the departure of Ozias.

“He’s a kind-hearted fellow, that!” was his first exclamation; “but he suspects that there is some shadow or foundation of truth in this story, impossible as he feels it to be on the whole. Others may come to the same conclusion without the same charitable feelings towards me. Success in any pursuit is enough to raise up hosts of enemies; and

the very testimony I have borne against this trade, in which I am thus accused of participating, will render their venom more rancorous. This must be met—met at once—met like a man. Why cling those fancies to my brain? Am I not, by the world in which I live, and by the world in which it is scarcely suspected that I have lived, looked up to as a man of sound sense, of solid judgment, and firm decision? Is not my opinion daily, hourly, consulted on those matters which come home most to the business and bosoms of men?—and why not decide in a case which so nearly concerns myself? Alas, I know that I have decided, and only desire that my decision should be ratified by the voice of another—that from another man's tongue I may hear loudly

pronounced that counsel which I dare not whisper to myself. It is now two o'clock, and I shall have ample time to return by sunset. Yes—I will go—the ride of itself will be of use in bracing my nerves, and recruiting my jaded spirits."

In a few minutes, after leaving word with Hezekiah to tell Mr. Hugh that he was suddenly called away, and would not, in all probability, return till night, he was urging his mare onward with hasty pace on the road that led to the marshes of Ulverstone—the journey he had to perform was about thirty miles, and it was completed in two hours and a half.

The summer sun was beginning to decline, when he found himself at the door of a solitary house of small dimensions, situ-

ated by the side of a desolate mere. It was the lonely dwelling of Aminadab the Ancient, and he it was whose counsel Manesty had ridden forth to seek. As he approached, he heard the old man's voice loudly reading the Bible, and expounding its texts, as it would seem by his tone, with angry comment, though, except a very young girl, who was in the kitchen, and out of reach of exhortation, for which, if she had heard, she would not have felt the slightest respect, no one but himself was in the house.

No lock or latch secured its outer door, and Manesty, having tied up his horse, entered without any ceremony. The old man, bent over his Bible, did not perceive his entrance, but continued his fierce de-

nunciations of the foes of the Lord in a furious commentary on the sixty-eighth Psalm. He had reached the twenty-third verse, when Manesty arrived, and was repeating with intense emphasis—"That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and the tongue of thy dogs in the same." Something either in tone or text made the new comer start, and he hastily broke off the coming exposition by laying a gentle pressure of his finger on the old man's sleeve.

Aminadab closed his Bible, and immediately rose to greet his visitor.

"Is it thou, John," said he—"thou, John, my son? I expected thee not, but welcome are thy feet upon the mountains, or wherever else my lot may be cast. Thou

lookest jaded and worn. The fare I can offer thee is coarse compared with that which thine own mansion affords—but such as it is, who can be more welcome to share it than thou.”

“I have no need,” said Manesty, “of your hospitality, Aminadab, which I have known of old would be cheerfully given—I want thine advice. Not food carnal, but food spiritual, do I lack; and to whom could I come for a goodly supply of things sustaining to the soul with such surety as to thee!”

“Ninety years and one,” said the old man, “have passed over this hoary head, and to the sound of flattery mine ears are clogged as with wax. Ask what thou wilt, John, and according to the light vouchsafed

to me will I speak. Speak otherwise I could not, wert thou Balah, the son of Zippor, offering me, by the hands of the princes of Moab, houses of silver and of gold."

Manesty was, however, in no haste to speak — something seemed to choke his utterance. The question which came at last did not seem anything formidable to a practised controversialist. It was one of those questions of dogmatic theology a thousand times asked in ages by-past, and a thousand times to be asked in ages to come.

"Can the elect," said he, "fall from a state of grace?"

He had not long to wait for an answer.

"It is with grief I hear the question

propounded," said Aminadab, "from the lips of one who was all but reared at my feet, as Saul at those of Gamaliel. Thou shouldst have been not a disciple to inquire, but a master in Israel to answer. They cannot."

"Those, then, that were once in a state of grace are ever in a state of grace?"

"For ever."

"And they cannot by any means fall into sin?"

"Never."

"And their salvation is always sure?"

"Always. But why, John Manesty, my son," said the old man, looking somewhat amazed—"why dost thou come to ask me of things which could be answered by babes and sucklings? Are not these the first

plain rudiments of the most ordinary theology? Before the foundations of the world were laid, the names were written in the book of life of those who were chosen to inherit salvation. Not to obtain salvation, but to receive as a gift—to take it as the heritage bequeathed to them by their father, a garnered treasure not won by themselves. How, then, is it that you ask whether they can so sin as to bring upon themselves damnation.”

“They seem to sin, at least, Aminadab,” said Manesty, doubtingly, though this supralapsarian doctrine was the favourite of his heart, and now sounded agreeably upon his ear.

“They may so seem,” said the unbending theologian, “but of what moment is their

seeming? Nay, they *do* sin, if we look upon their actions with the eyes and pronounce upon them with the tongue of the world. But can the acts of man control the decrees of God? Are we to set up the works of the created against the laws of the Creator? What is written is written—it is written by the finger of God. Can the weak and wayward wanderings of frail man blot it out again? Is He in his ways to be guided by the merits or demerits of man? Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him? To talk calmly, can these newly devised instruments control the steam? Can the spinning-jenny say unto the engine, ‘My will is not thy will, thy might is less than my might?’ ”

“It is well,” said Manesty; “such I knew was thy doctrine. But still, as we live in the world, while we pass through it, what the word of the world and the law of the world says must be attended to.”

“Of a truth,” said Aminadab, “we are here in carnal vesture, doing carnal things. We must eat, we must drink, we must sleep—things in no respect connected with the business of salvation—and we must proceed onward in our way allotted to be trodden. These are the things which are called indifferent.”

“Of these, good fame, in what people term society, is one?” asked Manesty.

“Surely. The poor things of this poor world we may not care for, but we may not do without, and without repute they are not to be attained.”

"If, then," said Manesty—"I beg your pardon, Aminabad: I shall alter my mind. I declined your proposed refreshment just now, but a faintness has come over me. Have you any wine in the house?"

"None, my son," said the old man—"but I have some bottles of the brandy and some of the ale which thou hast sent me as oil to the flickering lamp of my waning life."

Manesty chose the ale, which the slipshod girl speedily placed before him. He drank a copious draught.

"If, then," he said, wiping a perspiration which had rapidly formed on his forehead—"if, then, a saint is so stricken in his good fame in the world as to render his usefulness questionable, or perhaps to destroy it

altogether, is it justifiable that he should resist the slanderer with weapons of strength?"

"It is so. It is granted to us to use such weapons to defend our lives, and even when life is not attacked, to wield the spear and draw the sword to maintain the cause of the Lord. In like case, then, when that which may cost us our lives, or that which we hold dearer than our lives—then, too, may we uplift instruments of punishment or vengeance. When Shimei, the son of Gazi, a Benjamite of Bahurim, cursed David with a grievous curse in the day when he went to Mahanaim, did not the man of God lay it upon Solomon as a dying commandment—on him to whom he said, 'Thou art a wise young man, and knowest what thou

oughtest to do'—to bring down his hoary head to the grave with blood? Did not Elisha, as he went from Jericho to Beth-el, call forth two she-bears out of the wood, who tare the two-and-forty children of the city who mocked him by the way? Yea, the whole scripture is full of wrath against the railing tongue which scorns the saints—as to thee, no doubt, John Manesty, is known.”

“Have we, then, warrant,” asked Manesty, “to do as was done in these old days?”

“No days,” said Aminadab, “are old. To us there seems to be time, and year to follow year in the constant rolling of the sun. But He who made the sun hath no measure of time. What he permitted in the days of David—in the days of Elisha—

in the days when Jeremiah changed the name of Pashur, the son of Immer the priest, to Magar-Missabib, making him a terror to himself and all his friends, because he smote the prophet on the cheek—that doth he permit now. This do I speak carnally, as to carnal men. But if I spoke in the language befitting a testifier of the truth, then should I dismiss from my mouth the vain and sinful words of what we were permitted to do. We are not permitted to do anything. What is done is ordained. As well mightest thou think, with thy feeble palm, to stop the waters of the Mersey, when they come raging to and fro down in murky flood, over its swallowing sands, by the boisterous east wind, or by thy will or by thy deed to check the careering wheels

of the cherubim seen by Ezekiel by the river of Chebar. Shall the axe boast of itself against him that heweth therewith? or shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it? As if the rod should shake itself against them that lift it up; or as if the staff should lift itself as if it were no wood."

"The elect, then, unto salvation," said Manesty, with great and earnest solemnity, "who are assailed by the reprobate unto eternal death, may by any means remove those reprobates from the earth without peril."

"Peril of temporal things, if, then, there be peril," said Aminadab, "is to be thought upon with such care as may be—of that the magistrate, who beareth not the sword

in vain, must be the judge. He will see with such blinking lights as the dry bones of the law afford to his blear-eyed vision. But," said the old man, rising and grasping a long staff——

The sun in its most western slope was bestowing its parting beams upon Ulverstone Mere, and the old man so sate in his parlour as to catch the fast diminishing of its declining ray. As he rose it covered him all over with a yellow light, gilding his hoary head, and giving fiercer expression to the eye, which still, when aroused to the joy which controversialists feel when they confute, or fancy they are confuting, antagonists worthy of their skill, gleamed, or rather glittered with fire supplied from the ever-burning furnace within; his figure

became erect, and he leant upon his staff, not as a stay to his feet, but a sceptre to his hand.

“But,” said he, “as for the decrees of the Lord, there is in them no heeding of the laws of man. They who think they make these laws—they who put them into effect—are but vessels in the hand of the potter—vessels of no more value or power, than those whom they, from the ermined bench, send to the squalid dungeon.”

He struck his staff vigorously on the floor.

“Whatever thou purposest to do, John Manesty, do thou, and that quickly. It was revealed to me in the visions of the night that thou shouldst come, and I was spoken with to say that the work to which thou

wert appointed was wending its way to the end. The doctrine I preach is sure; sure as—nay, far surer—than the granite foundations of the earth. Go thou on thy way rejoicing, and to rejoice.”

He ceased for a while.

“ But I shall never see thee again, John Manesty, — never again in this cobweb world. Go, however, secure of purpose and undoubting of salvation. Go to thy work, but go undoubtingly, for if Samuel was not merely justified, but commanded to hew Agag the Amalekite in pieces before the Lord, in Gilgal, because the bleating of sheep and the lowing of oxen offended the ears of holiness, how much more worthy of being destroyed is the man that bleateth mischief and loweth unrighteousness.”

The brows of the old man were knit with a savage frenzy, and his eyes shot forth a more burning flame.

“ Truth fast, is my doctrine—truth fast as truth itself—which is, after all, but an idle word to keep us the further away from him who is truth. The blessing of Jehovah-Jireh be upon thee! Thou hast now heard, my son, the last words which thou ever wilt hear from the lips of him, who, in the days of his vanity, was known as Sir Ranulph de Braburn—for more than two generations testifying as Aminadab Smith, which lengthened years have changed into the title of Aminadab the Ancient. Go and speed.”

He cast his staff aside and grasped the hand of his excited visitor, who fervently

returned the fervent pressure. Other words beside those which had been just spoken were now exchanged. The old man sank into his chair, and Manesty mounted his horse to ride hastily homeward.

END OF VOL. I.





George Cruikshank

The visit of John Claremont to Aminadab.

JOHN MANESTY,

THE LIVERPOOL MERCHANT.

BY

THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

WITH

Illustrations by George Cruikshank.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

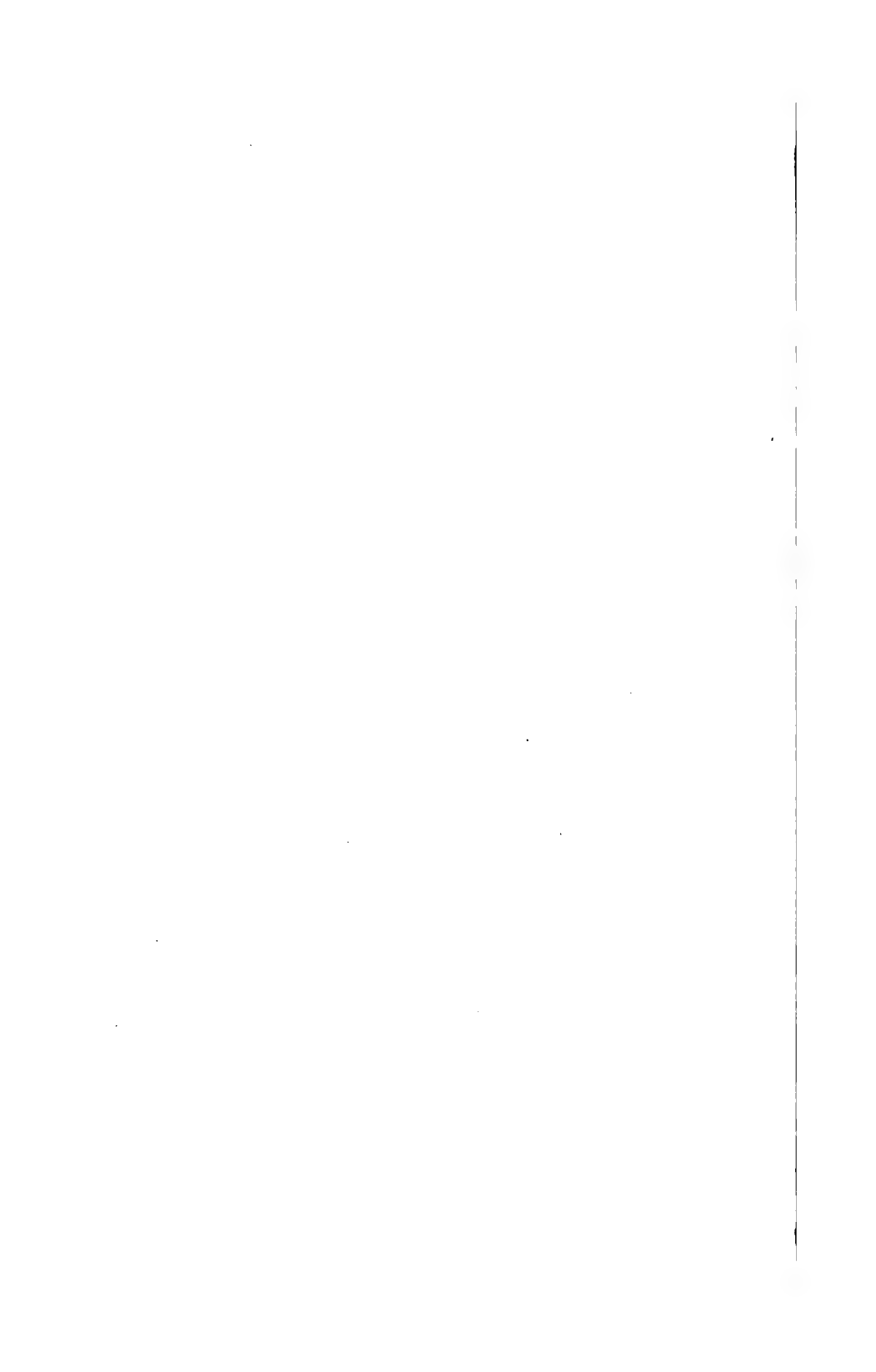
VOL. II.



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JOHN MANESTY.

CHAPTER XVI.

COMMERCIAL LAW AND THE LAW OF ARREST —
ROBIN'S SHARP PRACTICE, AND MANESTY'S
ATONEMENT.

WE have already seen that the most zealous of the elders of Seal-street had some calls upon his attention far more urgent than anything relative to the state of slavery in Africa. He was practically taught that a man-snapping trade existed nearer home,

to which his wandering philanthropy had never paid any attention; and that it was put into execution by a class of men whom cowardice, not conscience, prevents from being engaged in direct piracy or absolute highway robbery. Shuckleborough, irritated to the last degree at the intolerable insolence of Habergam in daring to say a word respecting the affairs of a man to whom he was in debt, and not unfairly annoyed that any one should give the slightest attention to a story at once so calumnious and absurd, especially one who was on familiar terms with his master, and who must have known the utter impossibility of the monstrous tale, attended with his account, which reached no small sum, most carefully and scientifically drawn up, at Habakkuk's

office at eight o'clock on Monday morning. With a grave courtesy, which it cost him much trouble to assume, and had been in a great measure acquired by many sedative whiffs of tobacco, he presented the paper exhibiting the fatal balance.

"If it be convenient to Mr. Habergam," he said, "to discharge in the course of the forenoon, we should feel it as an obligation."

"Are thee not coming before the time promised, friend Robin?" said the alarmed corn-factor. "I thought thee had told me I should have had further time on these unfortunate bills of Brown, Badger, and Co., which have done me so much mischief."

"Unfortunate they may well be called,

Mr. Habergam," returned Shuckleborough; "but, in my mind, more unfortunate to those who have already paid the money upon them than to those who have received it, and as yet have paid nothing. But you need not be alarmed, Mr. Habergam, about them. We promised to overhold them three months, and so we will—there are still three weeks and five days to run. If you look over the account, you will find it relates to far different transactions, of which, of course, you are well aware. Look it over at your leisure—I am sure it is perfectly correct. I must wish you good morning for the present, because business presses; but I shall be here again punctually at ten o'clock, Mr. Habergam."

With a most ceremonious bow, which by

no means inspired satisfaction in the breast of him to whom it was devoted, Robin left the counting-house, leaving its master to go to breakfast with what appetite he might. Habergam scrutinized the accounts with a professional eye, though, before he commenced the examination, he was well aware that no hole was to be found in the book-keeping armour of their over-complimentary calculator.

While thus engaged, a formal and prim messenger, despatched from the meeting-house, came to remind him that it was now nine o'clock, and that the members who had appointed to assemble there on the business of which he knew were already met, and that the brethren waited but for him. Had Habakkuk been of the profane, his answer

to this inopportune message would have been, "The brethren be d—d!" But though the emotion which dictates such wholesale condemnation of those who displease, swelled as strongly in his bosom as in that of the most swearing of troopers, nothing so undevout passed his lips. He merely groaned, and told the messenger to inform those who sent him that he was engaged in unexpected business, and that he thought the matter was not so pressing but that it might stand over.

After the disappointed Mercury, whose curiosity had been strongly excited by the hopes of picking up ample food for slander, had departed, Habergam grunted forth something, as like a curse as possible, upon his folly in meddling in the matter at all,

to which he instinctively attributed this sudden call for the money.

"I may well say," he muttered, "that it is an unexpected business—and I might say, too, that it is a most annoying business just now. Two thousand eight hundred and forty-seven pounds, odd shillings, and pence; and if I have six hundred and fifty available in the house, it is as much as I have. However, there is no use in loitering about it. Shuckleborough is as punctual as an hour-glass, and I have not quite the time measured by an hour-glass to spare——"

Revolving in his inmost mind on whom of his friends he should call to assist him in his present difficulty, he sallied forth. It is useless to re-write what has been

written a thousand times. He fared as all money-borrowers, from the days of Timon. Those to whom he applied,

“ Did answer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry——”

In fact, the scarcity of money, which never fails to prevail on all such occasions, was pleaded to the unlucky corn-factor, and he came back——“ no richer in return.”

He had indeed raised a couple of hundred pounds, but his absence had raised a devil which made that two hundred pounds of no value. He had not returned until half-past ten, and thereby missed Robin, who was exact to a moment. His clerks told him that Mr. Shuckleborough was

very cross, and slightly adding that he would return at eleven, when he trusted he would not be trifled with any longer. If poor Habakkuk had been waiting for him, it would have made little difference; but Shuckleborough would have been deprived of a pretext for a more copious discharge of that bile which had been burning within him since the day before. At eleven, he returned, "with countenance severe."

"Mr. Habergam," said he, "you must think my time of little worth, else you would not waste it in the manner which you have done this morning; but as arguing about that, Mr. Habergam, will not tend to the recovery of my hours, let us go to business at once. Have you looked over,

Mr. Habergam, the account I left you, and found it correct?"

"Perfectly," said Habakkuk; "I had no doubt of that."

"All, then, that remains, Mr. Habergam, is to settle it. I have the receipts and vouchers all ready in my pocket." And suiting the action to the word, he produced them. "Two thousand eight hundred and forty-seven pounds, seventeen shillings, and two-pence. If it is any convenience to you, Mr. Habergam, we shall let the small money stand over, and take as on the present account, two thousand eight hundred."

"Why, truly," said Habergam, "friend Robin——"

"My name, sir," interrupted the clerk, with haughty indignation, "is Robert! *I*

was christened, Mr. Habergam, in the manner of a Christian country—not named, like some people, as a dog; and as to my being your friend, sir—it is perfectly new to me how the friendship has sprung up between us! Let us go on to business.”

“Then, Robert Shuckleborough,” said the corn-factor, in whom what he would call the Old Adam was working strong to knock down a man, whom for more than twenty years of commercial life he had looked upon as not much better than a menial; “the truth is, that I have not got the whole sum.”

“I thought so, by ——!” said Robin, with an oath. “Well, what have you to offer, my good man?”

"I have just now about nine hundred pounds, which I can pay up at once."

"So far, so good. But for the remaining nineteen hundred, how do you propose to arrange?"

"I could give you bills, which have only a few days to run, to the tune of about eleven hundred pounds."

"Bills!—shew them to me," said Shuckleborough, with infinite scorn. "Bills—any, I suppose; Brown, Badger, and Co.'s affairs. Bills, my good man, must be taken from you with considerable caution."

"The bills," said Habergam, roused, in spite of his circumstances, to anger, "are as good as the bank. Ask of any bankers in Liverpool. I'll discount them myself at five per cent. this moment."

“Hardly, now, my good man,” replied Shuckleborough—“hardly. I have planted the bills we held of you in every banking-house in Liverpool, cautioning them not to proceed until the time we promised to overhold has expired, and then to act on their own judgment.”

Habergam looked aghast, but said not a word, as he had handed over the bills, well knowing that they were destined to be condemned.

“Ay, I thought so—a precious lot! Broadbrim, Bam, and Co.; Humphrey Ham; Fox and Levi,—ay, that is not fox and goose; Mark and Mincing—yes, we know that firm well; Hildebrand Stanley,—what, Sir Hildebrand?”

“Yes.”

“For two hundred and fifty pounds! Why, you know a bill of Sir Hildebrand’s is not worth two hundred and fifty pence, which, I suppose, is as much as you gave him for it; yet this is the only bill of the lot for which I would give you five shillings. Here, I’ll buy this of you at double the price, no matter what that be, of the money you gave Sir Hildebrand. I’ll cash it for you at once out of my own resources. To what amount have you swindled the gentleman?”

“Swindled!” said Habergam. “Mr. Robert Shuckleborough, you have been convivial at an early hour this morning, else you would not dare use such language to me. The bill came into my hands——”

“I am tired,” said Shuckleborough, “of

listening to this cheating and fraudulent stuff. It is of no consequence how the bill came into *your* hands—you will find it something of more importance to ascertain how it is that you came into our hands.”

He whistled, and a pair of uncouth ruffians appeared at the preconcerted signal.

“This is the man,” continued Robin, “the defendant in the case of Shackleford *v.* Habergam, (Robin had taken care that his master’s name should not appear in the transaction.) Do your duty, Oliver Oglethorpe.”

“It aint a pleasant duty,” said Oliver—grinning, however, at the same time, in hideous delight; “but, Habakkuk Habergam, here’s the writ—here’s the original. Come, my old trump, time’s precious—we

must tramp at once. Put on your castor. We'll wait for that, for we aint unreasonable."

"What!" said Habergam, greatly astonished, and feeling the insult and injury still more deeply as they were inflicted in presence of some half-score of stupified clerks—"do you mean to say that I am arrested?"

"I do mean that thing," said Oliver Oglethorpe, "and no mistake. Pay the sum marked on the back of the writ, with the fees, and, in course, the thing is at an end; if not, in course, you must go with us."

"In course," said his attendant, a gentleman who rejoiced in the nickname of Measly Mott.

"But," said Habakkuk, much alarmed at

the serious turn things were now taking,
“ must this be done at once?”

“ Certainly,” said Oliver Oglethorpe,
“ unless this good gentleman what brought
us here gives a discharge to the writ,—I
see he shakes his head, so that is no go,—
or you bail.”

“ Mr. Shuckleborough,” said Habergam,
“ this is a most outrageous proceeding!”

“ No, it aint,” said Oliver; “ there’s
nothing in it but what’s regular. I defy
the chancellor of the duchy to say that
there’s a bit wrong!”

Habakkuk did not heed the interruption.
“ I must send for John Manesty, for I know
Mr. Shackelford is only one of his brokers,
and ask him if he has sanctioned such con-
duct.”

"Manesty han't nothing to do with it," said Oglethorpe. "I know no more about him than I do of the ghost of Clegg Hall. Come, old chap, do not waste no more of our precious minutes."

"At all events, my good man," said Robin, "Mr. Manesty, whom you are taking the liberty of calling John Manesty, as if he were your footman, cannot interfere now. He left town immediately after quitting your synagogue for his estate at Wolsterholme, and will not return until the day after to-morrow. On Friday last, he gave me several accounts of shaky people, including yours, my good man, and told me to gather them in as I could; so I passed the transaction over to Mr. Shackleford, and he has instructed these gentlemen to act."

There was a prodigious quantity of the thing that is not in this statement of Robin; but his victim was in no condition to repel it.

"Give me, then, until his return. Why, Oglethorpe, I have known you since you were not much more than a boy."

"And employed me, too. Do you remember? But no matter, we are wasting time."

"There's my wife and her three beauteous babbies at home," said Measly Mott, "awaiting for the return of a husband and a father from the doing of his duty as an officer on service."

"Well, then," said the subdued corn-factor, "as you speak of wife and children, let me see mine before you drag me away."

"Come, Habakkuk, my old buck," returned Oglethorpe, "that's too good! Drag you away; you'll walk quiet enough without dragging. The frau and kinchen, if they want you, will find you easily enough in Church-lane."

"I can raise the money by the sacrifice of goods, of five times the amount, in the course of the day; but an arrest will be my ruin."

"There must be an end of all things," said Robin, taking out a silver watch the size of a coach-wheel from the enormous flap of his waistcoat. "It is perfectly useless, Mr. Habergam, to talk to me—the law must have its course. Good morning to you. I hope I have not been the cause of keeping you from any pleasant entertain-

ment, at which you were engaged to be first fiddle."

He departed to spread through Liverpool and its vicinity the news that Habergam was in gaol, and the officials of the palatinate lost no time in consigning him to his ultimate destination, after taking care to draw from him as much of his ready money as they thought he had a disposition to part with.

All this may be very wrong or very right; but if any one thinks that in this scene Robin, who is a favourite friend of ours, behaved like a tyrant, we beg them to remember that he was sensible of a wrong, judge in his own cause, and conscious of power. Whether this is precisely the kind of tribunal which it is wise or desirable to

erect, is a question to be discussed in other pages than these. Habakkuk, at all events, had sufficient leisure to inquire, whether that charity which exports itself abroad may not be very contracted in its concerns at home.

Manesty's return to his office, in spite of Robin's bouncings, took place nearly about the same time that Habergam had been arrested. No mention of that circumstance was made to him, nor did he make any inquiry which led to it. The day passed over in Pool-lane with its usual quietude, and those who had heard of the rumour spread by drunken Blazes only laughed at it. On inquiring after that worthy gentleman, it was found that he occupied his Sunday evening in getting more and more drunk;

and that when he had brought that business towards a very perfect state of completion, he had, contrary to the advice and remonstrances of every one connected with the administration of the tap, staggered out, uttering incoherent oaths. During the evening he had been very troublesome; he called every man of anything like a decent appearance a pirate, and swore that he knew them on the coast of Africa. In particular, he could identify, and so could the crew of the ship *Juno*, now lying at Gravesend, the greasy lubbers whom he had met in the psalm-shop. He knew them all well, and could hang them all up,—indeed, for that matter, he could hang half Liverpool; and if he could not hang the other half, he well knew they richly deserved it.

After wanting to fight with every one in the room, he departed in disgust. He had no kit, nothing but what he wore about him; he had paid honestly for all he called for, and had foolishly thrown about some pieces of gold and silver; and of him nothing more was known at the Blackamoor's Arms. The landlord said he was sorry such a fellow had come into his house, and sorry, too, that he left it in such a state. "I think," said he, "he has tumbled into the river, and is drowned."

In eight or ten days the surmise of the landlord proved to be true: a body almost decomposed was washed up under St. Nicholas' church, the dress and other indications of which proved it to be that of Blazes. Nothing was found about him except some

foreign coins, doubloons, dollars, &c., amounting in value to some ten or twelve pounds. No marks of violence appeared upon his person, and the only conclusion that the coroner's inquest could come to, was that of "found drowned." Those, of course, who had entertained any suspicion that Manesty was connected with the business charged against him by the deceased, had their suspicions strengthened by the mode of his death; they had not been weakened by the arrest of Habergam.

But that was all over now. Two or three days had elapsed after he had been removed from the den of Oglethorpe, where, of course, he was most unmercifully fleeced, to the prison of the palatinate, Lancaster Castle, before Manesty was informed of the

occurrence. He strongly rebuked Robin, and sent an instant discharge, with a letter of the most kindly apology. The thing had occurred in his temporary absence, and Mr. Shuckleborough had quite mistaken instructions which he had given a few days before.

It was certain that a sudden pressure had come upon the house, and he had directed that some strictness should be used to obtain outstanding monies of long date; but it had never entered his head that any one should have been exposed to the inconveniences of arrest, to which he or his father before him had never resorted in any instance during a commercial course of nearly half-a-century, and which, above all things, he deeply regretted should be employed in the case of Habakkuk Habergam, with whom he had

been so long knit in brotherly love. As for the transactions which unhappily gave occasion for this unlucky mistake, he begged that nothing should be thought of them until payment was perfectly convenient, no matter at how distant a date; and as for the bills of Brown, Badger, and Co., he had taken them out of his office to throw them into his own private desk, there to remain until Habakkuk himself asked for them.

Nothing could be fairer or more handsome; and if the poor corn-factor emerged from prison with blasted credit and crippled resources, spirits broken and his self-importance humiliated, to become a bankrupt in three months, and an inmate of the grave in three more, no one could in the slightest degree impute those catastrophes to Mr.

Manesty, who had generously flung his bills into the fire, sorrowfully attended the funeral, and headed a subscription for his family with the liberal donation of 100/.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WITNESS RISES UP AGAINST MANESTY—THE PROGRESS OF SUSPICION — OGLETHORPE'S CUNNING OVERMATCHED BY OZIAS'.

DICCON, the potboy at the Blackamoor's Arms, was a gentleman of that degree of intellect generally displayed in his county and his calling by persons of his degree,—that is to say, he was principally to be distinguished from a hog by the number of his legs. The fact of the sailor having

been at the house where he performed his functions, and the melancholy catastrophe which followed, had a great effect upon his mind, (or what served as such,) and so deranged the ordinary visions of pots and pipes, which usually haunted it, that he could not talk of anything else for months. Diccon was the hero of the tap, and related the tale three or four times every evening. To be sure, he had not much to tell; nothing, in fact, more than that a drunken and abusive sailor had spent an evening in the house, out of which he staggered, and was, some time afterwards, cast up by the Mersey, drowned. To this, time added a few embellishments, not due to Diccon's imagination, a quality in which he did not shine, but to the various suggestions of his

auditors, from time to time, whose contributions being thankfully accepted, by degrees swelled the story into a tale of terror.

Among his hearers, one evening, was an errand boy belonging to a neighbouring butcher—a boy of some twelve or thirteen years of age, and just as intelligent as Diccon himself. All on a sudden a thought seemed to strike this ingenuous youth.

“Wasn’t that the sailor, Diccon,” he asked in his native dialect, which we have already declined attempting, “that had three of the fingers of his left hand cut off?”

Diccon, after much scratching of his head, was inclined to think that such was the case, but his memory was somewhat like the shifting sands of his native Mersey,

into which, when anything is absorbed, it rarely re-appears. The nymph who performed multifarious and miscellaneous duties in all departments of the hostel, had, however, a sharper recollection. The sailor, in an amorous moment, had clasped her waist with his left arm, and as she pushed it away in a fit of indignant chastity, she had particularly observed the mutilated hand. She did not state that she had a more special reason for noticing it, which was, that in a moment after the repulse, the remaining finger and thumb had fished out a guinea from the capacious pockets of its owner, which gave the said arm full liberty to resume its position with more advantage than before. There was testimony sufficient without it to establish that Blazes' left hand

had suffered one of the usual casualties of his profession; and Sukey did not, perhaps, see the necessity of wasting evidence.

When Tummas O'Nobs-o-Chops found that his suspicion, which had never before occurred to him, was correct, he was in a sad taking. He turned as pale as the rich thick coating of grease and dirt which was solidly plastered on his face would permit, and in an agony of terror, exclaimed, "Lord, save us! they cannot hang me for it, can they?"

The company looked aghast at this self-inculpatory exclamation of the butcher's boy, and set him down at once as the murderer; for of the sailor's being murdered, not one among them now doubted. Sukey declared that she could never abide the

boy, for he had the gallows in his looks—a discovery never made till this moment, and the same conclusion was come to by the rest of the party, half-a-dozen of whom at once speedily secured the unlucky Tumbas, by grasping him by the collar with such hearty good-will, as almost to shake him out of his clothes.

A great ferment was, of course, immediately excited throughout the house, and it soon caught the attention of Mr. Oliver Oglethorpe, who was drinking in the bar-parlour with the landlord's wife and daughter—he rum, rather slightly diluted with water; they tea, not so slightly diluted with rum. His professional eye soon saw a chance that his exertions might by some means, which he did not stop to scrutinize,

turn up to profit; and accordingly, Oliver lost no time in proceeding to the scene of capture, where he found Tummas half-dead with terror. All present knew Oglethorpe, and to him it was unanimously agreed that the sifting of the evidence should be committed. The butcher's boy fell down on his knees before him, and begged for mercy, bellowing like a bull-calf.

“Do not be alarmed at me,” said Oliver, with much magnanimity; “I am your best friend here. I feel that I am sitting as a judge; and, as I heard Mr. Justice Vulture say at the last assizes, ‘a judge is always counsel for the prisoner.’”

And to say the truth, Oliver acted in the capacity about as earnestly and sincerely as ninety-nine out of every hundred

of the ermined gentlemen who have promulgated the dictum from the bench—that is to say, he laboured hard to have him hanged. Paper, pens, ink, were soon provided, assisted by which, and a replenished tumbler, Mr. Oglethorpe proceeded on his examination.

“You have confessed, it seems, that you murdered the sailor, called Blazes, whom you identify by his want of three fingers, by flinging him into the Mersey, where he was drowned. Is it not so?”

“Yes, sir,” said Tummas; “it is true enough. He was drowned, sure as death, in the Mersey, and he had no more than a finger and a thumb on his left hand; but I did not know at the time his name was Blazes.”

"That's not material, as Chief Baron Sir Benjamin Blunderbuss of the 'Chequer, says, when he does not want to read an affidavit. What could have induced you to commit this horrid crime?"

"I did not know 'twas hanging matter, sir," said the trembling Tummas; "and thought there was no harm in it, sir."

"There's a blood-thirsty young warment!" said Sukey.

"It is a crime by common law," said Oliver, "and also by statute made hanging by the 55th of Edward the Sixth, and the 29th of Anne, chapter—no matter what. But, young man, you must know it was hanging matter. Did not you see Whelock, and Jones, hanged last year for it?"

"That was for throwing a child into the

fire, sir," said Tummas, "not a man into the water."

"It makes no difference," said Oliver, solemnly, "so that the man is murdered, whether it is by fire or water. What o'clock did this take place?"

"About half-past ten, sir," said Tummas.

"Yes, Tummas," said Diccon, "I'll bear thee out in that. It was just as I was going to put up the chain, which I do every night, exactly on the half hour; but I didn't see thee with him."

"No, Diccon," said Tummas, "I was not there a minute, and thee was in the yard."

"Do you mean then to say, that it took up such a short time," asked Oliver, inhaling a pinch of snuff, "to commit the murder?"

"I never committed no murder," howled Tummas, in despair; "it aint a murder to call a man out of a public-house. Is it, sir?"

"That is as it may be," answered Oliver. "For what purpose did you call him out?"

"For no purpose," replied Tummas; "it were for a sixpence."

"You do not mean to say that you murdered the man for such a sum as a sixpence? I am sure," said Oliver, with much indignation, "I'd scorn murdering any man for such a trifle"—a sentiment, the generosity of which excited much approbation throughout the room.

"I murdered him for nothing at all," said Tummas.

"Good God!" exclaimed Oglethorpe,

roused to much indignation. "Murder a man for nothing! I'd be ashamed of myself to confess anything so low. It's enough to make one sick."

"It was because I did not murder him nohow!" cried Tummas. "Another sailor, almost as drunk as the man himself, met me a going into this here house. 'I'll give thee sixpence, younker,' says he to me, 'if thee'll call out that sailor I see sitting in the window—him as is making all that gal-lows row; he's an old shipmate of mine. Tell him, Mr. Dick, of the Dutchman, wants him.' So I went in, and I said what I was bid; and he jumped up like a cock when he heard the name, and he said that he was a damned good fellow, who he knew would come, in spite of all nonsense

between them; and then though everybody wanted him to stay, he wouldn't. He said he was going to see a man that could buy and sell them all. So he went out, after paying his shot."

"Yes, I can bear Tummas out in that," interrupted Diccon; "he paid his shot, sure enough, five times over. He would force it upon me, though I did not want for to take it," an assertion heard with considerable incredulity by the audience.

"And when he saw the other, they shook hands fifty times over, and were like brothers. I heard them say that they'd go somewhere to drink down the unkind words they had in the morning. The one that came out of the house called the other 'commodore,' and wanted to douse his hat

to him, but the sailor that sent me would not let him. They went off together along the quay, and as God is my judge, there's all I knows about it; and it is hard to be hanged, and I so young, for that," blubbered forth Tummas, with deep energy of lamentation.

"Don't bellow, you brat," said Oliver, not at all pleased at seeing his anticipated prey fast slipping through his fingers. "Did you ever see the strange sailor before or since?"

"Never, Mr. Oglethorpe—never," answered Tummas; "if it weren't next morn, as I was a-going, about three o'clock, to master's cellar, in Mud-lane, about the slaughtering of some sheep; and then, I am almost sure, I saw him going up into

the yard at the back of the great corn-store opposite; but he was precious sober then, which could not be if he were a drinking all the night with the other—and fine and drunk too, when they went off together; and I did not notice him coming out.”

“Whose corn-store is that?” asked Oliver, with much curiosity.

“I am sure I don’t know,” said Tummas.
“I never axed.”

“Why, I thought every fool in Liverpool knowed it belongs to John Manesty,” exclaimed Diccon; “he was one of the people that Blazes, when he was drunk, was blowing up as a pirate.”

“What sort of a looking man was the strange sailor?” inquired Oglethorpe, still more eagerly.

"He was dressed like any other sailor," said Tummas. "He was a tall, big, stout chap; but nothing particular."

"You would know him again, perhaps?" said Oliver, with increasing earnestness.

"Yes," was the answer, "I think I would; for a ship's light flashed full in his face as he walked away, and I saw him well."

"Any mark on his face?"

"No—no mark. Ho! what am I saying? there is a mark, sure enough. He has a swinging cut across his forehead. I saw him point it to the other, and they both laughed. Now, your worship, there's the truth, and sure you wont hang me."

"Not for this," said Oliver, rubbing his hands, and chuckling with ineffable delight.

"Some other matter will in all probability turn up; but take care to be forthcoming in the morning. Bring my coat and hat, Sukey, I must go home."

The delighted Tummas was emancipated, and the equally delighted Oliver wended on his way.

"Hallo!" said he, "isn't this a game! It's too late to do anything to-night; and besides, I have not yet got at the case as I wish. It was on the very day that I nabbed Habergam at his suit; and I remember Habergam at our crib dropping some hints about fear of exposure being at the bottom of the arrest. I knew well enough that it was all gammon about Manesty's being out of town. I think it's like that old Shuckleborough is at the

‘Dolphin,’ and if he is, I know that he has drunk quite enough to make him easy to be pumped. It will cut well either way. If I hang him, there’s my forty pounds reward; if not, in such a case as this, hush-money is twenty times the value of blood-money; and I do not want to harm any man, if I get more by letting it alone. Ha, ha, ha! I’m almost ready to burst my sides a-laughing to think that these are the capers of Solid John.”

With the most mirthful emotions, he entered the “Dolphin,” where, as he expected, he found Shuckleborough; but in the present instance, the tables were turned; and instead of the official pumping the clerk, the contrary was the case. The happy prospect before him caused Ogle-

thorpe, who had been drinking all day, to indulge in such liberal potations, that he was completely fuddled before Robin had reached half way towards that state of felicity. Instead, therefore, of gaining anything by the meeting, in the way of information, his tipsy questioning was so unskilfully conducted, as to arouse the suspicions of Robin that something was brewing against his master. Even in drunkenness Oglethorpe retained a sufficient quantity of professional caution not to drop a particle of the evidence he had just acquired; but there was something in his hints, and still more in his manner, to excite very painful sensations in the faithful retainer of the house of Manesty and Co. In a short time, he took his de-

parture, leaving two pipes of his regular quantity unsmoked.

Proceeding homeward, not at all at ease, he met Ozias Rheinenberger, returning from a late hymn meeting, and to him, in the fulness of his heart, he told what had occurred. The Moravian gravely shook his head, and said nothing more than that he would see John in the morning. They parted in a few minutes, and Shucklenborough gained his bed, puzzled with doubts, and annoyed by apprehensions, neither of which could he bring before his mind in any definite form.

“He’s a deep old file, that Robin,” said Oglethorpe, ruminating as he emerged from the “Dolphin,” “but I’ll shape it without him. I’ll have it all right to-morrow, as

straight as a nail. As for that Jack-the-Giant-Killer story of his being Hoskins the pirate—pooh! that's all rubbish—but that you, John Manesty,—you, Solid John, murdered Blazes, I have no more doubt than that my name is Oliver Oglethorpe.”

Pleased with this conviction, he retired to his couch, there to dream of captions and executions, until the arrival of the morning, dispelling these visions of the night, called him up to turn them into the realities of the day. He carefully perused the notes which he had made at the “Blackamoor’s Arms,” and felt more and more certain that his suspicions were right.

“God!” said he, with a chuckle of delight, “this is something—one of the first

men on 'Change. Active officer—inflexible duty—not to be daunted by influence—not to be bought by money—aint I, though?" continued he, putting his finger on his nose—"we'll try that on first. But, 'faith! the rum was too strong of the water last night; and these notes are not the clearest. I must go and find the boy again; and that soon, for fear anybody else should pick him up. The people who were there last night were stupid blockheads; but everybody aint stupid in Liverpool, I guess. If my friend Measly was to get wind of this, wouldn't he be into it, as a hot knife into a pound of butter."

With these motives for activity, he was not long in despatching breakfast, and sallying forth on his expedition. As he

proceeded, he thought he might as well have what he called a squint at the corn-store, in Mud-lane, into which the sailor had vanished; and on arriving there, he saw that, besides the general back entrances, there was a small door in one of the outhouses, above which, in the next floor, some feet to its right (none stood immediately over it), was a window, similar to that of a parlour. Careless observers might not have suspected that there existed between this window and the door, so far removed from each other, that connexion which the quick eye of Oglethorpe at once rightly conjectured to exist. A few pints of beer distributed among the stupid draymen and porters, and other loiterers in the yard, obtained for him the information that they could not tell any-

thing about this door; that none of them had ever seen it open; that as for the window, it was that of the room which old Mr. Hibblethwaite had used as his office; that since his death, it was little more than a lumber-room, rarely entered by any one; that the only way to go to it was through the front of the building; and that it was morally impossible it could be got at through the rear.

Oglethorpe winked knowingly on hearing this last piece of intelligence; and after learning, in fact, that the draymen and their companions knew nothing of the premises on which they spent half their lives, or of the concerns hourly going on before their eyes, further than the business of their own drays or carts, cast upon them

a smile of compassionate benevolence and departed.

“No communication with that ’ere room from that ’ere door,” thought he. “Say ye so, my joskins? Well, how one man differs from another! Here’s a lot of muffs as has spent all their days in that yard—and I never entered it till this precious morning—and in half-an-hour I know more of its windings than them. Pretty spoons! they’ve less sense than their drayhorses, and their brains are thicker than their own cotton packs. But there’s no use of being proud. ’Tisn’t every one that’s fit——”.

The self-gratulatory sentence was cut short by his arrival at the “Blackamoor’s Arms,” whither he speedily summoned the

butcher's boy. Tummas came, considerably relieved of the apprehensions of the preceding evening, and repeated, over a glass of ale, his story, without any considerable variation or addition. The only fresh particular Oglethorpe could glean was, that the strange sailor was much older than Blazes; that he was, he should think, as old as master, about half a hundred; and that he believed his hair was grey, but would not be sure.

Oglethorpe gave the boy sixpence, and told him to be in the way to-morrow, when he would ask him to come and see a gentleman who might do good to them all. Cautioning Tummas with much solemnity to keep a still tongue in his head, as there was no knowing what a scrape he might get

into, if the story should reach the ears of the judges, he went away, muttering half aloud—"All's right as a die. Now if I could get into that corn-store——"

To avoid suspicion that he had any secret object in view, Oglethorpe met the boy in the common tap-room open to everybody. He knew that at ten o'clock in the morning there was little chance of sailors being absent from their vessels, and they were the only class of persons whom the story would interest. The clodpoles from the country—drovers, wagoners, carters, and others of the same class would, he knew, be the only guests, and they would be too much engaged in discussing the interesting affairs of the morning market over their beer and bacon to listen to the conversations of any one

else. Besides, he depended upon their assured and undoubted stupidity to protect him from their comprehending his drift, even if attracted by the story. As for the boy himself, he knew that he could easily frighten him into silence, as he effectually did by his hint of the judges—awful personages in the eyes of such people as Tummás, whose very wigs are endowed with supernatural powers—which revived in a great measure the hempen terrors which had originally agitated him.

The company was precisely of the kind anticipated by Oliver, and their attention was occupied as he had expected. One man, who had entered the tap-room a few minutes after him, and took his seat not far from the same table, was the only person of

a different cast. The bailiff gave him a sharp and scrutinizing glance, which satisfied him there was no cause of alarm in that quarter. He was a mean-featured, poorly clad, quiet little man, apparently a humble clerk in a mercantile house, for he immediately took out of his pockets what Oglethorpe ascertained to be an order-book, two or three invoices, half-a-dozen accounts, and a ready-reckoner, and fell to work upon them with paper and pencil. Immersed in these, as he sipped a bowl of coffee, as admirable in quality as Jamaica ever produced, and as abominable in preparation as the handmaiden of the "Blackamoor's Arms" could perpetrate, he seemed to have lost all consideration of everything else in the world; and Oglethorpe, convinced that

his ears were closed to all around, paid him no further attention.

He was much mistaken, however. The silent and abstracted accountant had not merely heard, but absolutely drunk in every syllable of the conversation. It was, in fact, Ozias Rheinenberger, who, alarmed by the tenour of Shuckleborough's communication, had determined to keep his eye upon the movements of Oglethorpe during the day, and had followed him at a distance from the moment he left his house. He had hoped, that by tracking him wherever he went, he might obtain some clue to discover what was the meaning of his obscure hints, dropped on the previous night. Little did he expect what it was his lot to hear—the information he obtained was far

more copious than he could have anticipated—and, alas! beyond all power of calculation, far more afflicting to his soul than his worst fears had ever suggested. Long-trained command of countenance prevented any betrayal of his feelings. As he eagerly listened, he not merely feigned to work, but actually did work at the figures, which would have occupied him at home; and when, methodically, he paid for his coffee, and rose to follow Oglethorpe, whose destination he knew was directed towards the corn-store, in Mud-lane, nobody would have known that anything beyond the ready-reckoner had engaged his meditations.

Oliver took the expected course; and Ozias, having seen him prying about the yard, went to his own counting-house, and

hastened to his private apartment. He was there alone. He buried his face in his handkerchief, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh! my brother."

CHAPTER XVIII.

OZIAS AND MANESTY—THE SUSPECTED MERCHANT'S
INDIGNATION AND ALARM.

ERE long the fit passed over, and he was on his way to Manesty's office. He found him there occupied as usual, and was greeted with the wonted grave welcome.

"I would be alone with thee," said Ozias.
"See thou to the Scripture which is written in the second verse of the nineteenth chapter of the first book of Samuel."

Manesty, well used to such style of conversation, opened, without any surprise, the Bible, which always lay upon his desk, and soon found the passage referred to. In spite of his command of feature, a cloud visibly came over his countenance, as he read the ominous verse. It is the warning of Jonathan to David:—

“But Jonathan, Saul’s son, delighted much in David; and Jonathan told David, saying, ‘Saul, my father, seeketh to kill thee: now, therefore, I pray thee, take heed to thyself until the morning, and abide in a secret place, and hide thyself.’”

“What means this?” asked Manesty, with perfect composure. “Come into my private room. Speak out,” continued he, on arriving there—“no one can hear. What does this mean?”

Something seemed to choke the utterance of Ozias, for he remained in silence. He had again recourse to the Bible, and pointed out to Manesty the second verse of the seventh chapter of Micah:—

“The good man is perished out of the earth; and there is none upright among men; they all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net.”

“Truce with this nonsense,” said Manesty, pushing the sacred volume aside with far more impatience than it was his wont to display, especially when that book was in question. “Nonsense, I say,” continued he, checking himself, “for even the holiest things may so be used, and so intruded out of place, as to transfer to themselves some portion of the slight which is due to him who intrudes them. Speak, man, whatever

you have to say. Speak it out, Ozias—
speak it out in the name of the Lord!”

“As I am so adjured,” replied the Moravian, “I will speak. I have come to talk to thee about the sailor, who was found drowned six months ago.”

“What! are not people done with him yet?” said Manesty, somewhat peevishly. “I thought all that was settled long since.”

“I did not think that *all* was settled,” said Ozias; “but be it so. All, at least, appeared to be settled in the eyes of man. Thy name was coupled with that of the sailor.”

“Absurd!” cried Manesty. “No voice dared lift itself to accuse me of anything so atrocious as being concerned in his death.”

“No voice was lifted up. Hath no voice

spoken, not being lifted up? But be it so. It was known that this man had heavily accused thee, and borne the accusation before the elders. That it was proposed to look into the root of the matter on the next day, and that the morning found the sailor vanished, never more to be seen until the waters cast him up a corpse. Nor was it forgotten that he who proposed the investigation, in a spirit of brotherly love towards thee and thy good name, was seized at thy suit at the very moment it was to have been made, and thrown into bondage. And it was thought, too, that the hasty despatching of the 'Juno' to the coast of Africa, with mariners on board, who, he said, could confirm his testimony, was an act of precaution, not of accident."

“And it is thought, I suppose, now,” said Manesty, “that while I am sitting in Pool-lane, I am personally directing the brigandage and freebooting which yesterday’s advices inform us is going forward on that same coast. Nobody regretted the disappearance of this drunken Rabshakeh more than I did. I was sorry to find that any one could have been so absurd, any brother Christian so uncharitable, as to impute to me crimes which all Liverpool, I may say all the mercantile world, knew it to be physically impossible I could have committed; and the exposure of the falsehood of this fellow’s ravings, though certainly not at all necessary to the clearing of my character, would have done me the service of checking, if not envious thoughts,

yet spiteful tongues. That he was drowned, it is true. Is that an unusual occurrence, or one to be wondered at, when we consider the drunken and reckless habits of our mercantile sailors? Here," said he, taking up a newspaper—"here we have, in the *Courant* of last Saturday, accounts of no less than four of them found drowned, just as this Blazes was—all of them proved to have sallied forth, as he did, in a state of intoxication from the low public-houses on the quays. The wonder is, that such accidents, as they are called, do not occur in a tenfold proportion. And if any of those poor men who perished through their own folly and intemperance last week had, while that self-imposed madness to which they owed their death, been raging upon them, insulted, as

it is very likely they did, persons of wealth or station, is it just or reasonable, consistent with common sense or common Christianity, to impute their fate to the men against whom they had loosed their unruly tongues?"

"It would not," said Ozias. "It would be very much at variance with justice, reason, sense, and Christian feeling. And be it so. But——"

"As for the brig 'Juno,' I know nothing about her," said the now somewhat excited merchant. "Perhaps the fellow who spoke knew no more, and flung out the first name of an African vessel that occurred to his maudlin memory at random. But I *did* inquire about her, nevertheless; and I found that on the very day before this Mr. Blazes was blurting his impertinent nonsense she

had been purchased by the house of Bolt, Shackell, and Co., of Fetter-lane, London, and by them freighted in a few days, and sent to her original destination. I have no connexion, as you are well aware, with that firm. The few accidental dealings we have had together in the course of business were anything but friendly; and unless I was endowed with the gift of prophecy, as it seems I am suspected of being possessed of that of ubiquity, how could I have had anything to do with a transaction, the most material part of which was over before this trumpery accusation was made, and the whole business, in all probability, concluded before any advices from Liverpool, arising out of the affair, could have reached Gravesend?"

"It may be so," said Ozias, who had

listened attentively; "and be it so!
But——"

"Pardon me for a moment, Rheinenberger," interrupted Manesty, "and I am done. As for Habergam, you know I had, in reality, nothing more to do with his case than to regret the arrest and to cancel the debt. It all arose from the zeal of Robin, excited to anger against the poor man by what he had heard from you. He took advantage of my momentary absence, and engaged Shackleford to sue on some obligations which I had passed to him, in the ordinary way of business, and on which I should not have dreamt of proceeding if a shilling's worth of them had never been liquidated. The heavy bills which I had in my own desk were not proceeded upon, because

Shuckleborough would not have dared to take such a liberty as to use my name in any such transaction; and when I came back I released poor Habakkuk at once, gave him fresh credits, and never, to the day of his death, pressed him for a farthing. My books shew that I am a loser by him, to the amount of 5000*l.* and more. There are not many merchants in Liverpool, or anywhere else, Ozias, as you well know, who would have acted towards Habergam, or others in his situation, as I did. I mention this, not out of vainglory, or for the carnal seeking of men's praise. God forbid! But I have not yet so conquered the old man within me as not to feel it hard that what to others would be imputed as of merit, should be, in my case, set down as matter to

swell dark and degrading suspicion. I really thought I was not to have heard another word about the thing."

"It may not be so," said Ozias—"thou must hear more—much more. What thou hast said is well of sound; and for myself, I endeavoured to dismiss the charge from my thoughts, and resolved to keep it from passing my lips. What I endeavoured, I could not always do. What I resolved, I have done to the present hour. Now I must speak, and for thy sake, John, would that my tongue had any other office!"

He then detailed, in his own style, the story with which our readers are already familiar, and the manner in which he had obtained it. The beguiling of the drunken man from the place where he had taken up

his quarters for the night, by sending in the name of the pirate with whom he had in all probability sailed, to which an instant obedience was given—the ready recognition of the stranger as the person with whom he had identified Manesty—the reference to a quarrel in the morning—the assumption of drunkenness, which shewed that the whole character was assumed—his retreat into the corn-store—his personal appearance, middle age, grey hair, tall, stout figure, the scar on his forehead,—all seemed to point out the man. Manesty heard Ozias to the end attentively, but quite at ease.

“Is this all?” he said, composedly, when the Moravian ceased to speak. “Now, Rheinenberger, I should be ungrateful indeed if I did not feel infinitely obliged to

you for the trouble you have taken, and the interest you display. It may be fitting, too, that I should be on my guard against that bloodhound Oglethorpe, who does not value an oath at a straw. But is not this a very slight and silly collection of evidence? Are there no sailors of my size, and frame, and years, to be found in Liverpool? Is a scar on the brow, or a grizzled head, a thing to be wondered at? What is there remarkable in a man skulking into my open yard to sleep off, peradventure, his inebriety? And what reliance can be placed on the powers of observation of this butcher's boy, whom you describe as stupid and doltish? Had not the former piece of absurd slander reached your ears, you would not have applied any part of this pot-house conversation to me."

“Would that those ears had been closed with grave wax,” said Ozias, “before they had heard it! Would, too, that if others should hear it, thou wilt find an audience as unwilling of belief as I! But be it so. Be warned, nevertheless. ‘Vainly is the net spread in the sight of any bird.’ So let it be with thee.”

“I shall take sufficient care,” said Manesty. “Have you told me all?”

“All. Nay, I omitted to say that, as I followed Oglethorpe, I saw him enter thy corn-store, in the lane; and after prying all about, he took some of thy people into the next door alehouse, and gave them something to drink. I do not know what conversation he had with them, because I feared being discovered if I entered the house, the

master of which, though now among the most sinful of backsliders, was formerly one of the united brethren. I suspect, however, it was somewhat connected with the store, for as they returned one by one, I noticed that each pointed to a door and a window on the right-hand side."

"A door and a window?" asked Manesty, quickly. "What right-hand side?—as you go in from the lane?"

"Yes," said Ozias; "and even now, a quarter of an hour before I came to thee, I saw Oglethorpe meddling about the same door, and pushing at it, as if he desired to push it open."

"The devil he was!" said Manesty, rising in the extremest haste, and ringing the bell with so much violence as to snap

the rope. "I am damned, but *this* must be attended to!"

Paying no attention to the looks of Ozias, which were aghast in horror when he heard such unaccustomed sounds, Manesty ordered the servant, who was in immediate attendance, to send for Mr. Shuckleborough at once.

"Let him come," said his impatient employer, "without delay, leaving off whatever he may be doing. Here is business indeed! I be ——"

"John," said Ozias, "is this the language of a Christian?"

"Is it the language of the ——. Here, Robin," said he, as Shuckleborough hurriedly entered, "go to the lane, and open Mr. H.'s door with this key; see that every-

thing is right there—that the padlocks of the chests are not disturbed, and that the door by the window is secure. There is a large picture against it. I have my reasons for wishing all things right there. And if you see Mr. Oglethorpe hovering round, turn him off the premises in any manner you think best; and take care to let our people about the corn-store know that I positively forbid them, on pain of immediate discharge, to hold the slightest communication with him, or anybody like him. Go at once, Robin. Go, man—go—go this moment!”

There was no need of a second bidding. Shuckleborough immediately departed, and Manesty and Rheinenberger were again alone.

“It is enough,” said the Moravian,

mournfully. "I need no more. How is the faithful city become a harlot; it was full of judgment—righteousness lodged in it; but now ——" and he hesitated.

"Murderers!" said Manesty, fiercely; "finish the quotation from Isaiah without scruple. Why should you not speak what I see you think?"

"I cannot control my thoughts," replied Ozias; "but I can control my speech. If my thoughts should be wrong, great would be my joy. But if I see not altogether astray, not to me will be left the final judgment, so far as anything on this earth can be called final; of the judgment above, it is presumptuous to think."

"Cut the matter, then, short at once," said Manesty, "and answer bluntly a blunt

question. Do you, or do you not, think that I murdered this young man, Blazes?"

"My thoughts," returned Rheinenberger, in a tremulous voice, "do lie that way. May the Lord ——"

"May the Lord give you something like common sense! Leave to me the task of justifying myself before a human tribunal, if brought to answer charges supported by evidence not sufficient to hang a dog. Were I, in reality, afraid of anything of the kind you hint at—why butchers' boys are neither incorruptible nor immortal."

A fearful thought flashed across the mind of Ozias. "More guilt," thought he—"more blood!" But the expression of his sentiments, if he meditated any, was broken off by the entrance of Shuckle-

borough, who had lost no time in executing so welcome a commission as that of bullying a bum.

“Here, sir,” said he, “is the key of Mr. H.’s room. God bless my heart, but I felt an all-overness when I went into it. It is near ten years since I was there before; and I looked to where the old gentleman used to sit for near thirty years, never missing a day except the Sabbath. I almost expected to see his little sharp, cunning face, peering through his shagreen rimmed spectacles over the books, and the everlasting shake of his silvery head. Ah! what a different head has the family of Hibblethwaite now; or rather, I should say tail, not head, for poor Dick has long been dragging through the mire.”

"Are the chests safe?" asked Manesty, who was by no means anxious to hear any more of his clerk's reminiscences.

"Quite, sir," replied Shuckleborough, "as safe as locks and padlocks can make them. They are good strong sea-chests, too. I do not remember that they used to be in the room in old Mr. H.'s time."

"And the door by the window?"

"Bolted and double-bolted; locked and double-locked. 'Gad! it struck me, too, that I had not seen that door in former times. When was it ———"

Manesty, who had no intention of satisfying Shuckleborough's curiosity by taking any notice of his fishing questions, merely asked him if he had seen Ogleshorpe.

"Yes," said the clerk, with much exul-

tation. "I saw the vagabond, sure enough, and he felt me; for I kicked him out of the yard."

Shuckleborough did not hint that this act, which he certainly performed, was not a deed of a very desperate valour, as he had at his immediate command fifty stout draymen, and other aides-de-camp, who would have speedily reduced Oliver to a mummy, had he offered the slightest resistance to their *chef d'etat major*.

"He was pinging about the old door of the old lumber-house, which has not been opened, God knows when; and when I caught him, he was kicking at it with all his might, as if he had a wish to kick down the crazy old concern—and I do not think it would take much to do that. 'So,' says

I to him, 'Hallo! you fellow, Oglethorpe, what are you after? Aint you content to be a bum, without turning burglar as well. Kick for kick is fair play at football,' says I; so I gave him one that he wont forget in a hurry.

"Well, he talked a great deal of impertinence, and threatened an action; at which I snapped my fingers. 'An action for what?' says I; 'for kicking off the premises a varmint I caught in the fact of trying to break open one of my master's doors.'

"'Well,' says he, with all the impudence in the world, 'maybe I wont demean myself to stoop to such rubbish as you—I'll be after your master; and maybe, when next I come to break open that door, I'll use the crowbar of the law.'

“ ‘I tell you what, my man,’ says I, ‘do you see that sack of corn weighing up to the top-loft of the store?—now, when it comes down again, if I find your ugly face about the yard, I’ll take care that it will not return the next time loaded with a sack of corn, which is a good and valuable thing for beast and man, but with the dirty carcase of Mr. Oliver Oglethorpe, which is neither good for man nor beast—and that will give him a taste of what dangling on a rope is, to season him against he comes to the gallows.’

“ ‘If you talk of the gallows,’ says he, ‘you had better look nearer home.’

“ So I could not bear this any longer; and I beckoned to Geordie o’ Bobs—they call him Greesly Geordie in the yard. And

he came running up at once; and when Oglethorpe saw him stretching out his arms to catch and hoist him, which he would have done as easy as a cat would shake a mouse, he sheered off in a minute. But the vagabond did keep lurking about, nevertheless, whatever he wanted; because I met him just this minute, and he said he had seen me through Mr. H.'s window, and that he knew what brought me there, and he would be soon there after me. I cannot make out what the blackguard means."

"It is of very little consequence," said Manesty, who had been thoughtfully silent during his head clerk's rigmarole narrative. "You have done what I wished, and you may now look after the business of the office."

Ozias also had preserved a profound silence, but his thoughts lay in a far different direction from those of his companion. When Shuckleborough had left the room, he lost not a moment in speaking.

“My soul,” said he, “had been communing, John, with the Lord; and I have wrestled with him for thee in silent prayer. If thy hand in the death of this young man——nay, keep thy temper, O my brother! I am not thy judge, nor am I to set myself in the seat of the accuser—I speak to thee as if thou wert my brother indeed, the son of mine own mother. Seest thou not in what a net thou art enmeshed—a net hard to unwind from, if thine innocence were as spotless as are the wings of a dove—and to that (which will, I plainly see, soon be thy

most pressing temporal concern) thou must heedfully look. In that, I doubt not, thou art better of counsel than I; perhaps, however, one less interested than thyself might more coolly advise—but be it so. But, John, in my silence, sad visions came over my thoughts of what is of deeper import than the judgment, just or unjust, the vengeance, swift or slow-footed, of man—sad visions came over my thoughts of thy soul's estate. Shake this world from off thy heart, on which it sits with so heavy a weight; and if bloodguiltiness——”

“Nay, Ozias,” said Manesty, “I have heard all this before, and have no need of turning my counting-house into a conventicle. If I were to reply to thee in the same strain of canting rubbish, have I not

an answer ready at hand? Are you not a predestinarian? Do you not know that all my course of life, and all thy course of life—the course of life of all the sons and daughters of man, was laid down from the beginning of things; that we are strictly bound children of what the pagans called Fate, or Necessity, or, as our Scriptures figuratively express the same doctrine, by saying that we are vessels of clay in the hands of the potter? Is not this the faith held by your founder, Zinzendorf, and testified to in all the churches of the *Unitas Fratrum*?”

“It is sad to hear these sacred things profaned to such uses,” said Ozias, with a sigh. “The holy Count pryed not into the secrets of the Lord, and did not pretend

that he was in his councils; neither does the church in which thou wast reared—that which is called of England. Wisely does its seventeenth article caution men against the over-curious consideration of such subjects; and too truly does it predict that it will lead the carnal-minded to despair, or recklessness of living. Hath it not done so with thee?"

"I rather think not," said Manesty, with a sneer. "My manner of life is orderly and decorous, and it will take some spell more potent than anything which nurse or priest has taught, to drive me to despair. Nay, one of the most gifted of the preachers, even he who is known by the name of Amiadab the Ancient, assured me that I was one of the elect; and that, therefore, being

in a state of grace from which I could not fall, I never could lapse into sin; or that if I did, salvation was rather the surer, as God would thereby be able to manifest the absoluteness of his power in raising a sinner to glory."

Tears stood in the eyes of the deeply-shocked Moravian.

"Thou art lost," he said, mournfully; "thou art lost, O my brother! Sooner would I have heard from thy lips the oaths and execrations which they lately uttered than this. They are a lesser profanation; but this is hopeless indeed. That Aminadab well knoweth the letter of the Scriptures, is true—the spirit of the Scriptures, I fear me, hath never been vouchsafed unto him. And that I have often heard him powerful

in prayer, and eloquent in exhortation, is also true. But the power of his prayers is that of fear, not love; he looks in the face of the Almighty to find there frowns, not smiles; and his eloquence is that of rage and threatenings, as if he were the blood-dipped headsman of an avenging, not the white-robed minister of a comforting God; as if it were his mission to dispense the wine of the wrath of the Lord, not those contents of that blessed cup which were shed for the salvation of all. Poor worm! and is it he who can sit as a judge upon election and reprobation? Is his the right hand on which he is to range the sheep, and the left hand for the goats? How knoweth he that thou art elect? From what storehouse doth he draw out indul-

gences for sin? Weak is the reed on which thou leanest. Alas! my brother, the enemy hath hold of thee, and thou art lost indeed!"

"So be it, then," said Manesty, rising impatiently; "there has been quite enough of this twaddle of theology for one morning. Have you anything further to say to me?"

"Very little. I came in peace, and I part in peace; and words of reproach thou wilt never hear from me. What has passed in this chamber this morning will never escape my lips. My suspicions or surmises may be groundless, but I thought it fitting to tell thee what might be of great concernment. Come what will, my power is weak, but such as it is, be it at thy command here and elsewhere. If it were meet that thou

shouldst wander abroad, and abandon the pursuits of commerce—nay, be not impatient—I can place thee with a godly brotherhood in Connecticut, where, remote from temptation and annoyance, thy life may glide smoothly away in penitence (and the best among us hath many a stain upon his soul) and in usefulness, among pious prayers, and the sweet harmonies of peace-inspiring hymns. May God be thy guide! I shall never forget whose was the hand, which, when I staggered on the brink of ruin, saved me from the precipice; nor, when my wife and children all but wanted bread, whose was the hand by which it was supplied. Fare-thee-well.”

“ I suppose,” said Manesty, stepping after him with unruffled brow into the outer

office—" I suppose, Rheinenberger, we shall meet, by and by, on 'Change?"

But the Moravian answered him not, and departed.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONFESSION.

MANESTY speedily returned to his room, there to ruminate alone on what he had heard. Strange to say, his first impulse was to laugh aloud.

“ Poor Ozias, how he must have been shocked ! The killing of Blazes was of course, in his eyes, matter of less enormity than the old seaman habit of rapping out an oath, which I could not repress myself

from using on the instant. Far less were all the enormities of Hoskins than the scoffs, which even he must have perceived I was flinging upon the dearest gods of his idolatry. I feel myself relieved of a load, as was the Sailor Sinbad, when he flung off from his shoulders the galling oppression of the Old Man of the Sea. It was to come sooner or later, and I am glad that I have broken the ice with Rheinenberger. Why should I tie myself down to this wearying life of dull drudgery—this sickening and hypocritical assumption of a character for which, perhaps, there never was any need; but for which there is now assuredly none whatever. I shall put an end to it to-day. This prying impertinence of Oglethorpe is beyond doubt, a *contretemps*, which just now I

should wish had not occurred. Pish! what matter—it is a twenty or a fifty pound affair at most to smother. It will soon stench itself out. If anything be annoying in the investigations, which may arise, I can easily retire for a moment. A week ago, I announced on 'Change that I was again bound, at this my usual time, for the West Indies; —when I return, who will think of this folly. When I return! Is that ever to be? Perhaps not. Sometimes I am weak enough to believe that omens and portents are gathering round me, and that my career is coming to its close. And a face haunts me with a look of puzzling remembrance. Is it because I — pooh! was that the only one?"

He "pished," and "poohed," with much

vehemence; but did not seem by such means to recover his equanimity.

“It is all nonsense,” said he, at last; “I have business of more moment to attend to. I must go to old Hibblethwaite’s room, and see if there is anything there that ought to be put away. Shuckleborough,” said he, emerging from his private room, and putting on his coat, “go to Weston, and tell my attorney, Varnham, to wait for me at home all day—the hour of my calling on him will be uncertain; but let him be in the way, whatever it may be.”

He left the counting-house, and Robin never saw him more! He was fond of telling, in the few remaining years of his life, that he had never before noticed Master John so much elated—that his figure seemed

to swell—his tall height to be drawn to its uttermost—his voice as it were to chuckle with delight—and his eyes to gleam with a fiery lustre that almost frightened his obsequious dependent. He strode out of the office gaily and flauntingly, and something like the humming of an air burst upon Shuckleborough's astonished ear. "In after days," he said, "he thought him possessed, and that it boded some ill," adducing various *ad libitum* dreams, and other indications of coming evil. At the time, if the truth were to be told, he thought that Rheinenberger had communicated to "the governor" some tidings of good fortune, which was to be duly ratified and confirmed by his friend Ezekiel Varnham, whom he complimented in thought as one of the sharpest

hands in the duchy, and justly complimented, too, if the words, "sharp hand," be synonymous with "unscrupulous rogue."

When Manesty gained the room which was known by the name of his late partner, he carefully locked himself in, and proceeded to open and scrupulously examine the chests. He had ascertained beforehand that the door, which, in fact, did lead to the lumber-room below, was secure. He felt certain that no intruder could break in upon his privacy, and he bestowed much time, care, and patience upon the task of examination and selection, which seemed to be in his eyes a matter of all-absorbing interest.

While he was thus occupied, a loud and impetuous knocking was heard at the front door of the room, to which at first he paid

no attention whatever, but proceeded silently on his business. It was, however, more vehemently repeated; and on his continuing not to answer, the voice of his nephew, tremulous with emotion, reached his ear.

"It is no use, uncle," said Hugh; "I know you are in the room, and I must, and will see you."

"I am much occupied now, Hugh," was the answer, "and do not want to be intruded upon. In less than an hour, I shall be at the house in Pool-lane; and then I am at your service."

"But it is now—now, this moment, sir, that I want you," said Hugh, in frantic accents, speaking through the door—"a moment is not to be lost—it is matter of life and death."

“Humph!” muttered Manesty, hastily gathering up the articles he had taken from the chests, replacing them with hurried hand, and again securing them under their padlocks. “Some love-caper about the Stanleys, I presume; but the sooner I admit him, the sooner I get rid of him.—Wait a moment, Hugh, I shall open the door at once.”

He was as good as his word; and on the instant that the barrier was removed, Hugh bounded into the apartment. Some unusual feeling had distorted his tranquil features into the mingled emotions of bursting rage and scarcely suppressed grief; and, with an abruptness which he had never before ventured to assume towards his stern relation, he rushed into the question at once, which had driven him to invade his uncle's privacy.

"Sir," said he, "I am about to commit what I know is a crime by the laws of man, and a sin by the ordinances of God; but I must do it—I cannot draw back."

"I may as well relock the door," said Manesty, "if you intend carrying on a conversation which promises to be so ticklish, in such a voice." He did so, accordingly, casting a scrutinizing glance upon his nephew, strongly indicative that he considered the young man's sanity rather doubtful.

"It is no need, sir," said Hugh; "for the affair is, or at least speedily will be, known all over Liverpool and Lancashire. I have challenged Colonel Stanley to a duel, and we are to meet in an hour's time, or rather less, by Wavertree."

"It is, indeed, most sinful and absurd," said Manesty; "but why——"

"I have no time, sir, to listen to truisms which I could utter without prompting. It must be, and there's an end. The quarrel is this—I came up with the Stanleys this morning from Eaglemont, a couple of hours ago, and we stopped at her cousin's house, by the new gardens of Tontoth Park. The colonel does not like me or mine, and he has insinuated many an underhand insult, which I pretended not to notice, because—no matter why. It is no time for concealment now, uncle; but there is everything but a solemn engagement of marriage between Mary Stanley and me——"

"Speak not of that," said his uncle; "I have long known it, and seriously thought

about it. Of that hereafter. What about Colonel Stanley? The young man is deeply embarrassed, and it may be that I know where he applied for unreasonable assistance.

“ He left us, then, in Toxteth Park, and in an hour or thereabouts, returned much chafed at something I know not what. I had remained with the young lady, and he rushed into the room, and without regarding her presence, directed the most injurious language towards me. He said that he had found out the secret of the wealth of our house—that it was all the produce of piracy and murder—that you were nothing more than a notorious pirate, who took advantage of your ill-gotten wealth to insult highborn men to whom you ought not to aspire to be

a footman, by casting discredit on their honour; and that there could be no doubt that you flung the sailor into the river to get rid of his testimony."

"And then?"

"And then Miss Stanley, whose ears not even a rumour of these slanders had reached, looked at me, and frightened by my angry looks, I suppose, immediately fainted. I rang for her servant to take care of her, and called him out into the lawn, where I dared him to repeat his words, which he did with many aggravations of insult. I instantly told him he lied, and he struck me. In the affray that followed I had not the worse; and he was nearly overpowered when the servants parted us. But still I have received outrageous affront actually in the

presence, and a blow almost in the presence, certainly with the knowledge, of a lady——”

“Whom it seems you love more than common sense or common reason. Could you not read the riddle of all this? George Stanley has been of late more than usually unlucky, as these silly fellows call themselves, when they run open-mouthed to be robbed at the betting-stand or gaming-board; and I know that he was vainly endeavouring to negotiate some desperate discounts with my broker, Shackleford, which were peremptorily declined to-day, and he connects me, somehow, with the refusal. The blow, however, *is* bad. But have not you employed our sturdy old Lancashire method of wiping it out already by vigorously using those arms which nature has bestowed?”

“I did my best in that way,” replied the nephew; “but it is not the fit method after all. And as the colonel is, beyond question, a first-rate shot, and a capital swordsman, I cannot with any honour refuse to follow up the challenge. Why I came to you, dear uncle, is this. Duels are not always fatal, and explanations often bring them to a bloodless conclusion. I thirst not for the blood of George Stanley—call a dog by that name, and I should love it—and shall be found ready to listen to anything pacific that will not compromise my character as a gentleman. What terms shall I impose to make him retract the injurious words—the abominable insinuations, he addressed towards you? The insult to myself I can have no difficulty in arranging.”

"You think, then," said Manesty, looking full in the young man's face, "that duelling is criminal and sinful, and only to be justified, or rather to be palliated, by supposed necessities of each individual case?"

"Such is my opinion," replied Hugh.

"The justice of the individual case ought, then," said his uncle, slowly, "to be a principal element in deciding on what is to be adduced as palliation or defence?"

"Undoubtedly."

"It is but a shadow of the trial by combat, in the middle ages," continued Manesty; "and even in those dark and barbarous days they supposed that it was necessary to have truth on the side of him who claimed the wager of battle. Should it not be so still?"

“ Of course., I am not so superstitious as to imagine, that in the old judicial combats death proved guilt or false accusation against the defeated champion—or victory vindicated the innocence of the conqueror, or established the justice of his charge. In modern duels, we do little more than risk a life to comply with the etiquette exacted by the world; but still it is infinitely disgraceful to maintain a quarrel in any manner, unless you imagine you have right on your side. In the case of a fatal result, under contrary circumstances, I should little envy the feelings of the survivor. It would be hard to distinguish his act from a murder.”

“ Which the law calls it in any case. Hugh—I wish you not to fight this duel—I never could worse spare you than now.

You know not the projects I have in my mind, nor the variety of struggles I have made for your advancement in the world—for realizing your most cherished hopes—ay, even that which is now most busily throbbing in your heart.”

“ But, uncle, I cannot avoid it,” said the young man, passionately. “ I might submit to an affront directed against myself——”

“ I doubt it much,” thought his uncle.

“ But when it is directed against you—you, by whom my unprotected infancy was reared and cherished—who have loaded me with kindness, and heaped me with favours—made me,—me, a poor deserted orphan, with no claims upon you but such as would be neglected by nine men out of ten,—a

participator in your hard-earned wealth, the fruit of your own toil and talent, your patience, and your self-denial—and such an affront, too—why, sir, I should have kennel-water, not blood in my veins, if I did not resent it!”

Manesty looked on the handsome and excited youth with glistening, but not undelighted eyes, as he poured out these energetic words. Some busy feelings appeared to be at work in his bosom; but he was silent. Hugh thought he had gained an advantage; and as his uncle did not speak, he proceeded, after a short pause.

“And offered, too, in the presence of a lady—to be dishonoured in whose eyes is to me a worse agony than death—I cannot, uncle—it must go on.”

“It may be in many ways prevented,” said Manesty, “without dishonour to either party. As for me, the words of such a bullying swindler as yon broken blackleg pass by me as the idle wind. What he has said affects me not. I can protect myself from his slanders, if I deem it necessary, in a way that he will consider more serious than the pulling of a score of triggers. Take, therefore, no heed for me. You have spoken affectionately of my care, dear Hugh. May not the man, of whom you have thus spoken, demand that a proof of your affection should be shewn? If I have been a protector of your childhood, let me be a protector of your manhood. You have told me that George Stanley is a keen shot,—of that I do not much reck; for I have known that keen

shots have not unfrequently missed when the object before the pistolled poltroon is not a pistolless partridge. So much for me. As for the lady, may I not ask you, is not she trembling this very moment?—would she not give all that is dearest to her to prevent this affair from coming to blood? The man to whom you profess deep obligation—the woman to whom you are linked, in what you imagine endless love—both equally acquit you of all obligation. Fight not this duel, dear Hugh—leave it to me, and, if you like, to Miss Stanley, with me to arrange. Fear not any disgrace from the result. I know, as you have said, that George Stanley is master of any weapon, which he will employ, and that he will unscrupulously use his skill. And to lose

you now—oh, God! If we were in—but no matter. I peremptorily forbid this duel.”

“It is not in your power, uncle,” replied Hugh—“your peremptoriness comes too late. You, then, will not tell me what I can say to the colonel, beyond a flat denial of his insolent slander.”

“Stay,” returned Manesty; “it is in my power to stop you, and that effectually. But before I do it, pause for a moment, and take my word for it, without inquiry, that you will find I am right in saying I have such power. One short sentence of mine checks this insane quarrel. Do not urge me to speak it—take my word that I can do what I say.”

“I cannot, dear uncle,—I cannot! The

time is rapidly approaching, and I must be punctual to the minute."

"You compel me, then, to speak," said Manesty, "that which you will sadly repent ever having heard. Suppose what Colonel Stanley said was perfectly true?"

"Is true? Impossible! Do not I, who have dwelt under your roof—know it to be impossible?" cried the young man, turning deadly pale, nevertheless, and sinking upon one of the sea-chests which stood by the office-desk. "Good God! do you mean to say that you are connected with slavers and pirates?"

"The contents of that chest, on which you are sitting, would supply you with ample information on that point. I AM."

"A fearful suspicion has sometimes come

over my thoughts," replied Hugh, "when I found our profits so unaccountably increasing, but nothing of this. Am I, then, to have the misery of being obliged to ask — if you are in any way identified with that desperate, who is called Dick Hoskins?"

"Identified, indeed!" was the stern and dogged answer—"for I AM THE MAN!"

"Gracious heavens! and the sailor Blazes——"

"Was flung into the river Mersey, by this hand!" said Manesty, with perfect composure. "Nay, bury not your face in your hands, but gather up your senses, while I proceed in the work, which you disturbed; and when you have again scraped them together, it will be time for you to

think of pursuing this duel, with all its honourable accompaniments."

Hugh sank into something like a swoon; but soon recovered; and found his uncle quietly writing at his desk.

"Is this mockery or truth?" he gasped forth, in tones which agony had rendered almost inarticulate.

"Truth!" returned Manesty. "I have commanded the 'Bloody Juno,' for the last three years, personally, as I had done five-and-twenty years ago. I commanded it by proxy during all the years of the interval."

"And the dreadful stories—the burning of the Spaniards alive in the Podestà?"

"Was an accident—we never intended it."

“And the killing of the boat’s crew, off the coast of Brazil?”

“Was no accident; but they richly deserved it. There was not a man among them that did not deserve to be hanged ten times over.”

“And the——”

“Do not frighten yourself by pursuing the catalogue. Many things, quite as bad as these, were done; though the worst matters were done when Tristram Fiennes commanded, and his life was the forfeit. His crew, tired of his cruelty, murdered him off Anamaboo, three years ago, when, as nobody could be trusted to manage a body of desperadoes in the mutinous state which followed this affair, I was obliged to go myself. The business of Brooklyn Royal was a mere

flam—I sold it out and out, on my first trip across the Atlantic, and never set foot in Jamaica again.”

Hugh was so stupified, that he scarcely heard what his uncle was saying; but he well recollected the name of Tristram Fiennes, and the letter which announçed his death—its agitating effect on Manesty—and his hasty departure for the West Indies so speedily following.

“ Good heavens !” said he, at last, starting up, “ am I doomed to have such a demon for an uncle !”

“ Does it grieve you, then, that I am your uncle? If you knew the truth, that cause of grief would be removed. It has been an imposture, on my part, all through. I am *not* your uncle.”

The eyes of the young man were instantly flashing with beams of joy.

"You are not my uncle, thou blood-stained man! Your deeds towards me have been such that I can never meditate harm towards you. But, oh! what a weight you have taken off my heart! God be praised, I am not of your kin. You are, then, not my uncle? Say it again."

"I will," said Manesty, laying his hand upon the youth's shoulder, who recoiled with horror from the touch. "The truth must come at last—I am *not* your uncle—I *am* your father!"

"My father!" exclaimed the frantic young man—"my father! Oh, God! Here, then, I part with this accursed house and its

dreadful owner for ever. Is this only a horrid dream?"

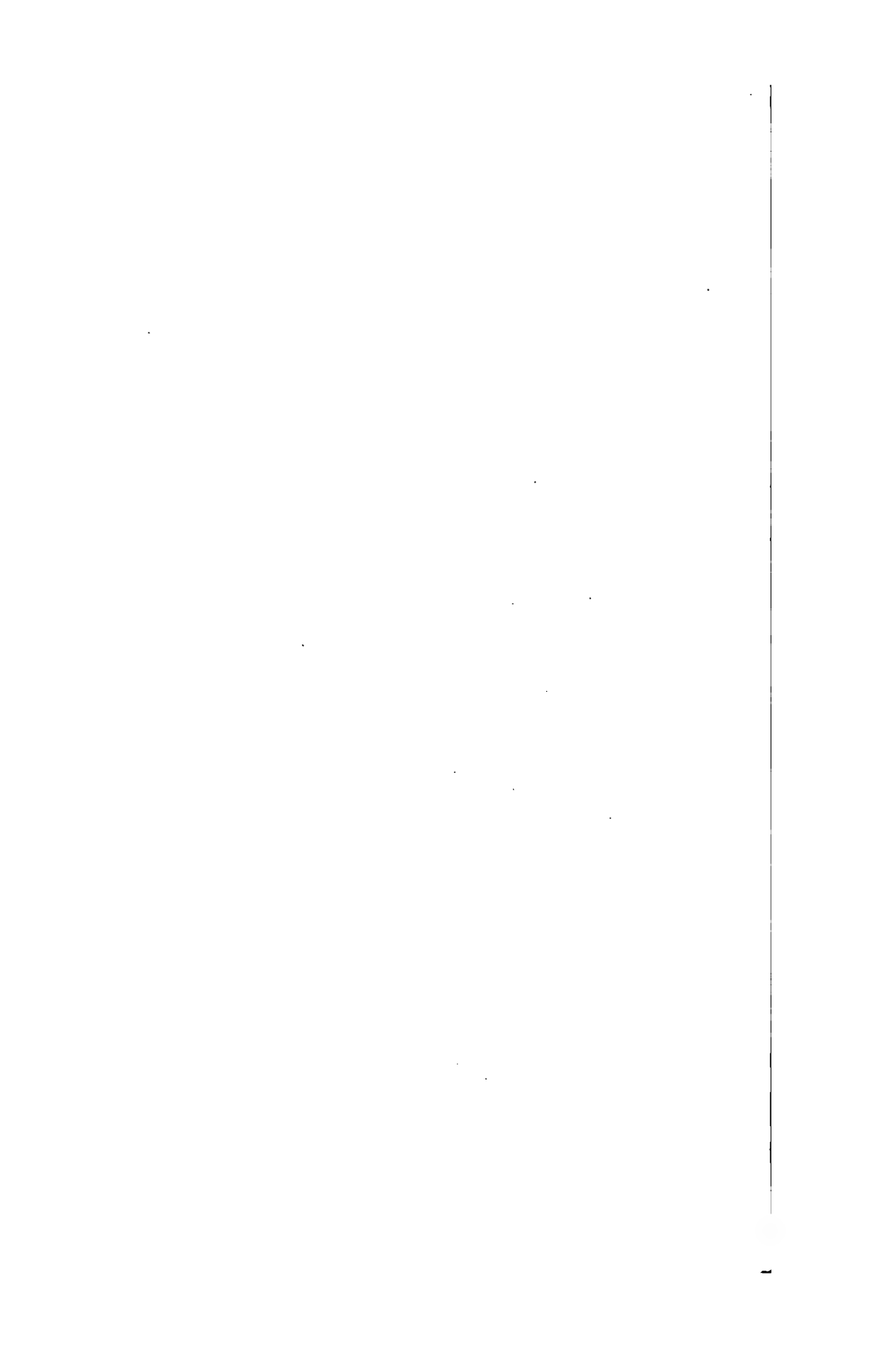
"Not so easily parted as you imagine," said Manesty, with perfect coolness. "You will not kick down that iron door; those who put up its bolts and stanchions wrought it not so as to be spurned down with naked fist or foot. Stay but for a moment. You will find full particulars of my career, and your own history in this paper. Put it in your pocket; and having read it, think whether you are to meet George Stanley or not. I knew that the religious rubbish I broached was nothing but despicable nonsense; but I knew well that I could prevent the duel by a word. Will you meet him now?"

"Open the door, sir, and that's all—

all!" exclaimed Hugh. "Let me loose from this den of horrors. George Stanley is safe from me."

"I thought so. Of other matters, we'll talk when you are in calmer mood," said his father, for so we must now call him, opening the door, through which his son rushed, in headlong desperation.

"I must look ahead, in good earnest," said Manesty, returning to his desk, after he had locked the door. "The game will soon be up; but I shall take care of him, nevertheless."



CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH A NEW CHARACTER APPEARS
ON THE SCENE.

It has been seen that Mary Stanley fainted, and was consigned to the care of her servant, on witnessing her cousin's insulting conduct to Hugh, and the anger it excited in the young merchant. She soon, however, recovered her consciousness, and with it returned also the energy of her character. Though her knowledge of the world, like

that of most other young women, was but limited, she knew enough to be convinced that such a quarrel as had taken place between Colonel Stanley and young Manesty could have only one termination, the bare apprehension of which filled her with intolerable dread, strengthened by a knowledge that Hugh had abruptly left the Colonel's house in great excitement. But to this terror she would not yield. Nothing could be gained by inaction. If it were possible to avert the danger, not a moment was to be lost — no effort to be neglected.

But to whom should she apply? Her father had been present during the outrage perpetrated by Colonel Stanley, and must still be in the house. She would send for

him, and engage his offices in preventing any fatal catastrophe; for though she was aware of his punctilious disposition in what the world agrees to call "affairs of honour," she doubted not that her tears would move him to an effectual interposition.

Thinking thus, she sent to beg Sir Hildebrand would come to her immediately. On the servant's return, she learned that the baronet had left the house a quarter of an hour previously.

This, at first, seemed like a confirmation of her worst fear, and a sad tremour of the heart came over her. She laboured under a sickening and agonizing idea of the sudden transition from life, and youth, and

strength, and the warm gush of the blood, and the vigorous bounding of the pulse, to violent extinction. Bitterly would she have deplored such an awful termination to her cousin's career, but at this moment she thought not of him. Her mind was full of "strange images of death," all of which were connected with Hugh Manesty, and with him alone. She beheld him stretched on the sward, with glazed eyes and blood-stained garments, or writhing in intolerable pangs, which nothing but the termination of life could calm—he, with whom that very morning she had held pleasant discourse, brightened by anticipations of coming years of happiness.

After the first access of these tortures, she grew a little more calm, especially

when the blessed thought crossed her, that perhaps Sir Hildebrand had gone to Liverpool to lay an information before the magistrates, with a view of placing both parties under arrest. Such an act, she thought, would be worthy of his age, and of his duty as uncle of Colonel Stanley, to say nothing of the regard he had always manifested for Hugh.

"Is Colonel Stanley still in the house?" she inquired of a servant.

"Yes, madam; he is writing in the library."

"God be praised!" ejaculated Mary.
"Then all may yet be well. My father is gone to Liverpool, you say? Did he see the colonel previously? I mean, had they any conversation together?"

"I should imagine so, madam," was the reply; "they had been some time shut up in the library."

On hearing this, Mary Stanley's agony returned upon her tenfold. She perceived at once that it was not likely her cousin would remain in his house, if he did not feel certain that Sir Hildebrand had not departed on an errand of prevention. What was to be done? Whom could she consult? She knew not where, on the instant, to find her friend and relative, the old earl; and she had no acquaintance in so mercantile a place as Liverpool. What was to be done? To remain passively in Colonel Stanley's house, she felt was impossible. Yet where could she go with any hope of averting the evil she dreaded?

So great was her bewilderment, and so torturing her state of suspense, that Miss Stanley had not perceived the entrance of a third person. At length, looking around, her eyes met those of an elderly lady, who gazed at her attentively.

“Dear Mrs. Yarrington!” exclaimed Mary. “How strange it is that I should not have thought of sending for you! You, who came here this morning with us! Of course, you have been apprized of all that has happened an hour or two ago between young Mr. Manesty and Colonel Stanley? I am terrified on thinking of the probable consequences. For Heaven’s sake, dear Mrs. Yarrington, tell me what steps I can take to prevent them.”

Mrs. Yarrington was a widow, rather

past middle age. On the death of Lady Stanley, she had been recommended to Sir Hildebrand as a gentlewoman capable of superintending his household, and acting in the place of mother to his daughter. For these duties, indeed, no one could have been better calculated than Mrs. Yarrington, who was evidently a person of perfect refinement, education, and knowledge of society. But her disposition being reserved, with a slight tincture of haughtiness, she rarely appeared when visitors were at Eagle-mont, and was more than usually secluded whenever Hugh came to the house. This may account for her not having, till now, figured in this veritable history.

"I have heard, my dear," said Mrs. Yarrington, "of the *fracas* between your

cousin and the young merchant; and I participate in your fears as to the result."

"What, then, can we do to prevent it?" asked Mary, looking anxiously into the face of her companion.

"Nothing," coldly replied Mrs. Yarrington. "The time for interference has passed, if, indeed, interference with such hot-brained young men would ever have been practicable. From what I overheard your father say, when he passed out of Colonel Stanley's library, I am convinced his errand was to find what duellists call 'a friend,' meaning 'a second' for the encounter. I am truly grieved, dear Miss Stanley, that I can give you no better comfort."

"And is it possible," ejaculated the poor

girl, "that my father can have so hard a heart as to encourage this savage affair?"

"Heart!" echoed Mrs. Yarrington. "Heart! Men of *honour* have no hearts. With them, pride tramples down humanity. Father, mother, sisters, wife, and children, are all sacrificed to the nonsense of a supposed necessity; or, in other words, to the idol, self."

"Heaven forgive them for the miseries they inflict!" exclaimed Mary.

"So I pray," returned the widow. "That these two young men will meet, I have not the slightest doubt. The colonel is rash and vindictive; and as to Hugh," she continued, drawing herself up proudly, "The blood in his veins is as good as Stan-

ley's; and nothing on earth will tempt him to brook an insult, except he should deem himself to be in the wrong. I know the cause of the quarrel. Poor Hugh, perhaps, *may* be in an error; but of this, I see not how he is to be convinced."

These words were even as a riddle to Miss Stanley. Her father, indeed, was not altogether ignorant of the genealogy of young Manesty; but it did not suit him to communicate what he knew to his daughter.

Mary was surprised at what had fallen from Mrs. Yarrington. She looked inquiringly into her face, saying, "Your words perplex me. What do you know of Hugh, whom you have scarcely ever seen until this morning, though now you hint at some

mystery connected with his life? Tell me, I beseech you!"

"Not now—not now," hurriedly replied Mrs. Yarrington. "A time may come when what I have to say may more fitly be heard. Meanwhile, restrain your impatience."

"I will try to do so," cried Miss Stanley; "but I cannot control my fear. Let us endeavour, dearest Mrs. Yarrington, to prevent this dreadful encounter. Come with me to Liverpool. Something may yet be done."

"Our efforts would be unavailing," returned the widow. "Colonel Stanley is no longer in this house. He rode out at the gate just as I came to you. Young Manesty will be punctual in such an affair. The

colonel, I doubt not, will find him already in the field."

"But," gasped Mary, "could we not go at once to the merchant himself? He has great influence with the authorities in Liverpool; and if parties of constables were sent in different directions, the thing may yet be stopped. Let us go to the merchant."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Yarrington, with a shudder. "To John Manesty? Not for worlds would I stand one instant in the presence of that man! Come, Miss Stanley, this is no house for us. It is fit that we return to Baglemont."

With these words she conducted the despairing and bewildered girl to her carriage. To one less heart-stricken than Mary Stan-

ley, the beauty of the day was capable of inspiring thoughts of happiness. "The all-beholding sun" cast broad beams of light against the carriage-windows; and, as the branches of those trees which here and there studded the road, moved in a soft western wind, their dancing leaves reflected merrily, like diminutive mirrors of green glass, the glow that fell upon them. Alas, all this radiance was as a mockery to Mary Stanley! In the morning, seated by Hugh's side, she had revelled in the sunny glory: *now* it came as an impertinent contrast to the dark wretchedness of her thoughts. She closed her eyes, not being able to endure "the insolent light." Mrs. Yarrington did not offer to the poor girl a single syllable of consolation; but, in per-

fect silence and abstraction, leaned back in the carriage as if she were its only occupant.

In this way, the companions returned to Sir Hildebrand Stanley's mansion.

CHAPTER XXI.

HUGH MANESTY'S SUBMISSION, AND ITS
CONSEQUENCES.

THE hour appointed for the meeting between Colonel Stanley and Hugh had now arrived; and the former, attended by one of the officers of his regiment, Captain Brooksbank, was already on the ground near Wavertree.

“It is five minutes past the stated hour,” said Stanley, looking at his watch; “and

yet this counting-house cur does not appear. By Jove! if he makes a fool of me, I'll horse-whip him on 'Change before his brother-merchants, even if I should have a dozen creditors among the bystanders."

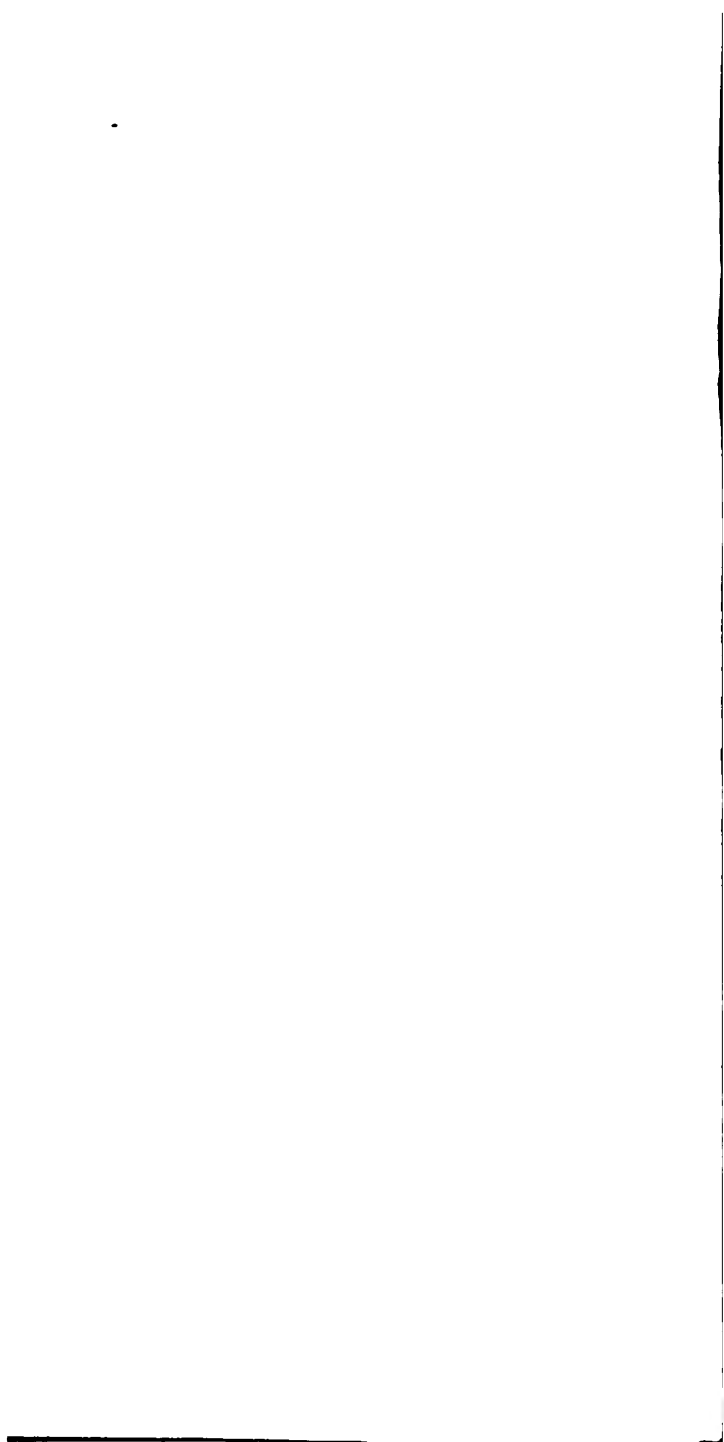
"We'll give him a quarter of an hour," said Brooksbank; "and then should he not come, you'll be justified in visiting him with any degradation you think fit."

"Curse the fellow!" ejaculated the colonel. "I thought he had some pluck in him. At any rate, it looked like it, Brooksbank, when he ventured to challenge *me*."

"He may yet come up to the scratch," returned the captain. "And see, somebody is advancing this way. He can't be our man, though, for he is alone."



Dick Hibblethwaite interrupting the fight between Lord Randy and Sir Theobald Chillingworth.



“A shuffling hound!” cried Stanley.

By this time, the features of the new-comer could be seen. He was a stranger, and looked like a porter or messenger. On approaching the two friends, the man touched his hat, and inquired if either of them was Colonel Stanley.

“We do not choose to answer that question,” replied Brooksbank. “Why do you ask it?”

“Because,” replied the man, unhesitatingly, “I have a letter for that gentleman, which I am to deliver into his own hands. I was told that I should find him and another gentleman waiting hereabouts.”

“And from whom is the letter,—eh, my man?” demanded the captain.

"From Mr. Hugh Manesty," was the reply.

Brooksbank, whom long experience in these matters had rendered suspicious, at first imagined this to be a feint to identify the colonel and himself, in order that they might be taken into custody for conspiring to break the peace. He cast his eyes around him in every direction, and, seeing no other person lurking about, he said to Stanley, "I think we may trust this fellow. It's no trap. Take the letter, and let's see what the sneaking rascal has to say for himself."

"Give me the letter, my man," said Colonel Stanley. "I am the gentleman to whom it is directed."

The messenger delivered his missive, and

returned quietly towards the town. When he was out of sight, Stanley broke the seal, and read as follows to Brooksbank:—

“Liverpool Arms, Wednesday noon.

“SIR,—I write to you under circumstances of deep humiliation. Though the challenger, I am not in a position to meet you on the matter as it stands. Circumstances have occurred which convince me that the grounds of our quarrel, as far as it has hitherto proceeded, do not warrant me in exposing my own life, or in placing yours in peril. Without justice on one's side, or what one believes to be justice, the going out to fight a duel is little better than an attempt to murder, and this I cannot—will not—do. This explanation is

not likely to satisfy you; but I can offer no other. For having given you the lie, an apology on my part would be superfluous, as you neutralized the indignity by a blow.

“Any further communication you may desire to make to me, must be addressed *here*. It may be long before I am again found at the house of Mr. Manesty. An affair of some moment will keep me away till the evening; but this is of less consequence, as the moon is at present at the full. I pledge myself to attend to any meeting you may appoint, and remain

“Your obedient servant,

“HUGH MANESTY.”

“To Colonel Stanley.”

"A queer letter, Brooksbank," said the colonel—"a strange mixture of submission and defiance. What does the fellow mean by the quarrel, *as far as it has hitherto proceeded?* The coolness of his insolence provokes me. Then, don't you observe, he tempts me to further hostilities; and hints at the convenience of moonlight. What do you think, Brooksbank?"

"Think!" retorted the other. "Why, the thing is as plain as this pistol-case; you must call him out; he provokes it."

"And I *will* do so, by ——!" returned the colonel, as a thought of his cousin Mary crossed his mind and inflamed his resentment.

With this view, Stanley and Brooksbank returned to Toxteth Park, there to prepare a message to young Manesty.

Poor Hugh ! the toils are closing fast
about thee. Deadly defiance on one hand,
and black disgrace to thy relative on the
other.

CHAPTER XXII.

HUGH AND MARY—THE EARL OF SILVERSTICK IS
EXHIBITED IN A NEW LIGHT.

IN his last interview with Manesty, Hugh was so bewildered, so shocked, so humiliated, and so indignant at the revelations then made as to the identity of the merchant with Dick Hoskins, the pirate, and the positive declaration that this blood-stained man was his own father, that, heedless of the manuscript offered him, he had rushed in a frantic state

from the presence of his parent, leaving the papers untouched on the table. He was too much engrossed by the astounding disclosure to think of anything but an eternal separation from him to whom, since early youth, he had looked up as his guide and protector, as well as the founder of his fortune. All was now over. Hugh could no longer participate in wealth amassed by such means as piracy and the infamous capture and traffic in human beings. He was now a beggar—a stray weed on the surface of society. He must begin the world again. Liverpool was closed against him; he could no more shew his face there. London was the only place which offered any chance of success, and thither he would repair as quickly as possible.

But this step he could not take till he had settled two important and pressing affairs,—namely, his quarrel with Colonel Stanley, and his engagement with Mary, from each of which he felt it was incumbent on him to retreat; and he made up his mind manfully to avoid both; *manfully*, because to go into the field against Stanley on the existing dispute would be to assume false colours, which he abhorred; and to prolong his intercourse with Miss Stanley would be equally unjustifiable under his new circumstances.

Determining never again to enter Manesty's house, Hugh took up a brief residence at a tavern called the Liverpool Arms, where he wrote to Colonel Stanley, as before related. If this letter breathed in

some of its expressions a haughty and defying spirit, some allowance should be made for the tortured feelings of a young man, whose expectations of wealth and honour and dreams of love had that very morning been destroyed. In a high-minded person, poverty, more than opulence, is the parent of pride.

Having despatched his letter to Stanley, Hugh prepared for an explanation far more harrowing than any event which could by possibility ensue between him and the colonel. The time in his own power was but brief, for he had bound himself to Stanley to be at the Liverpool Arms in the evening. Without delay, therefore, he repaired to Eaglemont. Luckily, Sir Hildebrand was from home when he arrived, so

that Hugh was at once ushered into the presence of Miss Stanley, who was alone.

"Dear Hugh!" exclaimed the poor girl, starting up as he entered the room, and holding out to him both her hands—"dear Hugh, what a weight of misery has your appearance lifted from my heart! Thank Heaven, you are safe!—and George," continued she, with a shudder, "George, I fervently hope, is not hurt."

"Colonel Stanley and I have not met," replied Hugh. "I withdrew my challenge, because, although your cousin might have been rash and unfeeling in uttering what he did in your presence, I have since undergone the bitter mortification of learning that his words were not altogether erroneous."

“You have acted nobly, Hugh.”

“I know not,” he returned. “At any rate, I am conscious that I have acted justly. And now, Mary,” he continued, in a trembling and mournful voice, and looking earnestly upon her, “do not be offended—but, above all, do not be grieved—if I say I am come here to bid you farewell for ever!”

Mary turned as pale as death, and could only just articulate—“What mean you, Hugh?”

“This,” returned young Manesty. “You see before you a ruined, a despairing, a broken-hearted man—one who must never more enter your house—one to whom the consolation even of this last adieu would, in all probability, have been denied, had not your father been absent!”

“What has happened?” gasped Miss Stanley. “O tell me what has happened!—tell me at once! I can bear anything but this torturing suspense. I will not believe that disgrace can attach itself to Hugh Manesty!”

“Thank you, Mary—thank you, from the depths of my heart. I am not, in myself, disgraced; but, in the disgrace of one’s near relative the world forces one to participate.”

“Is that all?” she ejaculated. “Then there is no need for any estrangement between you and me.”

“It must be so, Mary. I can never again be known to you! Listen. Mr. John Manesty, my near relative, the proud and wealthy merchant of Liverpool—the most

prominent man on 'Change—the seemingly pious Puritan—has confessed the truth of those accusations which the colonel repeated in your presence! O misery! The man by whom I have been brought up—from whom I have received unremitting kindness—whose lips never uttered to me any other than sage and godly counsels—this man, Mary, is a pirate, and—O God! how shall I utter it—a murderer!”

Hugh covered his face with his hands, and a dead silence ensued. Mary was stricken dumb. At length, Hugh was able again to speak.

“Nay, more, Mary,” he ejaculated, in tones which demonstrated the terrible heart-throes that tormented him—“this guilty being, who is even now a trembling fugitive

from justice, is—the dreadful truth must out—MY FATHER!”

Mary sank on her chair. The words she had heard seemed to have scared away her senses. Hugh rang the bell violently, and on the entrance of a servant, followed by Mrs. Yarrington, rushed from the room.

In crossing the park, on his return to Liverpool, young Manesty met Lord Silverstick going towards the house.

“Why, Hugh, my young friend,” said the earl, “you stride along as if you were walking for a wager! This will never do. You must give up these precipitate habits—they savour too strongly of the market and the exchange. Haste is vulgar. Pray recollect, that though you have the misfortune to be a merchant, gentle blood is in your veins;

so, at least, my friend, Sir Hildebrand, intimates."

Gentle blood, indeed! Hugh shuddered.

"And therefore," pursued the earl, "you are entitled to remember the invaluable maxims of my Lord Chesterfield, who prescribes composure in all things." Then, observing the distracted visage of the young man, he added, in a tone of natural sympathy which sounded very little in accordance with the selfish precepts of his great authority — "Is anything the matter, Hugh!"

"Much—much of dreadful import!" replied young Manesty. "I will not, at present trouble your lordship with a painful recital; but there is a minor point in my distress on which, if you will permit me, I

would solicit the favour of your advice. Will you grant it?"

"Willingly, and to the best of my ability," replied the good-natured nobleman, who, as already has been intimated, entertained a strong friendship for the young merchant. "Speak, Hugh."

"Your lordship has doubtless perceived that I am hated by Colonel Stanley; and that——"

"Stop, Hugh," interrupted the earl. "Hate is a violent term, and, to the best of my knowledge, has no place in the vocabulary of my Lord Chesterfield. I have, indeed, perceived that Colonel Stanley regards you inimically. Proceed."

"I have long endeavoured, my lord, to turn a deaf ear to his galling insinuations;

but happening (very incautiously, I admit,) to accompany Sir Hildebrand and Miss Stanley to the colonel's house this morning, he broke out into the most ferocious abuse of my relative, Mr. Manesty, in return for which I gave him the lie direct, and then blows were exchanged between us."

"Excessively preposterous and underbred!" interposed the earl. "Well."

"I challenged him."

"You ought to have begun with that. A duel should be managed as politely as an exchange of compliments. Blows are current only among boors. If you get well out of this affair, I'll take you in hand, and furnish you with a code of regulations, by myself, founded on my Lord Chesterfield's principles, by observance of which you may

acquit yourself like a gentleman in any other matter coming within the same category. When do you and Colonel Stanley meet?"

"I have withdrawn my challenge."

"Ha!" exclaimed the earl, with a slight start. "How so?"

"Why, my lord, I felt from what I had subsequently the mortification to learn, that my cause was not a just one; and rather than put a man's life in jeopardy on a false ground of dispute, I resolved to submit to the imputation even of cowardice."

"My Lord Chesterfield would scarcely understand your magnanimity," observed the earl, coughing drily.

"Perhaps not," responded Hugh. "But in declining the meeting on the primary

cause of dispute, I still, in my letter, left it open to the colonel to adopt any other pretence for hostilities."

"Come, that's better," said the earl; "and conceived in a gentlemanlike spirit. I never imagined your ledgers could teach anything so refined."

"Pardon my abruptness, my lord," exclaimed the young man; "but——"

"No, I never pardon abruptness," said the earl; "anything rather than that."

"The long and the short of the matter is this," pursued Hugh, "I believe that from jealousy, connected with Miss Stanley, Colonel Stanley thirsts for my life. I have little doubt that my letter, declining to meet him on the original nature of the quarrel, will produce a hostile message from him. I am now going to ascertain if this expecta-

tion is well-founded. Should it be so, I have reason to think he will require a meeting to-night, which will be quite practicable, as there will be a full moon."

" Well."

" You know, my lord, that my pursuits in life have not thrown me much into the society of persons, any one of whom would be likely to act as a friend in such an emergency. What I wish to ask you is, that should Colonel Stanley do me the honour to call me out——"

" Expressed with perfect propriety," interrupted Lord Silverstick. " Suppose he does you the honour?—ha !"

" In that case, will your lordship be so kind as to introduce me to some gentleman who will accompany me?"

" My son, Lord Randy, is the very

“Humph!” exclaimed the earl. “A messenger from Colonel Stanley, doubtless. Quite *en règle*. We *shall* have the duel. Make up your mind to that. See him, and then refer him to me.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHEWING HOW MANESTY TOOK HIS PRECAUTIONS—
HIS SEARCH AFTER HUGH—AND WHAT ENSUED
ON HIS INTERVIEW WITH LAWYER VARNHAM.

FEELING convinced that he had secured his son's safety, as far as the intended duel with Stanley was concerned, Manesty, after Hugh had rushed from his presence, deliberately proceeded to re-open the sea-chests, and apply again to the task of examining and selecting their contents. Having lit a taper,

he held many of the manuscripts over the flame, and threw their burning relics into the grate. Others he put aside, with a view of placing them, under seals and lock and key, in the custody of his attorney, Varnham. In this way, he had nearly emptied one of the chests, when he took out from among the undermost layer of papers, an unsheathed and rusty sword. Gazing intently on it, he exclaimed—

“Ah, old acquaintance! I did well in consigning thee to perpetual rest after thy great deed! More than four and twenty years hast thou slumbered in utter inactivity. Thy blade formerly was bright and keen; *now* the greedy rust has gnawn it, and thou art sadly defeatured. But it was not fitting that thou shouldst be stained by mean blood,

after having drawn forth some of the best in the land. I have looked often at thee with exultation. Why dost thou now draw up the blinding water in my eyes, so that I scarce can see thee? And wherefore does my breast swell, and my heart throb, thus intolerably? Dost thou reproach me, old sword? What! did I use thee wrongfully? Well, well! Thy silent appeal almost unmans me. Yet, how could I bear the scorn, and hate, and fierce pride of him on whom at last I wreaked a bloody revenge?"

Manesty placed the sword aside, and leaned back in his chair, as if in deep rumination. He was, however, only a few minutes thus abstracted. Starting up, he said—

"I have no time to waste. I am in the

toils, and the hunters are upon me. Dexterosly have I played my game—dexterosly will I play it still. In spite of them, I shall escape. Escape! And am I then brought to such a pass as to think my greatest good is in successful flight? Oh, Manesty, thy pride, and cruelty, and selfishness, have ruined thee! Thou hast thought too little of this; and lo! the dreadful cup of bitterness is at thy lips. Thy fortune is gone. Thy name is the prey of the scorner. Though consorting with pious men, thou hast turned—hypocrite as thou art—a deaf ear to their counsels. But the words that are written in the wondrous Book sink deeply even into the hardest and most unbelieving hearts; and then, when least they are expected, rise up with fearful

threatening. In the days of my pride I cast them off; but *now* they burst out against me, even as avengers. 'God,' says the Psalmist, 'hath prepared for the wicked man the instruments of death. He ordaineth his arrows against those that persecute. Whoso travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood, and made a pit and digged it for others, shall fall into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon himself.' This is the truth of all ages; fearfully do I feel it! Fearfully *have* I felt it; but success, and pride, and the strength of manhood, and the impious sacrifice of all to self, have tempted me to defy it. Now I must reap the harvest I have sown."

Having thus soliloquized, Manesty again addressed himself to the examination of the papers. While so employed, his hand lighted on a miniature of a woman, which he hastily thrust among the reserved documents.

"No, no!" ejaculated he, "I cannot look on *that*! I could contemplate the sword; but one glance at that pictured face would turn my eye-balls into stone. Hugh shall have it with the rest; 'twill be precious to *him*. Oh, Bertha!—dear, unhappy, lost Bertha! I have devoted to thy memory many a melancholy vigil; but never again may I visit the sacred room at Wolsterholme!"

Manesty covered his eyes with his hand awhile; when, removing it, and looking at

his palm, "What!" vociferated he, "*tears!* I never thought to be guilty of this weakness. Rouse---rouse thyself, John! Be not cast down. Summon to thee the daring of thy other self—Hoskins the pirate. It is all over with thee as a Liverpool merchant. This is no time to be maudlin. Pack up thy papers—order thy horse—but first see if thy pistols are in trim, and load them. John Manesty shall not be taken alive; no, not by twenty Oglethorpes."

The merchant now thrust his reserved documents, including the old sword and the miniature, into a portmanteau, which he carefully locked and sealed; and then, summoning Hezekiah, ordered his horse, and prepared for a final adieu to Liverpool. Looking around him, as if for a farewell

glance at a room where he had passed many hours, his eyes fell on the papers he had given to his son as confirmations of the astounding intelligence respecting the young man's paternity.

"D—n—n!" roared Manesty. "He has left behind him the writings which alone could substantiate the truth of my assertion! Reflecting carefully on my words, he may think they were uttered in extremity as a manœuvre to hinder his duel with Stanley; and, under that impression, may rush into the field and be slain! Oh, my boy—my boy!—gladly would I die for thee even on the scaffold!"

This idea of Hugh's danger so absorbed the mind of Manesty that, for a moment or two, he was unconscious of everything else.

He was recalled, however, to a state of vigilance by hearing a low whistling and coughing below in the corn-store, in Mud-lane. "A signal!" said Manesty; when, approaching the window cautiously, and looking out, his eyes met those of Ozias Rheinenberger, whose face, lifted up towards him, was deadly pale and terror-stricken. Speech was out of the question, considering the interposing panes of glass, and the distance between the parties. The Moravian, therefore, trusting to dumb show, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, as if to indicate that something was approaching in that direction, while, with a movement of the other hand, he waved Manesty off towards the front of the premises in Pool-lane.

"I understand him," thought the mer-

chant, drawing away from the window, after nodding to Ozias to indicate that his hint was taken; "and will profit by his suggestion. I thought to escape by the store; but I find I must take the other way. Well, it cannot be helped. Oglethorpe knows nothing about *two* doors. He will be over-reached by his own cunning. I have been in greater danger than this on the coast of Guinea. Now then."

And, having placed a pistol in each of his capacious pockets, he seized the bundle he had made up, and drew aside the heavy bolts in the front door. At this moment a sound of voices in busy parley was heard at the entrance of the out-house, quickly followed by the thrust of a crow-bar, and a jarring noise made by forcing the door from

its fastenings. Manesty kept his position for a moment, anxiously listening, on the top of the front stairs, to ascertain if any similar danger was to be apprehended in *that* direction. But all *there* was quiet. Meanwhile, he was aware of the rush up the steps, or rather ladder, by which the room was gained from the out-house in the rear.

“ Judging by the variety of voices,” said Manesty to himself, with an inaudible chuckle, “ the fellows are strong in number. But even if they reach the door, they’ll find it rather a tougher job to force than they did the entrance below; and, as the ladder is narrow, only one can work at a time. Hallo! what’s that!” continued he, as a sudden snapping of wood was heard, suc-

ceeded instantly by a heavy fall, and sundry groans and execrations. "Capital, by ——! The ladder has broken; and some of the heavy rogues must have a few more bruises and fractures than they bargained for, even in coming to take me. Now is the time," he added, descending the front stairs, and saying as he went, "Neither Oglethorpe, nor the devil himself, shall hinder my going to Wavertree after Hugh. My boy—my boy!"

Manesty's steed was at the door, as had been ordered. Directing the portmanteau to be quickly strapped behind the saddle, he mounted, and galloped off in the direction of Wavertree, where he arrived soon after the time indicated by his son. Not a soul was on the ground; nor did the merchant

meet any one either going to or coming from the spot. Had anything happened of the kind he feared, some symptom of it must have met his observation. Braving every danger to himself, Manesty next went to other places where he thought Hugh might be found; but though, to his infinite disappointment, he could not trace him, he felt comforted in the conviction that no hostilities had taken place. He was resolved, however, at all hazards, to remain about Liverpool till midnight, in the hope of seeing his son once more, and imparting to him certain information as to his future prospects in life. But first, he must call on his attorney, Ezekiel Varnham.

Boldly and openly, as in the days of his pride, did John Manesty ride through the

streets of Liverpool. He neither hung down his head, nor drew his hat over his brows, nor sought by-streets, nor urged his horse beyond a gentle trot. It is not probable that he would have been thus careless on foot; but he felt convinced that, in case of any untoward rencontre, he might depend on the fleetness of his steed, whose blood and bone could not easily be matched. Thus audaciously did he ride to Varnham's house, standing by itself in a kind of courtyard. Having learnt that the lawyer was at home, Manesty took the precaution of placing his mare near the stable at the back of the building, whence egress could be obtained into a by-lane, and was then ushered into the lawyer's presence.

Ezekiel Varnham was a pleasant-spoken,

good-looking man, but an infinite rogue; a fellow of coaxing manners, but so thoroughly unprincipled, as to take advantage of any knowledge confidentially communicated to him by a client, if by those means he could forward the suit of a richer employer. Varnham was a sharp practitioner; that is to say, in his very first steps against an unfortunate debtor, he would at once swell the costs to the utmost extent. This, probably, was never intended by the spirit of the law; but Ezekiel Varnham looked only to the letter, equally reckless of the sufferings of his victim, and the interest of his client.

On entering the room, Manesty was immediately struck with a change in the demeanour of his attorney, who, scarcely rising from his seat, returned the merchant's

greeting with marked coolness. Manesty was not slow in assigning this to its proper cause, and was resolved at once to bring it to an issue.

"Come, come, Ezekiel Varnham!" said he, "this is folly. I know what you have heard of me; but I know also that, if it answered your purpose, you would not object to the devil himself for a client."

"You do me honour," replied Varnham, with a slight sneer.

"To be sure I do," rejoined the other. "Am I not right well instructed in the art of honouring lawyers?"

"I have no time to-day to bandy compliments," observed the attorney. "If you wish to speak to me, Mr. Manesty, you must be brief. I have many pressing en-

gements," he added, taking out his watch.

"My time is also precious," said Manesty. "Therefore let us at once to business. In the first place ——"

"Stop a moment," interposed Varnham, "just while I give my clerk a few instructions touching the mortgage which ——"

"No, no, Varnham," returned Manesty, glancing sternly and significantly at the lawyer; "out of this room you do not pass till you and I have had full conference together. It is fit that we speak plainly one to another. *My* character is in rather a dangerous state at present; and *yours*, friend Ezekiel, is not so sound, but that it stands a little in need of repair. You, doubtless, think it would advance your

reputation as a disinterested and public-spirited citizen, if you were to deliver up to the law John Manesty—Manesty, the ruined man—who comes voluntarily and in confidence to your house. You shall not do this, Varnham, much as I admire your virtue.”

“What mean you, Mr. Manesty?” asked Varnham, in all the confusion of a conscious rogue.

“Oh, you know well enough. Let us have no affectation. In a word, Varnham, you believe, because I am in extremity, that I must be without money. You are mistaken,” continued he, producing a heavy bag, and convincing the lawyer that it was loaded with guineas. “Nay, more,” he added, “it is perhaps your opinion that the

present posture of my affairs intimidates me. This is equally erroneous. See, Varnham, how well I am prepared, both to confer a reward, or to repel hostility."

So saying, the merchant drew a pistol from his pocket, and coolly laid it on the table. The lawyer's cheeks turned white, and his eyes were fixed on Manesty.

"I see you understand me, Ezekiel," pursued Manesty; "and you know I am not a trifle. Here, take this gold; you will find it to be no paltry fee."

With abundant acknowledgments, Varnham clutched the money, professing his readiness to act on behalf of Manesty with the utmost zeal and activity. But this change in his demeanour was only momentary. His eyes became restless, glancing

hither and thither, as if with apprehension; his manner was embarrassed, and his whole frame seemed uneasy and agitated.

“I want nothing of you myself,” resumed the merchant. “My object in visiting you is to place in your custody this portman-teau, chiefly containing papers. They are for the inspection of one eye only. But even that eye is not to see them yet. At the proper time, an order, signed by myself, will be presented, when you will deliver them. The bearer of this order will be prepared to pay, in addition to what you have now received, five hundred pounds, for the faithful discharge of your trust.”

Varnham's eyes twinkled at the prospect, though his restlessness evidently increased; and he repeatedly looked at his watch.

“But,” pursued the merchant, “the slightest evidence of any tampering with the lock or seals will not only deprive you of the money, but also of a very valuable client, in the person of my successor, Mr. Hugh Manesty, whose property will not be prejudiced by any underhand dealing with that which I now commit to your charge, however he may be pained at knowing that the family information contained in those papers has been perused by any other than himself. I have entrusted you with the packet, because I have reason to suspect that all documents in my house will be overhauled by the authorities, and I should not like these to fall into their hands. I think I can now depend upon you, Varnham.”

"Implicitly," returned the lawyer.

"Nothing more, then, need be said," observed Manesty. "That is your iron chest there in the corner, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Ezekiel, let me see you deposit my portmanteau safely in it, and then farewell."

This was accordingly done to the merchant's satisfaction; when, offering his hand to Varnham, who eagerly grasped it, as if infinitely relieved at the termination of the interview, Manesty rose to depart.

But his exit was destined to be not so quiet as his entrance. The door of the room was suddenly opened, and a man, whose head was bound round with a handkerchief, and whose visage bore evident

marks of a recent contusion, entered. Though thus disfigured, Manesty instantly recognised Measly Mott, whose voice he had heard among others during the morning assault in the corn-store. Varnham looked like one stricken with epilepsy. Catching a momentary glimpse of one or two other men in the passage, Manesty sprang like lightning to the door, closed, and locked it, and seizing Mott by the throat with his left hand, while with his right he held a pistol to the fellow's temple, said, in a low tone—

“If you make the least signal, Measly Mott, you are a dead man. This is the fruit of your contrivance, Ezekiel Varnham. You knew I was coming here to-day,” added the merchant, with a reproachful and furious look at his attorney.

The constable trembled from head to foot. "For God's sake, Mr. Manesty," said he, "don't go for to harm me! Consider my wife and her three beauteous babbies at home!"—an appeal which Measly Mott was in the habit of making on all occasions.

"Open that closet, Varnham," said the merchant. "Quick, man—quick!"

Varnham could not choose but obey; and Manesty pushed Mott towards the recess, the man faintly ejaculating, "Here's a go! assault and battery, and false imprisonment, and a compounding of felony, Mr. Varnham!"

Measly's further eloquence was stifled, by his being jammed and bolted into the narrow enclosure. All this was accom-

plished in little more than a minute, when Manesty, springing through the window, gained the stable-yard at the rear, found his mare, vaulted into the saddle, and galloped off as fleetly as if he had been mounted on the back of a race-horse.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MEETING AT WAVERTEEN—WHAT HAPPENED
THEN AND THERE.

HAVING exchanged a few words with Lord Silverstick, Hugh repaired to his own room, where he found Captain Brooksbank.

"Pray be seated, sir," said Hugh. "You come, I believe, from Colonel Stanley."

"I do, sir," replied Brooksbank.

"I can guess the purport of your visit," rejoined Hugh; "and you will oblige me by coming to the point at once."

"In one word, then," said Brooksbank, "the colonel demands from you either an unqualified apology, or a meeting at Waver-tree, within an hour from the present time; and I am further to intimate, that if you elect the latter alternative, no apology will be received on the ground."

Hugh's blood boiled in his veins, but he suppressed any manifestation of resentment, saying, calmly—

"Apology, Captain Brooksbank, is quite out of the question. I will meet the colonel."

"But," pursued Brooksbank, "I trust I need not point out to you the consequences of any other——"

"I know what you are about to say," interrupted Hugh. "Spare yourself the

trouble of speaking, and me the mortification of hearing. Colonel Stanley may rest fully assured I shall not fail him."

"Favour me with your friend's name," said Brooksbank.

"The Earl of Silverstick," replied Hugh, to the evident surprise of Stanley's second. "You will not have to seek him, because, anticipating a message from the colonel, his lordship has been so polite as to accompany me here. Permit me to bring him to you now."

Hugh left the room, returning immediately with the earl, whom he introduced to Captain Brooksbank. After his lordship had made his most graceful salutations, Hugh left him and the captain together. Their conference, however, was

but short, for in less than ten minutes Lord Silverstick rejoined his young friend, telling him he had stipulated that pistols, not swords, should be the weapons used.

"Have you any affairs of pressing moment to arrange?" asked the earl.

"None," replied Hugh.

"That is well," returned Lord Silverstick. "A wise man should always be fully prepared for any and every emergency, as I see you are; and nothing ensures this but method. My Lord Chesterfield insisted strongly on the virtue of method. 'Nothing,' says he, 'contributes more to dispatch than method. Lay down a method for everything, and stick to it inviolably.' Now I never could impress this on my son, Randy. But you, my dear young friend, are instinc-

tively a gentleman—a gentleman *nascitur*, *non fit*; whereas twenty Lord Chesterfields could not have qualified for that appellation such a character as Colonel Stanley. I protest I have an excessive dislike to a man who cannot be brought to apprehend ‘the graces, the air, address, politeness, and, in short, the whole *tournure* and *agrémens* of a man of fashion. So many little things conspire to form that *tournure*, that though separately they seem too insignificant to mention, yet, aggregately——’ ”

“ Pardon me, my lord,” said Hugh, interrupting the earl, who was gradually getting involved in the metaphysics of Chesterfield and *la mode*; “ but time is fast slipping away, and though I have no affairs to arrange, yet, should I fall, perhaps your

lordship will not object to be the bearer of a message from me to Miss Stanley, especially as I have given her reason to suppose that all hostilities were at an end between me and her cousin."

"I trust my agency will not be required," said Lord Silverstick; "but, in any case, I will fulfil your wishes."

"Tell her, then," pursued young Manesty, "that I was forced into the field. Convince her that I had no choice."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing, my lord, except that my last thoughts rested on her."

"I trust that happiness is yet in store for you both," said the good-natured nobleman. "In the affair now on your hands, firmness is everything, and I see you are

firm. Stanley is irascible, and that is a disadvantage. His second, too, seems rash. But, depend on it, nothing shall be done *contre les règles*. It is time to think of moving. Come. Where are your pistols?"

Hugh handed him the case, and Lord Silverstick inspected its contents. "London-made, I perceive," said he; "and, I protest, in very pretty condition. Come," he added, "we shall be able to drive deliberately to Wavertree. A gentleman should never be in a hurry. My Lord Chesterfield is precise on that point; and it is better to be too early than too late, especially on such an occasion as this."

The carriage was ordered. Lord Silverstick and young Manesty entered it, and proceeded towards Wavertree. Hugh, this

time, was first on the ground; but he had not long to wait, as Colonel Stanley and his friend soon appeared. The earl, with a ceremonious bow to Brooksbank, drew him aside, and they conversed for a couple of minutes.

"I think," said Lord Silverstick, "as the moon is high, and gives a pretty equal light, and as the ground appears to be quite level, one position is as good as another."

"Precisely so, my lord," returned Brooksbank. "We have nothing to do but measure the distance and place our men."

"Nothing more," assented the earl. "Promptitude is a great excellence."

A pistol was handed to each of the principals, who, at the distance of twelve paces;

stood, erect and calm, over against each other, waiting for the word, which Captain Brooksbank was on the point of giving in military style, when the quick tramping of hoofs was heard, and a man on horseback darted into the midst of the group, and, dismounting, stood between Stanley and the young merchant.

“Desist!” vociferated he, in a commanding tone. “Neither of you shall fire at the other, or the ball shall pass first through my body. Oh, Hugh,” he added, “I have sought you all day—I have traced you to the Liverpool Arms, and there heard something which convinced me you had come here on this mad purpose. But I have arrived in time. You shall not fight this Stanley. Give me your pistol.”

"Mr. Manesty," said the young man, in a low voice, "leave the ground, I beseech you. I can take care of my own honour, which such an act as this, on your part, will injure for ever. Leave the ground; this affair with Colonel Stanley *shall* go on."

"It shall not, I say," roared Manesty. "Consider, dear Hugh, I have now no object to bind me to the world but you. And shall I see your life put in jeopardy on a mere punctilio? You will never behold me again after this night. I have much to say to you. Give over this encounter, or I shall do some deed of desperation."

"And pray who may you be, sir?" asked Captain Brooksbank, stepping forward.

Manesty bent a stern brow on his inter-

rogator. "I answer no impertinent questions," said he. "Suffice it, that I am a man who will not be bullied. You will find it dangerous to meddle with me." Then, turning to the earl, who by this time had come close to the other second, he added—"Lord Silverstick, I know you; and I ask if you consider it worthy of your years and station in life to abet these foolish and deadly brawls? If your friend there, Colonel Stanley, should be maimed for life, he'll be apt to think, that with a little less folly on your part, you might have taken care of his limbs and of his honour at the same time."

"You are pleased to be satirical, sir," returned Lord Silverstick, with a bow. "But give me leave to say, that you are in error in supposing Colonel Stanley to be

my friend. I come here as the friend of Mr. Hugh Manesty."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Manesty, "As his *friend*, then, do you desire this affair to go on?"

"Most assuredly," replied the earl, "unless my principal should receive an apology, which is not in the least probable. You must permit me, sir, to add, that I consider your interference most irregular, and contrary to the rules prescribed in the code of honour. Pray do me the favour to stand aside."

"Idiot!" muttered Manesty. Then advancing to the colonel, he said, "George Stanley, will nothing satisfy you but taking this young man's life, or meeting your own death at his hands?"

"Nothing," replied the duellist. "You will not succeed in interrupting us. Provoke me not, John Manesty, or you may rue it. What! are we to have whining morality from the lips of a pirate and a murderer? Where was your morality when the sailor was drowned by your deed? Here, Brooksbank, help me to bind this fellow neck and heels to ——"

Manesty did not pause for the conclusion of Stanley's threat. "Scoundrel, black-leg, madman!" shouted he. "Thou wilt make me guilty of more blood. Thy death be on thine own head!" Drawing forth a pistol, Manesty fired, and Stanley fell mortally wounded.

The suddenness of this desperate act struck a momentary panic into the whole

party, during which Manesty armed himself with a second pistol, saying, as he cocked it, "Let no man, as he loves his life, venture to lay hands on me."

He then, in a voice not to be heard by the others, told Hugh where he might find him, and supplicated the young man to come to him at night. "I must now," added he, "fly from this place."

The words had no sooner escaped him than a tumult of voices swelled on the wind, among which the most audible was that of Oliver Oglethorpe.

"Come on, my men!" bawled he, "We've caught him at last. There he is. I see him. Mr. Hibblethwaite, secure the horse, while I tackle the man. Quick—quick!"

"Say you so?" ejaculated Manesty. Vaulting into the saddle, and putting spurs to his mare, he flew away like the wind.

CHAPTER XXV.

DEATH OF COLONEL STANLEY — A MAN'S ENEMY
MAY LAMENT HIS FALL MORE THAN A FRIEND—
CHESTERFIELDIAN MORALS — THE MORAVIAN —
HUSH IN CUSTODY.

A SAD and turbulent scene did the moon that night look down on: Manesty, the murderer, flying for his life from the pursuit of Oglethorpe, Hibblethwaite, and others; and Stanley stretched on the earth with features deformed by agony, while every gasp forced a red stream from his

wound. Young Manesty and the earl seemed paralysed at the death-struggle before their eyes; but Brooksbank viewed the scene with perfect *sang-froid*: he had come to the ground to see the shedding of blood, and to him it was indifferent who was the sufferer. Strange to say, the knowledge that his friend had fallen, not in combat, but by the hand of an assassin, failed to arouse his sympathies; to be a man of feeling was beneath the stern dignity of a soldier.

Differently, indeed, was Hugh affected by this event. His implacable enemy was destroyed; but in what manner! Could he have reinstated himself in the position he held when he arose in the morning—could he again have enjoyed the honourable estimation of his brother merchants—a flourish-

ing property, and a sweet hope of an alliance with Mary Stanley, he would have forfeited all to restore his persecutor to life. The groans, the convulsed visage, and the gushing blood of that wretched man, tortured him beyond endurance. He had borne his own afflictions proudly; but this last and horrible addition to his misery made the burden too heavy, and his heart sank under it.

“Captain Brooksbank!” ejaculated he, “your friend will die, unless instant aid is procured. Oh, God, that it should come to this! Drive, I beseech you, to Liverpool, for a surgeon. I will not for one instant leave Colonel Stanley.”

“To take any trouble about it would be useless,” returned Brooksbank. “Stanley

can't live ten minutes; before the expiration of which time, we shall all be in custody if we stay here. A man's first duty is to take care of himself. I'm off. You and his lordship may do as you like."

Having said this, he hastened to the post-chaise, which had brought him and Stanley to Wavertree, and drove away at a rapid pace.

This selfish cold-heartedness opened a new source of bewilderment to Hugh, whose knowledge of the world was too confined to permit even a suspicion of the monstrous cruelty of self-interest. Stanley could do nothing more for Brooksbank—why should Brooksbank care for Stanley? Pity was not given us to be cast away for nothing. Why should we sow where we cannot hope

to reap? Commiseration is a ledger affair.
How much profit may be cleared by investing it? "That is the question."

"Kindness is subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one."

Young Manesty, however, was not hardened into this sordid depravation. Seeing that the dying man was left without a friend, he resolved, as far as in him lay, to supply that deficiency. Bending by the side of Stanley, he raised his head, supported it on his knee, and wiped away the death-perspiration that hung on his forehead and cheek.

"Here will I stay till all is over," said Hugh, to the earl. "Meanwhile, let me beseech you, for Heaven's sake, to fetch a surgeon from Liverpool."

Lord Silverstick seemed for awhile undetermined how to act. "I do not altogether approve," at length observed he, "the callous desertion of his principal by Captain Brooksbank. Still, prudence is a great virtue. Without it, our lives would be excessively miserable. Lord Chesterfield has many excellent remarks on this head; and it behoves every man of quality to bear them in mind. His morals are profitable. I recollect his saying, 'Nothing could be more perfectly foolish in any one than to suffer his feelings to lead him away from expediency.' This I call practicable wisdom, Hugh; it is pretty generally acted on, I assure you; and I think you will admit that, to say the least, it would be extremely inconvenient for one in my station to be

taken before a magistrate, as having been present at a murder. I came here with you to assist at a gentlemanly arbitrement. That it should have terminated in assassination is not my fault nor yours. I shall depart from Liverpool with all speed. Will you come with me?"

"And leave this unhappy victim to die alone? Never!" exclaimed young Manesty.

"Then, my dear friend, until I have the happiness to see you again, accept *mes adieux*."

The earl disappeared as quickly as Captain Brooksbank had done, and Hugh was left alone with the dying man. The rattle of Lord Silverstick's coach-wheels soon died away in the distance. Silence returned,

investing the scene with additional solemnity. Hugh bound his handkerchief over Stanley's wound with an endeavour to stanch the oozing blood. What would he not have given for some restorative which might mitigate the sufferer's fierce agonies—for even a cup of water to moisten his parched tongue!

Hugh looked around him—all was vacant. He listened intently, hoping to catch some distant sound of footsteps. In vain. Nothing could be heard but Stanley's heavy groans. Thus, supporting the head of his ghastly companion, did he remain a weary space of time. At length, he shouted aloud for help twice or thrice. The last shout was answered; and Ozias Rheinenberger appeared.

Having sorrowfully gazed at Stanley, the Moravian spoke; and his measured enunciation sounded dismally in the night air.

"This is a dreadful sight, Hugh Manesty! I know that thy hands are innocent of blood in fact, but not in intention. Thou camest here on a senseless, and a wicked, and a savage errand. The fatal business is beginning to be known in Liverpool. The moment I heard of it, I hastened to the spot to find, and, if possible, comfort thee; for of a surety none can so grievously need comfort as he who hath offended against the ordinances of the Most High. Lo, here will I abide with thee. Others will soon be in the place—ministers of justice."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Hugh;

"then something may yet be done to save this unfortunate man."

"Let us hope so," answered Ozias. "Thy uncle—how have I been deceived in him!—is indeed a fearful man of blood. Like unto Abimelech, the son of Jerubbaal, he hath made slaughter the road to power; and even as Abimelech perished, so will he. And yet, would I could save him, and cause him to repent, for I owe much to the name of Manesty; but it may not be!"

Poor Hugh groaned in bitterness of heart.

"I wonder not to see thee so troubled in spirit," resumed the Moravian. "In the eye of worldly law, thy crime is not great. Thou shalt not lack my counsel and company. Wherever they take thee, I will be by thy side."

"My heart thanks you, Mr. Rheinenberger!" ejaculated young Manesty.

"But thy uncle," continued Ozias. "What is to become of him? Alas! I fear he is lost, body and soul. Avenging men are hotly on his track; among whom is Richard Hibblethwaite, who (so I hear) is mad with rage at something he has recently discovered. I tremble to think John Manesty's speedy death may not be averted. My heart yearns to save him *after* death. He hath tempted Satan to tempt him. O God!" added the Moravian, with uplifted eyes, "be merciful, even unto him, a desperate sinner!"

Further discourse was prevented, by the arrival of four persons, three of whom were constables, bearing a litter; the other was a medical man.

It appeared, that though the pursuit of Manesty was the chief object of Oglethorpe and his followers, one of the latter was nevertheless dispatched to the public office of Liverpool with news of Manesty's fresh atrocity, (which Oglethorpe had witnessed on approaching the group,) and with a requisition for assistance on the spot. This astounding news was buzzed about, and reached the ears of the Moravian.

Hugh was immediately taken into custody; and the surgeon having, as well as he was able, examined Colonel Stanley's wound, ordered him to be placed in the litter, and conveyed to his own house. Young Manesty, the officer who had charge of him, and Ozias Rheinenberger, then proceeded to the magistrate's office, where, after examination,

Hugh was held to bail to appear, should any charge be made against him. His sureties were the Moravian, and another of the "Unitas Fratrum;" the former of whom took the afflicted young man to his (Rheinberger's) own house.

News was brought to them, in the course of the night, that Stanley had expired on the litter, as they were carrying him home.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAWYER VARNHAM'S PERFIDY AND ITS RESULTS—

MRS. YARINGTON AND MARY STANLEY.

JOHN MANESTY had not long left Varnham's house before that respectable attorney, having sent away the constables in the passage, took counsel with himself how far he might be able to obtain possession of the secrets contained in the portmanteau, and yet secure the five hundred pounds for delivering it to the person authorized by

Manesty to receive it. In this interesting and all-absorbing contemplation, he was oblivious of Mr. Mott in his narrow prison. Having ordered his clerk to deny him to any applicant, the lawyer took the portmantau from his iron chest, inspected the lock and seals, and soon determined on further proceedings.

If the rules of honour and common honesty cannot withhold a man from doing wrong, other impediments offer but *feeble* resistance. "A mould," thought Ezekiel, "might be taken from the seals, and counterfeits be thus obtained."

The lock was evidently a good one, and could not easily be picked nor opened by such keys as Varnham possessed; but then, with a little patience and dexterity, the

rivets might be withdrawn and refastened. In patience and dexterity the lawyer was not deficient; so he applied himself to his task, and, having formed what are called matrices of the different seals capable of renewing the impressions, he melted and disengaged the wax. His next process was to withdraw the rivets by which the hasp of the lock was fastened. This was so adroitly accomplished as not to threaten any difficulty in the work of restoration. The contents of the portmanteau were thus placed in Varnham's power.

Mysterious indeed, but wise and blessed, are the works of the Creator! His mighty protection is manifest even in the acts of daring men. Was not Jeroboam tempted to stretch out his hand against the man of

God at the altar in Bethel? And did he not, by so doing, draw down a withering curse upon his arm, and bring evil on all his descendants? Without a consideration such as this, it might seem marvellous that so cautious and crafty a man as John Manesty should leave writings from which (ambiguous and fragmentary as they were) it might be possible to form damning conclusions. But so it was.

The first paper which Varnham drew forth was a diary, embracing not only certain memorandums leading to an inference of the gradual and long-sighted treachery by which he had undermined the elder Hibblethwaite, but some obscure hints only intelligible on the supposition, that, by subtle poison, brought from the West Indies,

he had destroyed that unsuspecting man in the memorable room in the corn-store. To kill him was unquestionably more merciful than, by a series of villanous acts, to drag him to poverty. In the present day the latter is the current plan among unprincipled men. That Manesty chose the former method, was not out of charity for his victim, but because he thought the shortest road the best. No wonder that, with trembling apprehension, he concealed his papers both at Pool-lane and at Wolsterholme. His besotted incontinence of pen (whatever might have been his views) was a necessary agent in the fulfilment of eventual justice.

Varnham did not stop to read more. He knew that Dick Hibblethwaite, fool and

spendthrift as he was, retained a wreck of his property; that he could yet pay handsomely for such information as was developed in the written document, which afforded evidence sufficient of the foul practices of Manesty towards his father and himself. To young Hibblethwaite, therefore, Varnham immediately repaired; and, after representing that he had facts of vital importance to communicate, and binding him to secrecy, obtained from him a valuable *douceur*. Dick's astonishment at the interpretation which he could not fail giving to the writer's memorandums, was overcome by a spirit of vengeance against him whom he now believed to be the destroyer of his father; and he swore never to rest till he had hunted him even to death. Hearing

that Oglethorpe had a warrant to apprehend Manesty, the young man attached himself to the pursuing party—provided horses for every member of it, and was himself mounted on his blood-mare, Jessy.

On returning to his house, and again secluding himself in his room, with a view to a further examination of the portman-teau, Varnham was startled by a low knocking, seemingly against the wainscot. Guilt startles at trifles. Ezekiel looked round in dismay; but no one was in the apartment except himself. Again the knocking was heard, and for a moment the lawyer underwent a tremor at the idea that some invisible agent was rebuking his treachery. "Let me out!" cried a voice; and then, though not till then, did the lawyer recollect that

Mott was locked in the parlour closet. Hurrying the portmanteau out of sight, Varnham released the prisoner, who, staggering forward, sank exhausted into a chair.

"Why, you look ill, my friend," said Ezekiel, opening the window, and admitting air.

"Enough to make a man look ill, and feel ill, too," returned Mott. "I've been jammed upright in that infernal cupboard two hours at least. Why didn't you let me out before you went out yourself?"

"I was called away by pressing business, and actually forgot you, Mott," replied Varnham. "Shall I order you some refreshment?"

"No," said Mr. Mott, sulkily. "To speak upright and downright, Mr. Varn-

ham, I am able to prove that you've took and compounded felony. If you hadn't opened that closet door, I should have took John Manesty upon a charge of murder, as sure as eggs is eggs."

"Not you," responded the lawyer. "I mean no offence to you, Mott, but *two* better men than you would have been required to secure the merchant. Talk no more nonsense, man; but be thankful that by providing you with a retreat, I prevented the blowing out of your brains by John Manesty's pistol."

"When an officer's on service," observed Mott, with a dogged air, "aint it his duty to expose his precious life to all hazards? Though I'm a husband and a father, Mr. Varnham, and have three small babbies and

a wife to provide for, yet my body belongs to our sovereign lord the king, in the execution of the statutes as by law——”

“ I know all about that,” interrupted Varnham. “ Say no more. Here are a couple of guineas for you.”

“ I don’t think it’s altogether agreeable to my duty to take ’em,” returned Mott, handling the money. “ I never, in all my life, took a bribe, ’specially on service.”

“ But you are not on service now,” observed the lawyer. “ Besides, you know you can trust *me*. Put the coin in your pocket, Mott, and say no more about it.”

The constable did as he was bidden. Then, assuming a very grave and important face, he said—

“ There’s another thing, Mr. Varnham,

which you and I must just understand one another about, afore I leave this room."

"Why, what's the matter now?" demanded Ezekiel, in a trembling voice.

"I see you through the key-hole," pursued Mr. Mott, "a taking moulds of seals, and drawing out of rivets from a lock to a portmantel. It *may* be all right, you know, or it mayn't; but if any question about papers in a portmantel should ever come up, and I should be put upon my bodily oath as to what I see when I was locked into the cupboard, I *must* speak the truth, Mr. Varnham. It's clean agen the law to commit perjury."

The lawyer shook from head to foot. Oh, how he cursed his forgetfulness! His

golden project was in danger of a disgraceful miscarriage. What was to be done?

“ My good friend,” said Varnham, coaxingly, “ what you saw me do, was done from the best motives. You will, I am sure, believe me when I say so. But one is obliged sometimes to do good by stealth, as the saying is, and I wish to confer a benefit without any one suspecting me as the agent. You understand me. So strong, indeed, is this desire of mine, and so benevolent are my intentions, that I am disposed to make it worth your while to be silent on this head. In short, I’ll give you something handsome, Mott.”

“ How much?”

“ Why, twenty guineas. There! What think you of that?” said Varnham, as if he were offering an unheard-of treasure.

"It's no go," responded Mott. "Twenty guineas! Do you think I can forget such a caper as that for twenty guineas? No, no; I must have fifty at least."

"You are hard with me," said the lawyer. "But come, as I hate quarrelling, here's the money. You are a fortunate man, Master Measly."

Things had indeed that morning turned out well for Mott; and he chuckled in his sleeve at having, by a mere accident, and without much trouble, gained so much more than Oglethorpe was likely to obtain, even on severe and hazardous service. Varnham and his *friend* now separated with mutual smiles; but the former was not quite so silly a rogue as to feel altogether secure that his secret in Mott's hands was

inviolable. Neither did Mott mean that it should be so, if a good opportunity were to offer. No popular fallacy is so great as the adage, "Honour among thieves."

"Fifty-two guineas gone!" exclaimed Varnham. "A trifle more than my fee from Hibblethwaite. And, worse than all, I am in the power of that scoundrel Mott. What could have possessed me to forget him? I was too hot upon my gains. Fool, fool! I wish Mott had been fairly suffocated in the closet, and tumbled out a heavy corpse when the door was opened. I shall be a slave to that fellow as long as I live. Well, it can't be helped. Fate was against me."

It was some time before the lawyer resumed his examination of the portman-teau.

Meanwhile, intelligence of Manesty's flight—of his last atrocious deed, and of Hugh's apprehension as a supposed accessory in the murder of George Stanley, reached Eaglemont. Sir Hildebrand was at first overpoweringly amazed and virtuously indignant. These emotions, however, gradually gave way to a feeling of self-congratulation that John Manesty's guilt might, in the end absolve him (the baronet) from certain heavy liabilities he was under to the merchant. Sir Hildebrand was no party in the murder of his nephew. Why, then, should he suffer his lamentation at that event to blind him to the "goods the gods provided?" So truly does the old proverb say, "It is an ill wind indeed that benefits no one!" And so surely does love of self blind some men to the sufferings of others.

But a far different effect was produced by the news on the hearts of Mary Stanley and Mrs. Yarrington. The former of these ladies was distracted when informed of the violent fate of her cousin, and the supposed peril of Hugh. The latter was breathless, as if she heard the voice of Fate, after long silence, announcing a terrible consummation.

"A long and fearful tragedy has passed before my eyes," said the widow to Mary Stanley; "but I feel that the catastrophe is fast approaching. John Manesty will never be taken alive, depend on that. He cannot, however, escape—he cannot escape! His last journey has come. He is flying, with whirlwind speed, to death. Dreadful reprobate as he is, I cannot help pitying him. My heart is overladen. Bear with

me, Mary!" continued she, bursting into a passionate flood of tears.

The deepening mystery which hung over Mrs. Yarrington drew Mary Stanley from her own sorrows, for not even these could hinder the strong emotion of curiosity. She burned with impatience to learn the strange facts concealed in the widow's bosom. But so bitter seemed the sufferings of the latter, that Mary viewed them with silent respect; and Mrs. Yarrington, after endeavouring without success to regain her composure, retired to the solitude of her own room. Her meditations there are known only to herself and Heaven.

In the morning, she appeared more calm and collected, though something in her

demeanour seemed to indicate that her serenity was forced. She inquired of the servants if any fresh news had been heard of Manesty. On their answering in the negative, she expressed surprise, adding, "He cannot escape: the world is not wide enough to afford him a hiding-place. Wretched man! he will never sleep again, unless it be the final sleep."

"And Hugh," said Mary Stanley—"surely Hugh can be in no danger? He is too good—too honourable to be implicated in the deeds of his father."

"His father!" echoed Mrs. Yarrington. "Why do you call John Manesty his father?"

"Alas!" responded Mary, "perhaps I have betrayed his confidence. You, dear

Mrs. Yarrington, will not, I am sure, take advantage of my want of caution."

"Did he tell you this himself?" asked the widow.

"Yes."

"Poor Hugh! What must be his agony!" ejaculated Mrs. Yarrington. "For many years," continued she, "the great longing of my heart has been to visit Wolsterholme Castle. This could not be gratified, because the place had fallen, by purchase, into the hands of John Manesty, and because I heard he visited it frequently. I have already told you, that not for worlds would I stand in presence of that man. But when his career shall be over—when the grave has closed on him—I would fain again see Wolsterholme. It was the haunt

of my youth, Mary. Will you go thither with me?"

"Willingly," responded Miss Stanley.

"And Hugh shall go with us too," said Mrs. Yarrington. "The place is deserted, vacant, and in ruins; but I am told its quaint and formal garden still exists; and one of the rooms, called the garden-room, has been kept in repair by John Manesty. That he should go to this room once a-year, and seclude himself in it, is the only good thing I know of the ruthless merchant. God knows he had reason enough to make an annual vigil there! To stand once more in that room, with young Manesty and you, Mary, by my side, will indeed be balm to my heart."

"You have often, by obscure hints, dearest

Mrs. Yarrington," said Mary, "roused my curiosity. You speak of Manesty and Hugh, as if in your hands, and yours alone, some all-important secret touching them was deposited."

"Not of themselves only," responded the widow.

"Of whom else?" interrogated Mary.
"Speak!"

"Of myself," said Mrs. Yarrington, in a faltering tone.

"Then why not confide in me?" pursued Miss Stanley. "You know how my life is bound up in that of Hugh. I cherish, moreover, a deep and affectionate interest in yourself. Judge, then, how torturing to me is this suspense."

"I may not speak," hurriedly exclaimed

Mrs. Yarrington, "while John Manesty lives. After his death—for his speedy doom is inevitable—we will go to Wolsterholme. Something will be found in the garden-room to corroborate my story. Then and there, you shall know all."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FLIGHT AND PURSUIT--THE ENCOUNTER.

Away, away, away, with almost lightning speed, flew Manesty, while Oglethorpe, another constable, and Hibblethwaite, rushed on his track as if they were hunting some foul beast of prey. At starting from Wavertree, the merchant was about a hundred yards a-head of his pursuers, an advantage which his white mare, Prue, was not long in

increasing. Whether Manesty had any specific object to attain in the course he took, will presently appear; but certain it is he avoided the banks of the Mersey, and struck eastward across the county. Words of encouragement to his mare were mingled with sharp strokes of the spur, and Prue, being in good condition, kept up the advance she had gained.

Still the man-hunters were not far behind. Manesty could plainly distinguish between the shouts of Oglethorpe and Hibblethwaite, and even heard the rapid tramping of their horses. He nevertheless would not suffer any distrust, however slight, to cross his mind, but fully relied on the known fleetness, blood, and constancy of his mare.

“ Well done, Prue!” said he, patting her

neck. "Thou only canst save thy master. Keep up, old lass! we shall have a hard run. I know thou canst do it, Prue. Keep up!"

Thus encouraged, the good steed, as if she had understood her master's words, strained her limbs, and, in a few minutes, the sound of the pursuers, though still heard, grew more and more faint; and Manesty, having already reached Knotty Ash, (a distance of four miles,) took the road towards Prescott, hoping in the next four miles to get further from those who were chasing him, and intending as he approached the town, to avoid it by diverging from the highway, with a view to baffle Oglethorpe and Hibblethwaite, who he thought would be likely to lose time in the streets by making fruitless inquiries after him.

Prue still kept gallantly a-head. In a little time the lights of Prescott were visible. Manesty glanced rapidly behind him; but, though the moon was bright, he could discern nothing of the pursuing party, neither did any noise indicate their approach.

"Bravo, Prue!" exclaimed he. "I knew thou wouldst try their mettle. But the race is not won yet, my lass. On, on!"

Putting in practice his plan of making a circuit outside the town, in order, according to hunting phraseology, to "balk the scent," Manesty turned into a by-lane, and his mare having leaped a clumsy gate, the horse and rider were soon in open fields. Hedges and ditches were no impediment to their headlong speed. About two miles

were thus traversed, when the fugitive thought it best once more to take the road, which he soon regained. Here he had the mortification to find that his manœuvre had failed, and that, by doubling the distance in his circuit, he had given great advantage to Oglethorpe and Hibblethwaite, whom he now heard close in the rear. The race became more desperate than ever; but seeing that his mare was still in good wind, Manesty uttered a few coaxing words, gave her a taste of the spur, and the poor animal, once more making a tremendous effort, seemed rather to fly than to run.

It was now getting rather late; and as Manesty dashed through Rainhill, he perceived that the houses were all closed. Bold and Sankey were soon left behind; and on

crossing Sankey Bridge, the fugitive had the gratification to find that his pursuers were again at a considerable distance from him. A few minutes more brought him into the main street of Warrington.

"Poor Prue!" said Manesty, "thou hast done this eighteen miles gloriously. Ah! thou dartest a sidelong glance at that inn; but we mustn't stop here, my lass. Away, away!"

Arriving at Martin's Croft Green, Manesty perceived the first formidable obstacle he had yet encountered—namely, a turnpike. Both the gate and lodge were closed. His very life hung upon the few moments that must be lost by rousing the gatekeeper. Prue shewed a little sign of distress; but, hit or miss, she must take the

leap. Manesty knew how to humour her. Making a tremendous exertion, the noble creature sprang into the air, and both man and horse descended safely on the other side the gate.

“Well done, Prue!” said Manesty. “Oglethorpe and his follower will never be able to manage *that*. Dick might, perhaps; but the others *must* be left behind. Even if Dick comes up with me, it will be only man to man; and I don’t mind that, though it won’t do to provoke an encounter, as the other fellows will still be in the rear.”

Oglethorpe, his follower, and Hibblethwaite soon came in view of the gate. “Confound it!” ejaculated Dick, “Manesty has leaped that ’pike. We shall lose him unless we do the same.”

"I wouldn't attempt it for a hundred pound," gasped Oglethorpe, who was already pretty nearly exhausted. "Besides, I don't know how. I should be smashed to atoms; I'm sure I should."

"You're a fool, Oliver," returned Dick. "*I'm* not going to be foiled in this way. We're near the gate now. My mare *must* take it at all hazards. You will follow as well as you can. Here goes!"

If Hibblethwaite's mare was not so thorough-bred as Manesty's, yet as Dick was a much lighter man than the merchant, the leap was pretty well accomplished.

Oglethorpe now thumped at the door of the lodge. It was no easy matter to wake the inmate, but at last he appeared; and, amidst a torrent of maledictions from the constable, opened the gate.

"We'll do our best, Tom," said Oglethorpe to his companion, as they spurred on again.

"We're obligated to do that, you know, as officers, to say nothing of the blood-money. It's lucky, however, we've got rid of Mr. Hibblethwaite. He kept us too tight at it. I'm blest if both I and my horse arn't thoroughly blown. John Manesty rides like the devil. We won't give in just yet, though there's no manner of use in following him. Come on, Tom; but we'll take it a little more easy this time."

Manesty was now considerably in advance even of Hibblethwaite. On, on, at full speed passed he through Bixton and Cadishead Green. Arriving at Irlam, and perceiving that poor Prue seemed much exhausted, he was tempted to stop and bait at "The Nag's Head," from the bar of which

a cheering light threw its beams across the road. Alas, he must not pause! If his mare could hold on eight miles more he should be in Manchester, in the intricacy of whose by-streets he might refresh himself and horse without much danger of being traced by Hibblethwaite.

Prue was now covered with foam, out of wind, and labouring terribly. Manesty, knowing that Dick's horse could not fail to be equally distressed, allowed the poor creature to take her own pace, which, though not so fleet as before, got over the ground rapidly. On, on! Peel Green, Eccles, and Pendleton were soon left behind; and having crossed Salford Bridge, the fugitive soon found himself in the thick of Manchester.

It was now between twelve and one at

night; yet Manesty succeeded in gaining admission to an obscure inn, situated in a squalid part of the town; and having consigned Prue to the care of the ostler, with all manner of tender injunctions, our fugitive recruited himself with a glass of brandy-and-water. Wonderful were his coolness and self-possession! How knew he whether a "hue and cry" was not raised against him over the whole country? His mare had evidently been ridden within an inch of her life; and his appearance in such a part of the town at such an hour was calculated to excite suspicion. In spite of all this, Manesty talked with the ostler as if nothing had happened; went to the stable to see that Prue had been well tended, and then sat down, with seeming unconcern, to a cold supper.

"I shall be in no hurry," said he to himself. "Prue must have some rest, poor thing! I could manage, I dare say, to get a fresh horse here in Manchester, but on no other than Prue can I place reliance. Dick Hibblethwaite must, by this time, be somewhere about the town. If *he* gets another horse, he'll shoot a-head of me; and as he can't know the direction I'm going to take, he'll be confoundedly out in his reckoning. If he keeps to his own *mare*, why she'll need the stable as much as mine. As to Oglethorpe and the other fellow, I value *them* not a rush on the road. There's no hurry. I doubt if Prue will be fit for work again this morning; at all events, she must have as much rest as possible. If I can gain the point I seek, I

can conceal myself there awhile and baffle pursuit; after which, I must stretch across to Hull, disguised, and on foot—a weary way—and bribe some skipper to take me afloat, and set sail. Dick Hibblethwaite! What in the devil's name can have induced that fellow to hunt me in this fashion? Is he so reduced as to have become a constable? Or can he have discovered —— Pshaw! I will not think of it. Landlord,” continued he, making an effort to throw off dismal ruminations, “landlord, another glass of brandy-and-water—hot and strong.”

Thus resting and recruiting his strength, he remained two hours. Often, and sorrowfully, his thoughts reverted to Hugh. “My son, my dear son!” he inwardly exclaimed, “bitterly wilt thou suffer for the

crimes of thy father! How shall I convey to thee the documents it is necessary thou shouldst receive? I shall never see thee again, Hugh—never! Misery, misery!”

Rousing again from his grief, he prepared for a renewal of flight; ordered and deliberately settled his bill; and then accompanied the ostler to the stable. Prue was again saddled. As he patted her neck and smoothed her mane, the noble animal knew her master's hand, and neighed, as much as to say she would try once more to carry him. Having mounted, Manesty took his course along Mosley Street, in the direction of the Oldham Road, by which he quitted Manchester.

To his great relief, the moon had now sunk: darkness would favour his progress,

and above an hour must elapse before day-break. He might yet gain the temporary refuge he sought. Newton Heath, Hollin Wood, and Oldham, were passed without any incident to excite the fugitive's apprehension; but he was a little startled at Green-Acres-Moor, on hearing, in the distance behind him, a sound as of a horse's galloping. This grew more and more distinct, and came nearer and nearer.

"H—ll and the devil!" exclaimed he, "I shall be overtaken, after all!"

Manesty now endeavoured to urge Prue to her former speed, and the poor animal did her best. Her heart was good, but her limbs were stiff; for, excepting her rest at Manchester, she had been hard at work since the preceding forenoon. A few words

from her master, however, so animated her, that she sprang forward gallantly. But the temporary excitement soon flagged: she relapsed into weariness, thus enabling the horseman in pursuit to come up.

“I have you now, John Manesty!” roared Hibblethwaite. “Yield! or by ———, I’ll shoot you as I would a mad dog! Surrender, murderer!”

One of the most critical moments of Manesty’s life had now arrived. He met it as he had met the others, with entire presence of mind. Some of the most valuable attributes of man are often possessed by villains; and so it was in the present instance. The purest and most lofty-minded hero could not be more resolute and firm than Manesty shewed himself under the weight of all his

atrocities, and with destruction staring him in the face.

“Get thee back, Richard Hibblethwaite!” said he, taking a pistol from the holster and cocking it. “Get thee back! I would not willingly do thee harm. Why dost thou thirst for my blood?”

“Blood!” repeated Hibblethwaite, grinding his teeth as he spoke, and keeping close to the merchant—“I marvel, John Manesty, that you can utter that word. I am here to revenge my father’s death!”

On hearing these words, Manesty shook in his saddle. Though not prepared for such knowledge on the part of his pursuer, he, nevertheless, soon recovered his self-possession.

“No more parley,” continued Hibblethwaite. “Yield, or meet your end!”

"I do not see the necessity for one or the other," retorted the merchant, coolly. "Man to man—blood for blood!"

So saying, he presented his pistol full at Hibblethwaite, and fired. The latter was even with him, and discharged *his* pistol at the same instant. Manesty tumbled from his horse, and fell, a senseless and bloody heap, on the ground. Hibblethwaite, too, was hit, having received the ball in his bridle arm.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PARTY AT WOLSTERHOLME — THE OLD OAK
CABINET—MRS. YARINGTON'S RECITAL—A SUR-
PRISE.

HIBBLETHWAITE'S left arm hung uselessly by his side. The horse he rode was strange to him, having been hired at Manchester, where he left Jessy thoroughly blown, and unable to go on. His present steed was a nettlesome beast, and being unfamiliar with its rider, did not seem to comprehend the

transfer of the bridle to the right hand. Jessy would have known better.

But though the horse shyed and reared, and though Dick was writhing with pain, he contrived, nevertheless, being a thorough equestrian, to convince his steed that its caprices were altogether erroneous and absurd; and, having forced the animal to adopt a more decent and befitting line of conduct, drew close to Manesty, and contemplated him (as well as starlight would permit) as he lay bleeding on the ground. Prue stood without motion by her master's side, looking piteously down on him, and rubbing her face against his.

"He's dead!" ruminated Hibblethwaite.
"There he lies, with a huge mountain of iniquities over him. God help us all!" I

slew him in self-defence; and that is the law of nature. A casuist might ask why I hunted him so unrelentingly. I would answer, 'Revenge for a father's murder!' Nevertheless, it is, perhaps, fortunate for my soul that I killed him in personal conflict. This, however, rests on my unsupported testimony. How will it fare with me, if I am found here by the body? I must retreat to Manchester, get my wound dressed, and let things take their course."

Thus saying, Hibblethwaite turned his horse's head and left the spot.

Though he would hardly admit it to himself, Dick, for some years, had been studying in the school of adversity. True, he had carried things with a high hand—maintained a gay exterior—laughed and

joked, and drank and frolicked, and betted and lost, as if nothing more was necessary than to cry "Presto! and let the world pass." But after all, this is the mere fever of desperation. Thought, ever and anon, would force its way; and then the consciousness of time mis-spent — of money recklessly wasted — of character lost — of health injured — of miserable identity with vagabond gamblers — of criminal connivance, and the consequent forfeiture of self-respect, occasioned a fearful re-action which, in its turn, created a necessity for new and more intense dissipation — a remedy worse than the disease.

Hibblethwaite latterly, however, was sobered. As one of a reckless set of gamesters, who had robbed Lord Silverstick on the highway, the halter hung over his

head, and he knew it was prevented from falling only by the Earl's pride and paternal feeling, which could not suffer the appearance of his son (Lord Randy) as *particeps criminis*. Then Hibblethwaite had witnessed the shedding of Sir Theobald Chillingworth's blood, and had been compelled to lurk in holes and corners to avoid the pursuit of the law.

From the stupor brought about by all this, he was roused only by the insight he had obtained into Manesty's foul and deadly practices. A spirit of vengeance, thus excited, took possession of his soul, and drove him to break into what Shakspeare calls "the bloody house of life." No wonder Dick learned the art of melancholy rumination, and self-reproach.

Oglethorpe and his man, unable to keep

up the chase farther than Irlam, had yielded to the fascinations of "The Nag's Head," in that place; and after swallowing pretty considerable potations of mixed liquor, rendered more captivating by the stout landlady who prepared it, returned to Liverpool, there to "hide their diminished heads," and to await the course of events.

Early next day (for ghastly news flies quickly) the encounter between Hibblethwaite and Manesty was bruited about the town; and, though Dick was not forthcoming, Manesty's death was proclaimed. The dismal intelligence, of course, reached Manesty's office in Pool Lane, the house of Ozias Rheinenberger, and the mansion of Sir Hildebrand Stanley.

Robin Shuckleborough was so bewildered

at the misdeeds and danger of his master, that during the last day he scarcely knew whether he stood on his head or his heels. The poor fellow did nothing but walk about the counting-house, crying like a child and refusing to be comforted. The present doleful news froze the very blood in his veins.

"What will become of me now?" he kept saying to himself. "What is the use of all these ledgers and day-books? How is the trade of Liverpool to go on, now that John Manesty is slain? I wish I was dead with him. Oh, my unfortunate master!"

But who shall paint the agony of Hugh? His father's crimes were all forgotten in the knowledge of his dreadful end.

Nor did Mrs. Yarrington feel it less keenly. She had seen the approach of the

catastrophe; but now it had come to pass, she dared not contemplate it. Still she had a duty to perform to Hugh and Mary, and this she resolved not to delay. From what she had privately heard from the old gardener, who had charge of the manor-house at Wolsterholme, Mrs. Yarrington knew that Manesty had deposited many documents under lock and key in the garden-room of that mansion, and she doubted not that other evidences capable of corroborating her story, would there be found. She would not, therefore, divulge what she knew till surrounded by testimonials of her veracity.

An urgent summons was sent to Hugh, who soon appeared at Eaglemont. A carriage was at the door, and at eleven o'clock

in the forenoon, the three friends started for Wolsterholme. Their journey was a melancholy and silent one; but, with frequent and quick change of horses, it was so speedily accomplished, that they reached the venerable manor-house at four in the afternoon. Like one familiar with the spot, Mrs. Yarrington at once found her way to the garden-room, where a humble repast was placed before our travellers by the gardener, who, after they were refreshed, placed in Hugh's hands a sealed packet directed to him, to be opened only in case of the merchant's death. This had been deposited with the gardener just previously to Manesty's last voyage to the West Indies. It contained a key of the old oak cabinet which stood in the room where the party

were assembled. This was the key which Manesty had given to Hugh when he sailed for Antigua in 1760, but which he had reclaimed on his return to Liverpool.

The cabinet was found to contain the title-deeds of Wolsterholme Castle, or Manor-House, together with other parchments, proving the purchase by Manesty of all the lands and tenements originally belonging to the estate. By the merchant's will, also enclosed in the old cabinet, the entire property, as well as that of the concern in Liverpool, was bequeathed to his "dear son, Hugh Manesty." Of the legacies, the principal was a bequest of four thousand pounds to "his diligent and faithful clerk, Robin Shuckleborough." Tied up with the will was a letter addressed to

Hugh, (dated on his first departure to the West Indies,) which ran as follows:—

“ MY DEAR HUGH,

“ It will not be prudent to encounter the perils inseparable from a sea-voyage without ‘ putting my house in order,’ in case any fatal accident should happen to me. I have spoken to you of the old oak cabinet in the garden-room at Wolsterholme, and given you the key. In it are deposited my will, and other papers, wherein you at least will take a tender interest.

“ By successive purchases, the whole of the estate of Wolsterholme is mine; and I have become its master with the sole motive of endowing you with it, as the only remaining representative of the family. You

believe yourself to be a Wolsterholme, and so, in one sense, you are, being the son of a lady of that name, who was married to me. You are, therefore, *my* son, dear Hugh; and not, as you have imagined, the offspring of Cornet Wolsterholme, whose child died in America.

“ Among the papers in the oak cabinet, you will find many letters from your mother, addressed to me—letters which I have read again and again, with streaming eyes, in my solitary visits to the manor-house. Bertha Manesty (formerly Miss Wolsterholme, the only daughter of her house) has been many years lost to me. She died abroad; and with her died also what little happiness remained to me in this life.

“ If I perish at sea, do not be too curious

in inquiring into the several passages of my life; and, above all, destroy without examination whatever documents may be found in the late Mr. Hibblethwaite's room in my corn-store at Liverpool. Circumstances may occur to alter my decision in this respect; but this is my present wish. Obey it. .

“ And now, my dear son, farewell! Preserve the pure and lofty character you have hitherto maintained. My blessing on you!

“ Your loving father,

“ JOHN MANESTY.

“ Pool Lane, Liverpool,

“ 12th of June, 1760.”

This letter (written four years previously to the present time) being read aloud

by Hugh, was heard with overpowering emotion by Mrs. Yarrington. For some time, her tears overmastered her ; her frame was convulsed, and she could not speak. Mary and Hugh tried affectionately to comfort her.

At length, the paroxysm having abated, Mrs. Yarrington produced a book she had brought with her from Eaglemont, and placed it in Hugh's hands.

"Read the letters to which John Manesty alludes," said she, "and then refer to that book wherein I copied them previously to their being dispatched."

"You?" exclaimed young Manesty, in surprise.

"Yes!" returned she, in a broken voice; "I am John Manesty's widow."

"Mother, mother!" gasped Hugh, throwing his arms about her neck.

"Dear! precious! beloved!" were all she could articulate as, almost fainting, she fondly returned his embrace.

It was a trying moment to Mrs. Manesty, and she struggled hard to sustain it; but her voice was again gone, and she sobbed violently.

After a pause, but still not without an effort, she said, "Dear Mary and dear Hugh, I am going to recount the only action of my life on which I look back with pain—an action of deceit. But listen, and you shall judge how grievously I was tempted. Kiss me once again, Hugh. There! Now you shall learn how far I have forfeited your love."

There was another pause, during which the widow, with a visage of constrained firmness, seemed summoning strength to support her during the utterance of what she was about to disclose. Assuming a calmness which she did not feel, she said, in measured tones—

“I am *not* your mother, Hugh; neither is John Manesty your father.”

“For the love of Heaven, do not torture me with suspense! Explain yourself!” ejaculated Hugh.

“You shall know all,” responded she. “When my brother, Wilford Wolsterholme, eloped with Hannah Manesty, John Manesty, unsuspected by his father, paid his addresses to me. This room was the scene of our stolen meetings—the witness of many pure and blessed moments. His earnestness and

devotion won my heart, and when he was sent to America, in pursuit of his sister, I accompanied him, having first been privately married. We were away from England two years; but even in that short space of time, my husband frequently absented himself from me, I knew not where, nor on what business; and even when we were together, our harmony was often disturbed by his furious expressions of hatred against my brother, who, he said, had grossly insulted him. Our meetings, however, were few, and at long intervals. During one of his absences from me, which lasted three months, I gave birth to a female child. You shall hear more, presently; let me pause a little."

There was silence for awhile. Hugh and Mary waited with eager anxiety for the

continuation of the narrative, but with entire deference to their friend.

"At this time," resumed the widow, "and while John Manesty was away, news came to me that my brother had been killed in an obscure skirmish. It was not in any military affair; but in some private affray. If I was almost heart-broken at the news, Wilford's widow was nearly mad with grief. She expected, poor thing! to be soon confined; but the agony of her sorrow brought on premature labour. A son was born to her, and she died. As my sister-in-law (a solitary widow) perished in a far and foreign land, destitute of friends, it was incumbent on me to take charge of the infant. I did so; and it shared with my own baby the nurture of my breast, and the affection of my

heart. I christened it 'Hugh,' after one of my own ancestors."

"Let me still call you mother," said the young man. "You have earned a right to that sacred name. And am I then once more a Wolsterholme?"

"Yes: you are Sir Hugh Wolsterholme—a title you inherit from your unfortunate uncle, Sir Thomas. I have a baptismal register, and other proofs substantiating your claim."

"But is not the title lost by attainder?" inquired Hugh.

"No; only in the person of my poor brother, who has been dead many years."

Mary felt that all bar to her marriage with Hugh was now removed. A timid glance at the young baronet expressed her congratula-

tion; but words of joy would have sounded discordantly at a time so laden with melancholy interest. Mary, therefore, dared not trust herself to speak.

“ I almost fear to ask what became of your daughter,” said Hugh to Mrs. Manesty; “ how it happened that the merchant believed me to be his son; and why you took the name of Yarrington ?”

“ I well tell you all,” replied she. “ My infant died soon after I took you—my brother Wilford’s child—to my bosom. Manesty was still absent. On his return to me, I told him that his sister and her child had both died, and shewed you as his own offspring. His paternal pride was pleased at beholding a son. A strong objection to the name by which you had been christened,

united with an absence of suspicion that such a deceit had been practised on him as the passing off his sister's child as his own, prevented (so I conceive) his asking for the baptismal register. The very day after I perpetrated this fraud, I bitterly repented it; but it was too late to avow the truth, and I dreaded the fury of his reproaches. I have been miserable ever since; so long and so unrelenting is the punishment of falsehood."

Here the widow again paused in her narration. At length Hugh inquired why Manesty believed she was dead.

"Another of my contrivances," responded she; "but you will regard this more charitably, considering my extreme provocation. Manesty again left me, on his

unexplained and inscrutable errands. I was not long, however, in understanding their object. I discovered that he was engaged in piratical practices of the worst and most cruel description, and that, under the name of Captain Hoskins, he commanded a notorious vessel called 'The Bloody Juno.' This was told me by one of his sailors, in revenge for some terrible punishment he had received on board; and from the same man I also heard that Manesty—in rage at a supposed affront—had waylaid and killed my brother; thus, by a natural consequence, causing his own sister's death."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Hugh. "Thank Heaven that that man is not my father! And yet how kind and affectionate has he been to me! I may mourn over his crimes, but can never hate him."

“As he has paid the dreadful forfeiture,” returned the widow, “let us remember him in our prayers.—But I hasten to conclude my story.—Having been acquainted with his monstrous deeds, of which, when once my eyes were opened, fresh proofs poured in on me every day, you will not wonder that I resolved never again to receive such a man as my husband. A message had been sent me announcing his return on a certain day, on the eve of which I departed from home, leaving a letter stating the horrible discoveries I had made, and adding that in grief and shame for him, and horror at being his wife, I should destroy myself. Such, indeed, was my first intention; though, when I reflected on the sinfulness of suicide, I resolved to come to England, take a feigned name, and seek a

livelihood. A heavy blow was thus inflicted on Manesty. He left his ship to be commanded by proxy, started with you to Liverpool, and addicted himself chiefly to commercial pursuits; still, however, receiving accessions of wealth from his man-stealing slave-ship. You now know all. I humbly hope that God will pardon my duplicity."

Twilight was now coming on. A disclosure of secrets so long pent up in her breast, had greatly agitated Mrs. Manesty; and she walked out of the room to enjoy the soothing influence of the fragrant evening air in the garden—that quaint old quincun-
cial garden, among whose formal alleys the days of her youth had been passed. Mary and Hugh stayed within, that heart

might speak to heart under the new prospects opening on them.

Short space, however, was allowed for their subdued felicitations. A loud shriek suddenly burst on the stillness, followed by the words, "John Manesty! John Manesty!"

Mrs. Manesty, who had screamed these words, rushed frantically into the house, and hid herself; and Hugh, darting to the window, beheld a horseman at a short distance, swaying to and fro on his saddle, like one in a drunken fit. As he drew nearer, the young man recognised his miserable uncle. The rider's face could be likened only to a marble bust, blank and fixed; his eyes were set; and from his nerveless hand the bridle

had dropped. The white mare, poor Prue, seemed almost in as great extremity as her master. It was even as an incarnation of "Death on the Pale Horse."

But the beast knew her way; sprang into the garden, and then drew up. Manesty lifted himself uncouthly from the saddle, and dropped heavily on the earth. Hugh darted towards him. A grim smile relaxed the features of the dying man, as he stared with a bewildered expression on him whom he deemed to be his son. But though speech was denied him, he had enough of strength to tear open his waistcoat, (as if appealing for help,) when his shirt, red in every part with blood, was seen. Distracted by terror, Hugh fetched the only servant in the house, the old gardener, to the spot.

Of what avail was anything they could do? Even had Manesty not been past all "skill in surgery," professional aid could not be procured in that remote place.

A reaction had now come over Mrs. Manesty; and her heart yearned once more to look upon the beloved of her youth. She approached the place where the gasping wretch lay. In the delusion of his dying moments, no doubt he took her for a vision. Reverently clasping the hand she held out to him, he pressed it to his lips, and then, looking fondly with his dim eyes at Hugh, drew a long breath, and expired.

Though mortally wounded by Hibblethwaite, the longing desire he had to reach Wolsterholme, under a belief that he could there secrete himself for a time, must have

given him preternatural strength, and enabled him, after he had recovered the first effect of the wound, to climb on Prue's back, and crawl on to the bourne of his wishes. How he was sustained during the long day, can never be known.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONCLUSION.

SIX months had elapsed since the foregoing incident, and a change had taken place in the relative position of some of the parties concerned in this tale. Sir Hugh Wolsterholme, being now a wealthy baronet, had left the concern in Pool Lane to Robin Shuckleborough, who, for a consideration, had allowed Richard Hibblethwaite to become his partner. Having abjured his

former associates, Dick proved a good man of business, and by handsome presents to Broken-nosed Bob, and Ebenezer Rowbotham, secured their silence as to his participation in the robbery of Lord Silverstick. Lawyer Varnham lost his expected five hundred pounds when the portmanteau was reclaimed by Hugh, in virtue of Manesty's order, owing to the exposure which Measly Mott had not failed to make. Lord Randy had disappeared on a tour to Germany; and his father, the Earl of Silverstick, was busy at court, propagating the proprieties of the Chesterfieldian code of morals, and trimming between Lord Bute and Mr. Pitt, (afterwards Lord Chatham.) The good and pious Rheinenberger was often a welcome guest at the manor-house at Wolsterholme,

where Mrs. Manesty lived in seclusion ; and, finally, with a pompous ceremony befitting their rank, Sir Hugh Wolsterholme led to the altar his beloved Mary Stanley.

THE END.





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